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THE STORY OF THE DINING FORK

By

JOSEPH T. HARRISON

Limited Edition

Cincinnati, Ohio
THE C. J. KREHBIEL COMPANY
1927

Published in the United States of America

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PREFACE.

I have read your manuscript entitled "The Story of the Dining Fork" and became continuously interested as I progressed.

When I first read the title, I thought it referred to the instrument used in eating, which as I remember it, has during my lifetime passed through at least three marked changes, from the two-tined fork of my early days, to the three-tined steel fork, and later to the silver (plated) four-tined fork, which was then considered a clumsy affair, used only for company occasions in my part of Kentucky.

Later I learned that it was not about the table instrument, but about the Dining Fork Valley, somewhat similar in shape, and from which it took its name, and my curiosity was incited somewhat as did the story of the Turkey-foot Road, with which I was familiar as a boy, so called by reason of the road following a creek that branched like a turkey's foot.

Again, however, I learned that if one should stand with his face to the north and look into the open palm of his right hand, with his fingers outspread before him, they would represent the branches of a stream which converge, as if in the palm of the hand, so that the extension of the wrist and forearm to the south for the main stream and valley, all would fairly represent, in physical appearance, the valley of the Dining Fork, a branch of the east fork of the Tuscarawas river, in the southern part of Carroll and northern part of Harrison counties, Ohio. It was this resemblance of the branches to the tines of a table fork, which gave to the valley its name. The comparison would be complete except for the fact that the upper branches diminish in size from east to west.

The palm of the hand or delta of these interesting streams is the location of the old homestead about which much of this story is told.

But to the book! Many incidents familiar to me in my boyhood are included, as well as the descriptions of so many people historically known, many of them personally known to me, records of the past connected with the present, authoritatively introduced, as to make a remarkable collection which, will stand serviceable in a time to come as well as at present, for both the reader and the historian. A copy should be in every library that touches the public, or the specialist engaged in research concerning conspicuous events in America, and historical locations.

With kindest regards, and assuring you that in my opinion the historian and readers of the future will be thankful that the data found in this book fell into the hands of one enthusiastic enough, as well as energetic enough, to so arrange it as to make it available to others, I am

Sincerely yours,

June 3, 1927. JOHN URI LLOYD.

THE STORY AND HOW IT STARTED.

Our story, like our Turkey and the aviator, had to make a running start before it could get off in the air at the beginning of its flight. We feel reenforced by the good opinion of our manuscript as expressed in the review, just given, by Professor John Uri Lloyd so well known as Pharmacist, Scientist and Author. His Etidorhpa, Stringtown on the Pike, Warwick of the Knobs, and other works have been read with great interest and will long continue to occupy a conspicuous place in American Literature.

It is hoped that our story will be of both local and general interest. It deals with some of the leading events of the Nineteenth Century as well as of matters in lighter vein of peculiar local interest. It will describe in some detail the active lives of two generations of men, a typical American community, from the time they began to make homes in the primitive forest, and until their children had filled out the allotted age of man.

It will deal chiefly with two lives, that of John Harrison of Otley, Yorkshire, England, who came to this country first in 1814, and as far west as Pittsburgh, and that of his son, Joseph Harrison, my Grandfather, whom he brought with him in 1816 on a second voyage, when a lad sixteen years of age, and who became the pioneer Englishman of that settlement which followed in the valley of the Dining Fork, the watershed which comprises a district in the northern and southern parts of Harrison and Carroll counties, Ohio, and itself a branch *of a branch* of the Tuscarawas river.

The old residents of that valley who came from England included the families of Harrison, Hartley, McLandsborough, Waddington, Craven, Bell, Calcott and Fox, as well as their co-temporaries, Patterson and McMillen from Scotland; the Hendricks, Gutschall, and Shambaugh from Pennsylvania; the Creal and Amos from Maryland; the Kirby from the Virginia line in Pennsylvania, and also, the Markley, Rutan and Allen families whose ancestors had been native to America from its earliest history. It was a diversified community come to live together in a united effort to conquer the native forest and to develop the country.

My first thought of writing such a story came to my mind in the summer of 1916, when returning from a visit to my old home by way of Zanesville, where I took a boat to Marietta and thence another down the beautiful Ohio, passing Blennerhasset Island of Aaron Burr memory, and to Cincinnati. It was my first ride upon the water-locked and spring fed Muskingum, fringed by willows which come down to the clear water's edge, and thoughts of my native Dining Fork, the source of its principal branch, the Tuscarawas, and the old home spring near its headwaters occupied my mind. I wrote to Mother soon afterwards saying that I thought I could recognize some of the water from the old home spring.

The second was upon reading over about one hundred old letters nearly all of which were written from England, and which came into the possession of my father and his brother, John and William C. Harrison, upon the death of their father, Joseph Harrison, who died in 1878.

When our fathers lived those letters were regarded as their particular heritage, and not much thought was given to them until the Spring of 1925, when cousin William W. Harrison, who had spent some fourteen years in Colorado, returned to Ohio, made his first visit to Cincinnati, and we spent several pleasant days together.

We looked over the old letters dating from 1820 to 1875—letters written by John Harrison, to his son Joseph, many written by Grandfather's sisters, Mary Trees, Rachel Walker, Sarah Ann Reffitt, and their husbands; also his brother Benjamin and his son Benjamin, Jr.; also, his nephew, John Trees and his daughter Mrs. Sophia T. Watson, of Lawrence, Massachusetts; and by Joseph Harrison himself to his "Dear Boys", when he made a visit to England in the summer of 1854. We found also, a diary which Grandfather had kept of that visit, and of the trip he and his brother Benjamin made through England and Scotland during that summer. There are also copies of old soldier letters written to Father during the Civil War—letters from John Giles, Adam Patterson, David V. Markley, Jasper N. Markle, and others which gave the private soldier's point of view in that great struggle.

A learned writer has said:

"Nowhere is the human being more truly revealed than in his letters. Not in literary letters—prepared with care, and the thought of possible publication—but in those letters wrought out of the press of circumstances, with no idea of print in mind.

A collection of such documents, written by one whose life has become of interest to mankind at large, has great value quite aside from literature, in that it reflects the very soul of the writer."

They were all of such an interesting character, that I said to Will, "If you will write the history of the Waddingtons (his ancestors on his mother's side) I will write the remainder."

It was so agreed. We may lap over a little into adjoining territory and give something of old "New Market" (now Scio), its old days, the College, the "Oil Boom" etc., but if so, it will be to help to fill out the picture, and because the same was intimately connected with the subject. There will be found much which reflects the English Point of view upon the subjects of Religion, Farming, Free Trade, Slavery, Crimean War and our Civil War. It may be necessary for the sake of authenticity to use the *perpendicular pronoun* somewhat; and we will supplement also some history which has come to us by tradition and otherwise, but all with the hope that what is written may be appropriately told as "The Story of the Dining Fork".

Our Emblem.

Our cover emblem may not be inappropriate when we consider the suggestion of the *name* of the Story, and that the Wild Turkey is a typical American Bird, the only one added to the list of domesticated animals known, before the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

THE STORY OF THE DINING FORK

A Review by

John Uri Lloyd.

Surprises come to one and all, both young and old. Sometimes they are pleasant, again otherwise. Sometimes they might have been anticipated, again the reverse.

A pleasant surprise to the writer of these lines came in reading the manuscript titled "The Story of the Dining Fork".

Historians lament that folk-lore incidents and statements authoritatively giving a record of localities and events of other days are scarcely ever sufficient in number or in content to make an authentic

whole, that should be recorded by those who, and for those who wish to know. This story of the Dining Fork appeals as a type that might well be followed by those who know events and locations in this country that is not yet old, but has yet become so old that important features, historically, may be lost to sight.

From beginning to end, it has been to me of exceeding interest, by reason not only of the unique description of the valley featured, but for the historical relationships of the people who settled that valley, together with their lives and services.

The pioneer young man of the narrative, was Joseph Harrison, Grandfather of Joseph T. Harrison, the author. In 1816, then a lad of sixteen years of age, he settled in the district now known as the southern part of Carroll and the northern part of Harrison Counties, Ohio.

The names of others need not here be mentioned, though many are familiar in the annals of the early history of Ohio.

As I turned the pages of the manuscript, incident after incident was recalled to my memory, both as concerns the old and the new worlds. Locality after locality reminded me of my own family record, linked with tradition and legends dating back to the very settlement of America.

The life of John Harrison (great-grandfather), as disclosed in his letters and commented upon by the author of the "Story of the Dining Fork", began with the fierce battle of Hastings, wherein Harold, last of the Saxon Kings, came to an end. Whoever wishes to impress this historic event upon his mind, should read Bulwer Lytton's story of "Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings."

As we turn the pages, a striking feature is the seriousness of all concerned, throughout, there seemingly being no chance for pleasure or humor in those by-gone times. Politics, religion and civil life, seem alike to have been periods of eternal strife. Taking it all in all, whosoever is so fortunate as to obtain this book, will find as he progresses in his reading, enough to lead him, time and again, to "Stop, look, listen!"

But to the Story of the Dining Fork. It takes its name from two main branches of the upper valley of that name which bear a resemblance to the prongs of a two-tined fork. In the description of the Creal family, who lived near where now is Scio, a teaching locality, one sentence rises to mind: "Queer, isn't it, how some little

things will persist in one's memory?" Pity is it that more little things have not been recorded by those who know.

Among the number of deeply pathetic letters, may be cited those written in the "thirties" by John Harrison, father of the pioneer Joseph Harrison.

The description of the old home on the farm will appeal to every country-bred boy who lived in time gone by. Two full pages are given to this topic. A paragraph from one will typify the whole:—

"The attic was redolent with the odor of catnip, a provisional remedy for sickness. And there were wasp nests up there, and care had to be taken that one did not come in contact with their rear means of defense. There was also a large pile of old newspapers, which had been carefully filed away."

These two pages, alone, will as texts for reflection, amply repay him whose recollections lead thought from present times to by-gone days.

As an example of a "surprise", comes the description of DeWitt Clinton, Governor of New York State, dedicating the canals of Ohio in their infancy, which appeals very directly to this reviewer, because his father was not only a New York surveyor close following the days of DeWitt Clinton, but helped in the building of the great "Aqueduct" in Rochester, then considered a mighty feat of engineering.

At the present time, complaints are often made of the prices of food and clothing and other necessities of life. It is refreshing sometimes, to look backwards and contrast the present with the past. Fortunately, one of the letters of "Mother" Harrison's sister (Sarah Hartley, 1831) gives the prices of a few articles, for example flour, $2.62 1/2 per hundred, which for the barrel, 196 pounds, would be about $5.00. If wheat reached $1.00 per bushel then, the farmers were happy.

Most interesting is the description of a journey made by steamboat from Buffalo, "a large town on the lake", to Cleveland. That the boat was a large one, is evidenced from the fact that "the passengers numbered four or five hundred." That there were then, as now, persons pursuing sharp practices, is shown by the statement that "there are land sharks as well as water ones."

Comes now, as we turn the pages, article after article of interest, including the fact that in those days certain engagements were

not, in some directions, subject to law, as they are at the present time. For example, we find a description of the Heenan-Sayres prize fight, which this reviewer distinctly remembers, the whole country taking an interest therein, Heenan being an American, and Sayres an Englishman.

The subject of law and lawyers is ever with us. Not all lawyers, however, are as frank as was a certain Mr. Patrick, with John Harrison, father of the writer of the Story of the Dining Fork, who describes the incident as follows:

"At one time Father had a dispute with James Waddington about a transaction connected with sheep raising in Illinois. They met by accident in the office of Abe Patrick in New Philadelphia, Ohio. Mr. Patrick said, 'I know both you men, and think each of you has a lot of English stubbornness. Suppose you go into this vacant office of mine, talk it over, and see if you can't settle it yourselves.' They did so and both came out smiling and said they had settled their differences. Father said it was the best advice he ever got from a lawyer."

However, the book must be read as a whole to catch the many incidents of interest occurring, page after page.

Come we now to the Civil War Times. The descriptions are familiar to those who lived in those stirring days. Letters from the "front" are presented that are of exceeding interest, whether one be Southern born and bred, or northern. They tell of the Battle of the Wilderness, Stonewall Jackson, Harper's Ferry, John Brown and stories of authoritative interest by the actors are presented. In this connection, a criticism is made of the "stay-at-homes", a very important subject to one writing at that time, January, 1864. Let us quote:—

"You wrote me about getting a furlough and coming home. This I think would be all nonsense as I am very well satisfied here and think the rebellion will play out next summer. If it doesn't it will be the fault of the head men of the government, for we can win in six months if old Meade would just pack up and go home. We would go around and take Richmond too. We can whip old Bragg's ragged militia three to one like a top. If the boys at home are afraid of smelling fresh blood they had better stay there. We can get along with out them."

[Letter of Adam Patterson.]

Concerning the problem of the difference between the states as a whole, Mr. Harrison beautifully expresses himself as follows:—

"If any one reading these lines should think that a note of bitterness is found therein, he should reckon that it was of that time, not the present. In any war the *backwash* is such, after it is over, that it takes many years to wash away the stains of blood and some scars always remain.

"Happily we are again a united country. Lately we have been able to put true values upon men and upon events, and upon all the great causes of irritation.

"The great heart of Lincoln is better understood at this time than ever before, and his fame becomes greater as the years go by. When Gen. Robert E. Lee mounted his horse at the old homestead, since made the Administration Building for Arlington Cemetery, and rode away to the Civil War never to return again to that homestead, he did that which justified itself to his own conscience, he had made his decision to cast his lot with his native Virginia, which had gone into the Confederacy, rather than with the Union, which had educated him at West Point.

"All concede that he was a great man and a splendid soldier. American valor is not hemmed in by state lines. It is found wherever its citizens dwell."

Thus we have passed from the beginning of the manuscript to its culminating point, where we may well rest our pen, reiterating that when this book appears from the press, whoever reads the same, be he young or old, will find therein features that appeal beyond perhaps anything mentioned in this brief review.

THE STORY OF THE DINING FORK

CHAPTER I

John Harrison, His Personal, Religious and Political Convictions—Puritan Influence of His Time and Preceding Generations—A Short Sketch of English History—Martin Luther—Oliver Cromwell.

THE life and character of John Harrison as disclosed in his letters and from what we have heard of him reveal much that is interesting. We learn something of his habits of thought and of his generation, as compared with the men of the present day. He lived during an interesting period in both English and American history. His character reflects the atmosphere of the times in which he lived, particularly that of the farmers and land interests, and which was no doubt influenced by the habits and thought of many generations which preceded him in Yorkshire.

They were all of the Agricultural class, as far as we know. I have heard Grandfather say that his father had said that we were descended from the Danes. It is possible that the family might be traced back to the ninth or tenth centuries when the Danes came over in great numbers and engaged in fierce conflicts with the Saxons whose illustrious head was Alfred the Great. Or, they may have come to England later during the reign of Canute (1017), the Danes' great king; but at all events both Saxons and Danes were amalgamated and have been known as Englishmen ever since the conquest of England by William, Duke of Normandy (1066), when at the famous battle of Hastings, Harold was defeated and the rule of both Saxons and Danes came to an end.

He had deep religious and political convictions, the outgrowth of an heredity and environment, covering a period and concerning events, the most momentous in modern history. His religion partook of the Puritan stamp. His use of the words "thee" and "thou" would

indicate it. He believed in the Bible literally, as against any interpretation which might seem more natural or plausible. The names which he gave his children, Joseph and Benjamin, John and Michael, Mary, Rachel and Hannah, show that he was deeply impressed with its teaching, especially those of the Old Testament. Then that melancholy view of life was like the Puritan. He seemed to regard this world as only the vestibule to that other world towards which we are all hastening, and where forever more we shall have nothing but happiness and the communion of Saints. There is not one gleam of humor in all of his letters, nor in those of his daughters, who seem to have imbibed from him the same spirit. With his sons it was different, not that they were not of a religious nature, but it took a different turn. They saw some good in life and made some effort to enjoy it.

His nearest approach to humor was in one of his letters to his son, Joseph, where he mentions that the latter's sister, Sarah, had two suitors for her hand and he hoped "that she will not put the saddle on the wrong horse."

He was a young man, thirty years of age, when George Washington became our first President, in 1789. No doubt the events of the war of the Revolution and the acknowledgment of the independence of the American Colonies made a great impression upon him. In the same year the French Revolution with all its horrors burst forth, and he saw the rise and fall of Napoleon. This convulsed all of Europe and it is little wonder that he wanted to get away from England where times were so hard, and the government so unsettled, to America, the land of Liberty, which had been declared, "An asylum for the oppressed of all nations."

If we look for the causes of those religious and political convictions we must find their roots away back in the previous history of England, as early as the time of Henry VII (1485), the first of the Tudors. He was the result of the conclusion of the "War of the Roses", when the great Barons were no longer able to get their principal revenues from the provinces of France, and fell to fighting each other. They finally divided into the House of Lancaster, and the House of York; the former wore the red, and the latter the white rose, which may be remembered by associating the initial letters of each name, so that we have for one "RL", the other "WY", the latter being the letters near the end, and the others near the middle of the alphabet.

The Earl of Warwick had made Edward IV king; but the fortunes of the House of York came to an end with the defeat of the cruel Richard III, who found Bosworth Field "full of Richmonds", and Henry VII was proclaimed king upon the battle field. He ruled twenty-four years, was noted for his avarice, became wealthy, and his son, the notorious Henry VIII, had a great time spending it in the thirty-eight years which succeeded the reign of his father.

It was in the reign of Henry VIII (1509-1547) when the great clash came between him and the Pope.

He was the king who had six wives, Catharine of Aragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr, and the fate of each may be remembered by the following grim couplet:

"Divorced, beheaded, died,
Divorced, beheaded, survived."

He left three children, no two of whom were related more than by the half blood. Mary, daughter of the first Queen Catherine, Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn, and Edward, son of Jane Seymour, all of whom were to figure in subsequent history.

This was the period when Martin Luther was making such headway in the Reformation. Henry VIII, thinking to curry favor with the Pope, wrote a treatise against the doctrines of Luther and it so pleased the Papal authority, that he bestowed upon Henry the title of the "Defender of the Faith"; but later, when Henry wanted to get a divorce from his first Queen Catherine, on the ground that she was his brother Arthur's widow when he married her, and wanted the sanction of Pope (Clement VII), the Pope would not give it to him, and that severed the relations between him and the Pope.

Henry, not to be outdone, had Parliament declare him (Henry), "the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England", and thus was the English church created and separated from the Church of Rome.

Then followed his son, Edward VI, in whose reign was compiled the Book of Common Prayer. Many who would not conform to it, were committed to the flames.

After him came Mary, his half-sister, "bloody Mary", as she was called, and her cherished object was to restore the Catholic religion and some 277 persons were burnt at one place (Smithfield), of whom, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, were the most prominent.

Neither did Protestants at this time possess a humanity that was above the cruelty of the times. For did they not in the year 1553, burn Servetus at the stake? John Calvin was the chief prosecutor. Servetus was a Spanish author, had graduated as a physician and his investigations had really anticipated Harvey and Hunter in the discovery of the method of the circulation of the blood. He made the mistake of dropping the study of the ills of the flesh for the ills of the soul. He had written a revision of the Bible and had sent the same to Calvin for correction and suggestions. He was charged with heresy, would not recant, and was taken out on a hill near Geneva, and by a slow fire was burned to death, and the books and manuscripts he had sent to Calvin were burned with him. Am. Enc., Vol. 14, p. 779.

But to return to Martin Luther. A good idea of the kind of propaganda that had to be fought and what added to the ferment of the times may be seen in the form of indulgence (absolution) that was being sold by Tetzel, a Romish bishop and contemporary of Luther's.

"I absolve thee from all ecclesiastical censures, and from all thy sins, how enormous soever; and by this plenary indulgence I remit thee all manner of punishment which thou oughtst to suffer in purgatory. And I restore thee to the sacraments of the church, and to that innocence and purity which thou hadst at thy baptism; so as, at death, the gates of hell shall be shut against thee, and the gates of paradise shall be laid open to receive thee. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen."

—Keith's Hist. of Scotland, Introd., p. 4.

"The Archbishop, Albert of Mayence, in need of money had again set up the traffic with indulgence in the city of Halle, establishing a great shrine of relics and inviting all to visit the same.

He had collected a multitude of glorious relics, about nine thousand in number. Among these were the remains of saints, a portion of the body of the patriarch Isaac, remnants of manna, pieces of Moses' burning bush, jugs from the marriage feast of Canna, some of the wine which Christ made of water on that occasion, thorns from Jesus' martyr crown, one of the stones with which Stephen was killed, and many other glorious relics. Against all this abomination Luther wrote a treatise entitled, "Against the Idol in Halle", and sent it to Wittenberg for publication."—Rein's Luther, Chap. 10, p. 97.

THE REFORMATION - - - MARTIN LUTHER

"His theses were read all over Germany. Numerous strangers who attended the anniversary festival of consecration at Wittenberg,

in order that they might adore the many relics and other sacred treasures of the church, carried the news with them to their homes.

Up to this time no one had been willing to bell the cat! Great as was the discontent at the shameless proceedings of the traders in indulgences, equally great was the fear of opposing the Pope and the Church. But Luther said: 'Whoever will begin anything good let him see to it that he begin and venture it in reliance upon the favor of God, and never upon human comfort or assistance, let him not fear any man, no, not the whole world!'

Everywhere Luther's theses found prepared ground. Everywhere they were spoken of, and with anxious concern was he regarded, who had ventured so bold a step! His name passed rapidly from nation to nation and many an inquiry was heard about the antecedents and the experiences of the man who had presumed to take issue with the Pope and his adherents."—Rein's Luther, Chap. 1.

"At his bidding truth leaped over the cloister walls, and challenged every man to make her his guest; aroused every intelligence to acts of private judgment; changed a dependent recipient people into a reflecting, inquiring people; lifted each human being out of the castles of the Middle Ages to endow him with individuality, and to summon man to stand forth as a man. The world heaved with the fervent conflict of opinion."—Bancroft's U. S., Vol. 4, Chap. 6

Upon Mary's death came Elizabeth who reigned for 45 years. She had been educated in the Protestant faith and about her first act was to compel all clergymen and government officers, under the act of Supremacy, to take an oath acknowledging the English sovereign, head of the church, and by the Act of Conformity no persons were allowed to attend any other places of worship than those of the Established Church. For refusing to comply with these arbitrary statutes hundreds suffered death, imprisonment and other persecutions.

At this time there were three religious parties, those of the Established Church, Roman Catholics, and Puritans.

Following Elizabeth was the advent of the first of the Stuart family, James I, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lord Darnley, and they, being Catholics, caused the religious pendulum to again swing the other way; but the Roman Catholic party, not finding things going fast enough to suit them, formed a plot and put thirty-six barrels of gunpowder in a vault below the House of Lords, to be fired by one Guy Fawkes, a Spaniard, who had been brought to England for the purpose, the object being to overturn the government, kill the king and destroy the Parliament. Fortunately, it was discovered in time to prevent it and what happened to Fawkes afterwards put an end to his activities.

James was of a pusillanimous disposition. He believed in the divine right of kings to rule without control. One can see here the forerunners of events which were afterwards to happen, where a king was to lose his head, and in the great struggle between the Throne and Parliament, where the latter won in having control of the revenues of the country, the power of taxation, etc.

James sent for the Journal of the House of Commons and with his own hands tore out the record. He so persecuted the Puritans that they became disgusted and emigrated in large numbers to Holland and to Jamestown (1607) and Plymouth (1620) in this country.

It was during this reign that there was a new translation of the Bible, being completed in 1611, and in 1612, and the first English factory was established at Surat.

Upon his death in 1625, he was succeeded by his eldest son, Charles I, a young man aged 25 years, who was to have a stormy career, and end in his execution. He sought to levy money by his own authority. It had been done before under the name of "Ship-money", an arbitrary tax levied at seaports by the King for the equipment of a fleet. He argued that for the same reason he had authority to levy taxes for the support of the army.

It was during his reign that the Petition of Right (1628) was adopted and to which the king was obliged to give his assent. His opposition to Parliament finally took the form which led to his undoing. He went to the House with an armed retinue and demanded that five of its members, John Hampden being among the number, be pointed out to him in order that they might be seized. The plan was frustrated. He afterwards had the House surrounded by two regiments and excluded all but the most determined of the Independents, of whom we shall write later. Accordingly, for these invasions of the rights of members of Parliament he was charged with treason for levying war against his Parliament, tried, convicted and three days afterward beheaded, January 30, 1649.

The House of Commons abolished the House of Lords and with Oliver Cromwell as Protector, obliged Charles II to flee the country and by them it was ruled until 1660, when Charles II returned and was proclaimed king, which event is known in history as the Restoration.

Then followed the execution of the regicides including Maj. Gen. Thomas Harrison, Cromwell's Chief of Staff, and the body of

Cromwell was exhumed, beheaded, and his head placed upon a gibbet on Westminster Hall. One interested in the grim proceedings of a trial of that day (1660) will find it in the biography of General Harrison, a brave man who was denied counsel and defended himself, by C. H. Simpkinson, of Balliol College, Oxford, published (1905) by E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

Let us step aside for a moment and consider that remarkable character, Oliver Cromwell, and the government of the Commonwealth.

This period may be regarded as the culmination of that great struggle between the King and the Parliament. Let us see what the historian says upon the subject:

"Oliver Cromwell is the most difficult character in history to treat critically. Some regard him with admiration, some detest him as a usurper, and many look upon him as a hypocrite, yet no one questions his ability. His character was unique and original; we are never weary of discussing him.

He was a Puritan, a reformer, not in church matters merely, but in civil liberty. The Puritans were opposed to the established."

A learned author has said:

"The only antiquity which had authority with them was the Jewish Commonwealth, because it was a theocracy, and recognized God Almighty as the Supreme Ruler of the world. They adhered strictly to the Jewish Sabbath and baptized their children with Hebrew names."

He lived at a time when there was a breaking up of the forms of religion. Each great thinker was trying to promulgate a doctrine of his own.

"It was Luther preaching the right of private judgment, and Calvin pushing out the doctrine of the majesty of God to its remotest logical sequence, and Latimer preaching every man's responsibility to God, and Gustavus Adolphus fighting for religious liberty, and the Huguenots protesting against religious persecution, and Thomas Cromwell sweeping away the abominations of the Papacy, and the Geneva divines who settled in England during the reign of Elizabeth, it was all these that produced Oliver Cromwell.

He was born in the year 1599, of a good family. He was a country squire, a gentleman farmer. In religion he believed in the second coming of Christ. His particular sect was the Independents who were the most advanced party of his day, both in religion and politics.

On his farm he was one of the landed gentry, had a Cambridge

education and was early an influential man. He was forty-two years of age when he buckled on a sword and gave 500 pounds to the cause of Liberty.

He was not a faultless man, but he proved himself a great benefactor. His cruelties in Ireland, his dispersion of parliaments and his usurpation of supreme power were to his mind justified by the Old Testament text, for did not Abraham tell lies to the King of Egypt, and did not David cause Uriah to be slain that he might appropriate his wife?

And, finally, it may be truly said he earned his great fame as one of the wisest statesmen and ablest rulers that England ever had. Like all monarchs, he is to be judged by the services he rendered civilization."—Dr. John Lord, Modern Eloquence, Vol. V, p. 787.

"He belonged to a sect known as Independents, was a prominent member, and its adherents dominated and were most influential in his army. It began to exert great influence under one Rosa Brown in 1586, and rapidly spread over England. They rejected any connection between the Church and State, claimed immediate inspiration from heaven, rejected all ecclesiastical establishments, disdained all creeds and systems of belief, despised every distinction of governors and governed, held all men—king, nobility and commons—to be on a level of equality.

They antagonized the Presbyterians and the Church of England and were later identified with the Congregationalists. Their civil disabilities were not removed until the repeal of the test and corporation acts in 1828."—Am. Cyclo., Vol. 2, p. 502; Tytler's Hist., Book 6 Chap. 29, p. 406.

"Cromwell strongly advocated liberty of conscience when it was a startling notion to most public men. He was among the first of public men to advocate it. He urged that the civil magistrate had nothing to do to determine of anything in matters of religion by constraint or restraint. But every man might not only hold, but preach and do in matters of religion what he pleased."

—Knight's Eng., Vol. 4, Chap. 3.

"The ambition of Oliver was of no vulgar kind. He never seems to have coveted despotic power. He, at first, fought sincerely and manfully for the Parliament, and never deserted it till it had deserted its duty. But even when thus placed by violence at the head of affairs he did not assume unlimited power. He gave the country a constitution far more perfect than any which had, at that time, been known to the world. For himself, he demanded the first place in the Commonwealth but with powers scarcely so great as those of a Dutch stadtholder or an American president. He gave to Parliament a voice in the appointment of ministers and left it to the whole legislative authority, not even reserving to himself a veto on its enactments; and he did not require that the chief magistracy should

be heredity in his family. Thus far if the circumstances of the time and the opportunities which he had for aggrandizing himself be fairly considered, he will not lose by comparison with Washington and Bolivar."—Hood's Cromwell, Chap. 1.

"Cromwell was one of those rate men whom even his enemies cannot name without acknowledging his genius. The farmer of Huntingdon, accustomed only to rural occupations, unnoticed until he was more than forty years old, engaged in no higher plots than how to improve the returns on his farm and fill his orchard with choice fruit, of a sudden became the best officer in the British army and the greatest statesman of his time; subverted the English constitution, which had been the work of centuries, held in his own grasp the liberties which the English people had fixed in their affections and cast the kingdoms into a new mold. Religious peace, such as England till now had never seen, flourished under his calm mediation; justice found its way even among the remotest Highlands of Scotland; commerce filled the English marts with prosperous activity under his powerful protection; his fleets rode triumphant in the West Indies: Nova Scotia submitted to his orders without a struggle; the Dutch begged of him for peace as for a boon; Louis XIV was humiliated; the pride of Spain was humbled; the Protestants of Piedmont breathed their prayers in security; the glory of the English name was spread throughout the world."—Bancroft's U. S., Vol. 2, Chap. 11.

When Oliver Cromwell died he was succeeded by his son Richard. He did not have the same strong grip on the affairs of State which his father had. He lost the support of the army and in the growing discontent signed his own abdication. The country was threatened with anarchy and civil war. A council of army officers could not maintain authority and the contending factions were subdued by General Monk. A parliament was called and Charles II was proclaimed King, May 29, 1660.

This was a remarkable example of the political pendulum swinging the other way. An example of the want of continuity of purpose in human nature, one which we have seen in our own country where a political party has gone into office without opposition, and *has gone out with none.* It was a sure sign of the excesses which were to follow.

In 1674, reign of Charles II, the Test Act was passed by Parliament requiring all government officers to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy and to abjure the Romish doctrines. In the year 1679, was passed the Habeas Corpus act, which made every man secure in his liberty unless his imprisonment could be shown to be justified by law.

Theretofore, no man was safe from arbitrary arrest or secure from spies and informers. He took away the charter of London in order to extort money for its restoration. The chamber sessions were restored. The Rye-House plot, to restore the authority of the people failed and Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were beheaded.

When Charles II died he was succeeded by his brother the Duke of York under the title of James II. His zeal in promoting Roman Catholics to power and his proclamation, that the Act as to nonconformity be read in all the churches caused great excitement, and seven bishops who refused were imprisoned. They were acquitted but the civil strife was such that he had to appeal to his son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange, of Holland, who had married his daughter Mary, and when they came to England the representatives of the people bestowed the crown upon them for their lives, with succession to Anne, the second daughter, and James II fled to France. Afterwards he attempted to again regain the throne by coming in with reinforcements by way of Ireland but he was effectually defeated at the memorable battle of the Boyne, July 12, 1690.

"Many dissenters were cited before the ecclesiastical courts. Others found it necessary to purchase the connivance of the agents of the government by presents of hogsheads of wine, and gloves stuffed with guineas. It was impossible for the sectaries to pray together without precautions, such as are employed by coiners and receivers of stolen goods. The places of meeting were frequently changed. Worship was performed sometimes just before break of day and sometimes at dead of night. Round the building where the little flock was gathered together sentinels were posted to give the alarm if strangers drew near. The minister in disguise was introduced through the garden and back yard. In some houses there were trapdoors through which, in case of danger, he might descend. Where Nonconformists lived next door to each other, the walls were often broken open and secret passages were made from dwelling to dwelling. No psalm was sung, and many contrivances were used to prevent the voice of the preacher, in his moments of fervor, from being heard beyond the walls. Yet, with all this care it was often found impossible to elude the vigilance of the informers."

—Macaulay's England, Chap. 5.

One of the great events of Anne's reign, which began in 1702, was "The Constitutional Union of England and Scotland" in 1707. Theretofore, each had separate legislatures but had acknowledged one king since the accession of James I. Since 1707, they both have rep-

resentatives in the same Parliament. Queen Anne was the last sovereign of the house of Stuart.

The succession fell to the House of Brunswick. The first of the four Georges, who followed in succession, and who was the son of Sophia, granddaughter of James I, who had married the Duke of Brunswick, Elector of Hanover. This was the introduction of the German element in the present ruling family of England.

George III was the first of the family to be born in England. The foreign birth of his father and grandfather had never set well with the English people. George III began to reign in 1760 and continued for 60 years, covering the period of the war with the American Colonies.

"He was incapacitated for the duties of his position at various times, from insanity; during the last nine years of his life he was in a demented condition."

—Knight's England.

If the outlook was gloomy in England at this time it was still more so in France. A learned author (Rev. Thos. B. Gregory, Press Publishing Co., 1925) gives the following graphic account of the situation which brought about the French Revolution:

THE BASTILLE!

" 'To the Bastille!' The argument was final. Behind it surged the power that would not be refused. 'Did any one dare intimate that the people were not born to toil for Kings and aristocrats—he was hustled off to the Bastille. Did genius utter some thought that had not been submitted to the Censor—he was thrown into the Bastille and kept there till he went mad.

The 'Man in the Iron Mask' was no myth. His story was the story of thousands. The 'mask' was merely the symbol of the complete loss of identity of those Frenchmen who were unfortunate enough to be thrown into the Bastille.

The Bastille! It meant for the French people a living hell that was as large as the country itself.

By 1789 the people of France were about starved to death. The King and some 150,000 nobles of church and state practically owned the nation. Three-fifths of the land of France belonged to them, and the remaining two-fifths were made to bear the whole burden of the taxes. The 150,000 were the masters, the 25,000,000 were slaves.

If an acre produced 75 francs, 50 went to the tax gatherer and the other third was halved between the landlord and the farmer. Women were harnessed beside the cattle to do the plowing. Squalor and degradation were everywhere.

Game was preserved for the great, while the poor man who killed a rabbit to keep his children from starving was hanged.

The King spent 250,000,000 francs a year on the royal household and his favorites. Marie Antoinette had 180 women to wait on her. About the court were 1,500 lackeys, big and little, costing the people over 45,000,000 francs.

Noblemen amused themselves by shooting the workmen on their estates, and when the matter was reported to the King he would listlessly throw back his head and laugh. The killing of plain people by noblemen seemed funny to His Majesty.

All of which came to a head on that ever memorable July 14, 1789, in the never-to-be-forgotten slogan: 'To the Bastille!'"

George IV succeeded George III at the age of 58 years and the historian says he was unprincipled and heartless and noted for his profligacy and extravagance in the early part of his life.

In his reign about the first thing he set out to do was to get a divorce from his wife, Caroline of Brunswick, in which he failed, and for whom Lord Brougham made a splendid defense, "hurling his defiance in the teeth of royalty itself."

It was during this reign that the civil and political disabilities of the Roman Catholics were removed. Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, contributed largely to that end (1824).

William IV, a brother, succeeded George IV and the Reform Bill was passed in 1832. It extended the right of suffrage.

In 1834, slavery was abolished in all the colonies. £20,000,000 were awarded to the planters as compensation and about 750,000 human beings were set free.

William IV died in 1837, and was succeeded by Queen Victoria, his niece, who enjoyed the longest reign of any sovereign of England, sixty-four years.

Edward VII, her son, and George V, his son, now King of Great Britain, brings us down to the present time.

We can not close this chapter without an expression of deep thankfulness that we did not live in those days; nor without a feeling of deep gratitude that we are the inheritors of all those reforms which were purchased at such a stupendous price in blood and treasure.

CHAPTER II

The English Period of Voyage, Discovery, and Invention—John Harrison's Lament Upon the Times—Puritan Character—England's Change from an Agricultural to a Manufacturing Nation —John Harrison's First Voyage to America in 1814*—His Second Voyage in* 1816*—Joseph Harrison, His Son, a Lad of* 16 *Accompanies Him—Written Directions Left for the Family to Follow to America.*

IT is a relief to turn from the cruelty, bigotry and tyranny of the period we have described to such achievements during the same time which have been for the betterment of mankind. The indirect benefits which flow from great events in history are often blessings in disguise. The effect of the Crusades was to scatter the best seed of civilization over the countries through which they passed. The Jesuit Fathers in blazing their way through the American forests to convert the Indian pointed the way, which a later and better civilization followed.

Sir Francis Drake completed his great voyage around the world via Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope in 1579. Sir Walter Raleigh made his great voyage to North America (1584), and gave to our great state of Virginia its name in honor of Elizabeth the virgin Queen.

In the realm of science, art and philanthropy, Dr. William Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood (1578-1657); Sir Isaac Newton, discoverer of the law of gravitation (1642-1727); Dr. Joseph Priestley, the great chemist (1733-1804); John Howard who did so much for prison reform (1726-1790); and Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton spinning frame (1732-1792), were Englishmen whose accomplishments set all the world to thinking along new lines of endeavor. Great as have been the inventions of modern times, one machine of Arkwrights did the work of 130 men, and in 1880, altogether were doing in England what before would have required 40,000,000 hands by the old method.

In literature the names of Spencer, Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney and Shakespeare stand forth as great beacon lights for all time. John

Milton, John Bunyan, Samuel Butler, John Locke, Dryden and Sir Matthew Hale, during the years from 1660 to 1685, were the contributors to one of the brightest pages in English literature. And too, England has been the most successful of any nation in the world's history in the establishment of colonies.

In 1759 Canada became an English possession, and we all know about the liberation of the American Colonies between 1775 and 1789, when the United States started upon her career to become one of the greatest nations in the world. It was the rise of what we call democracy in the midst of privilege and oppression.

The brief summary of history which we have given adds something to the picture and accounts for much which we see in the character and habits of thought of John Harrison. Macaulay has described that period so well that one could not do better than give his own words:

"They, the people, might indeed safely tolerate a king in a few excesses; for they had in reserve a check which soon brought the fiercest and proudest king to reason, the check of physical force. It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to image to himself the facility and the rapidity with which four hundred years ago this check was applied. The people have long unlearned the use of arms. The art of war has been carried to a perfection unknown to our forefathers, and the knowledge of that art is confined to a particular class. A hundred thousand troops, well disciplined and commanded will keep down millions of ploughmen and artisans. A few regiments of household troops are sufficient to overawe all the discontented spirits of a large capital. In the meantime, the effect of the constant progress of wealth has been to make insurrection far more terrible to thinking men than mal-administration. Immense sums have been expended on works, which, if rebellion broke out, might perish in a few hours. The mass of movable wealth collected in the warehouses and shops of London alone exceeds five hundred fold, that which the whole island contained in the days of the Plantagenets; and, if the government were subverted by physical force all this movable wealth would be exposed to imminent risk of spoilation and destruction. Still greater would be the risk to public credit, on which thousands of families directly depend for subsistence, and which the credit of the whole commercial world is inseparably connected.

It is no exaggeration to say that a civil war of a week on English ground would now produce disasters which would be felt from Hoangho to the Missouri, and of which the traces would be discernable at the distance of a century. In such a state of society resistance must be regarded as a cure more desperate than almost any malady

which can afflict the whole state. In the middle ages, on the contrary, resistance was an ordinary remedy for political distempers, a remedy which was always at hand, and which, though doubtless sharp at the moment, produced no lasting or deep effects. If a popular chief raised his standard in a popular cause, an irregular army could be assembled in a day. Regular army there was none. Every man had a slight tincture of soldiership, and scarcely any man more than a slight tincture. The national wealth consisted chiefly in flocks and herds, in the harvest of the year and in the simple buildings inhabited by the people. All furniture, the stock of shops, the machinery which could be found in the realm, was of less value than the property which some single parishes now contain. Manufactures were rude, credits almost unknown. Society, therefore, recovered from the shock as soon as the actual conflict was over. The calamities of civil war were confined to the slaughter of the field of battle, and to a few subsequent executions and confiscations. In a week the peasant was driving his team and the esquire flying his hawks over the field of Towton, or Bosworth, as if no extraordinary event had interrupted the regular course of human life."

—Macaulay's Eng., p. 26.

Another has given us a glimpse of the English character and nation in his comparison with that of Rome:

"The members of the English Parliament are fond of comparing themselves to the old Romans.

But here follows a more essential difference between Rome and England which gives the advantage entirely to the latter, viz.: that the civil wars of Rome ended in slavery and those of the English in liberty. The English are the only people on earth who have been able to prescribe limits to the power of kings by resisting them; and who, by a series of struggles have at last established that wise government where the Prince is all powerful to do good, and, at the same time is restrained from committing evil; where the nobles are great without insolence, though there are no vassals; and where the people share in the Government without confusion.

The House of Lords and that of the Commons divide the legislative power under the king, but the Romans had no such balance. The patricians and plebeians in Rome were perpetually at variance, and there was no intermediate power to reconcile them. The Roman Senate were so unjustly, so criminally proud, as not to suffer the plebeians to share with them in anything, could find no other artifice to keep the latter out of the administration, than by employing them in foreign wars. They considered the plebeians as a wild beast, whom it behooved them to let loose upon their neighbors for fear they would devour their masters. Thus the greatest defect in the Government of the Romans raised them to be conquerors. By being

unhappy at home they triumphed over and possessed themselves of the world, till at last their divisions sunk them to slavery."

—Voltaire, Harvard Classics, Vol. 34, p. 86.

In the time of John Harrison the political situation had come to be as Macaulay describes it:

"The power of the King, though ample, was limited by three great constitutional principles, so ancient that none can say when they began to exist, so potent that their natural development continued through many generations, has produced the order of things under which we now live.

First, the King could not legislate without the consent of his Parliament. Secondly, he could impose no taxes without the consent of his Parliament. Thirdly, he was bound to conduct the executive administration according to the laws of the land, and if he broke those laws his advisers and his agents were responsible.

—Macaulay's Engl., Vol. 1, p. 22.

To get a proper perspective of any history and to estimate causes and effects, it is necessary to frame a window through which we may see conditions as they actually existed before we can form any just estimate of their true value. John Harrison was evidently a type of many men of his own and previous generations. His political and religious views were reflected by his habits of original thought and those of his own and of preceding generations.

The earliest record we have of any kind in regard to him is to be found in an old book, now in my possession, of strong paper board cover, with leather back, which seems to have been kept for miscellaneous purposes. It contains entries made both in England and America, items of account with various persons, receipts, essays, poetry, information as to ocean travel, the government of the United States, and specific directions as to how the family was to dispose of his land, houses and chattels and follow him to this country in 1817. I remember seeing it when a boy in a high, drop-leaf desk which grandfather had when he left our home in 1857, when he was married the second time. Some of the leaves are gone, some torn, but what remains is legibly written and the quality of the paper is superior to what we find in such books today.

In that old book is a copy of a communication written in the early part of 1816, and was evidently intended for a newspaper called the Intelligencer of that period. In part he wrote:

"I have thought and lamented for several years the wretched state into which our government by their measures were bringing the

nation by their oppressive taxation and their inattention to the interest of the best part of our population of this country, viz.: the middle class of the community which have supported for so long time such a burden as no nation upon earth ever did before. It is high time for John Bull to throw off the oppressive weight and breathe a little before he faint and die under his load; and I have a gleam of hope in the exertion made by the country against the property tax and the happy termination of that inquisitorial and oppressive tax; but there are many yet to be done if our government would make its subjects comfortable.

There is one thing that militates as much against the prosperity of agriculture in this country as any and that is the Tithes. For it is not only a tenth part of produce of land the men claim, but it is a tenth part of all his industry and various expenses of tillage. This needs the serious attention and interference of government.

Another thing I have to bewail in this country and that is the very expensive process of law. Before a creditor can come at his own by that means there is in some parts of this country what is called a Court of Requests by which money can be recovered at a small expense and certain, as it takes hold upon body and goods. This is the case, I believe, in Manchester and ought to be universal. In the district where I live an attempt was made to obtain an act similar to the above and nearly 500 pounds were expended in the attempt; but Lord Ellenborough rejected our reasonable request by saying no more such Acts should be granted, as much as to say you shall have no such easy law, you shall not have justice, but by wading deep into the quicksands of writs and copies of writs and quirks and queries of the lawmen an hundred fold, and no end almost till there be an end of the money, or it has got into the pockets of the lawmen, and I do declare, I think the laws of this country are made more for the convenience of the lawmen than their clients.

Again, the Poor Laws are another system of grievous oppression to the landed interest of this country. There is a statement by our government of the yearly expense of the poor being between eight and nine millions annually, which is a serious sum when compared with the former years, and this is a great part of it expended in law about settlement trials and to support bastards."

Tithe is an old Saxon word and means a tenth. At that time it was a tax of *one-tenth* of the increase of the crops, stock and avails of personal industry levied for the support of the officers of religion, religious worship or assistance of the poor. It obtained in England, Ireland and Scotland after the Ninth Century, but Crown and Church lands were exempt. After the Reformation (1534) many of the Crown and Church lands continued to be exempt, and being for the

support of the Established Church was particularly galling to the dissenters.

It was a subject of complaint for over two centuries and after various modifications was abolished in 1869.

England was divided into two great districts and presided over by the Archbishops of York and Canterbury, respectively, with some twenty-five bishops under them. In 1830, the total church revenues were 3,192,885 pounds, the salary of the Archbishop of Canterbury was 15,000 pounds and they ranged from that down to 2,000 pounds annually for the other bishops.

Tithes were unknown in this country, except among the Mormons and the Province of Quebec, Canada.

The *dig* which he took at the administration of the law was another instance of the abuse of a custom of long standing. It is illustrative of the fact that great reforms seldom come from agitation of the subject from *within*, they usually come from *without*. Thomas Carlyle who made a great study of Cromwell and his period says that at that time the English Court of Chancery was behind in the decision of cases to the number of about 15,000, that one case had been pending for eighty-three years; but Cromwell would have none of it and appointed a Commission and had them all disposed of.

—Harvard Classics, Vol. 25, p. 385.

The method of writing and discourse of John Harrison, especially his religious bent, is seen in an essay in the old book, and which style would seem to have been usual in that day and generation. It is entitled:

"Some Thoughts on the Times"

"Whoever seriously reflects on what has taken place in Europe for the last 25 years, and especially if they look through the mirror of Divine truth and get their eyes anointed with the eye salve of the holy spirit and compare what has taken place with what is predicted in the sacred text, he cannot fail of being seriously concerned at the signs of the time. In the Apocalyptic text we are told of the 10th part of the city falling. It is evident by the city here is meant the City of Rome, or misty Babylon, or that power which has supported that order of things for about 12 hundred years. But what is that power, or wherein does that power consist? It is something which is binding upon the conscience, yea, upon the rights and liberties of every man, woman and child, who are under its jurisdiction, so as to compel them to think, act and speak according to its dictates upon pain of burning their bodies and throwing their souls to the devil in hell.

* * * * *

The government of this country seems both blind and hardened beyond all precedent, as if they had neither ears to hear the cries of the destitute nor any heart to feel for general distress; nor any eyes to see the destruction they will eventually bring upon their own guilty heads. But this has been the case with all former nations and countries which has been given up of God.

Witness Egypt, the old Canaanites, and especially the Jews, for when the old prophets threatened them with the invasion of the Chaldean army and of their captivity of Babylon they would not believe them, but persecuted them and put them to death. So it was with the same people previous to the complete destruction of their city and temple by Titus, the Roman general. They had such confidence in their high and strong walls and many towers, and of their vain supposition that they were the chosen people of God, and He would defend them, when at the same time the Lip of Truth had told them that there should not be left of their temple one stone upon another, that should not be thrown down; and the prophets had told them that Jerusalem should be plowed as a field, and which has been altogether fulfilled. Is it possible that any word of God can fail of being fulfilled? No. Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but His word shall not pass away.

If we compare the Jewish nation to the English nation we shall find a great similarity. They had been greatly favored as a nation, both in temporal and spiritual things and so it has been with this country, and having been accustomed so long to prosperity, has been ready to conclude that it would always be so, let its conduct be what it may. Indeed, if we look back a few years we find the people running mad and seeming to rejoice beyond all prudence, in illuminations, roasting of oxen and beastly drunkenness, and a spirit of madness seemed to go through the greatest part of the people in this country—even farmers who had more cause of lamentation and mourning, went through the streets showing their various implements of husbandry in procession with ribbands at their horses heads.

Different branches of manufacturers did the same, but since that time they have had cause to parade the streets with mourning and in sack-cloth. But where has this disposition appeared? No, beggarly pride still stalks the streets and all kind of oppression and tyranny prevails; so that it is almost impossible for an honest man to escape being over-whelmed and carried down the stream, with the force thereof.

The nations of the earth seem united against the Son of God and the liberties of mankind, as you may read in the 19th Chapter and 19th verse of Revelations. What will be the issue? Well, the BEAST is to be taken and with him the false prophets, vis.: Mahommet and both are to be cast alive into the lake of fire and those powers which have supported the BEAST will fall and the fowls are to be filled with their flesh.

Then succeeds the glorious Period, the Millennium when Christ shall reign from sea to sea and from the rivers to the end of the earth."

Again, Macaulay explains what is the dominant note of the foregoing essay:

"The extreme Puritans, therefore, began to feel for the Old Testament, a preference which, perhaps, they did not distinctly avow even to themselves, but which showed itself in all their sentiments and habits. They baptized their children by the names, not of Christian saints, but of Hebrew patriarchs and warriors. In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival by which the church had, from primitive times, commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath. They sought for principles of jurisprudence in the Mosaic law, and for precedents to guide their ordinary conduct in the books of Judges and Kings. Their thoughts and discourses ran much on acts which were assuredly not recorded as examples for our imitation."

—Macaulay's Eng. Chap. 1, p. 74.

Here was an effort of John Harrison to interpret the then conditions by the experience of the past as he saw them, and as he read and construed the Old Testament. He was thoroughly saturated with its contents and in the belief that he could apply past conditions of his selection, to those of the present. In this belief he was in accord with the spirit of his time, especially that which had come down from the days of Cromwell, that sect of dissenters known as "Independents", a branch of the Puritans.

His reference to the "people running mad" had reference, no doubt, to the excesses committed upon the Restoration in the time of Charles II, and from premises such as these he made his predictions without taking into account the many other conditions which enter into a social or political revolution. He did not realize that truism of the real historian that "Revolutions never go backward, they go forward."

His effort to interpret government phenomena was like that used in all ages to interpret natural phenomena. It served for the time being, until something better took its place, just as the better reason has taken the place of Mythology. Men, as did the ancient Greeks, no longer attribute the ocean waves which break upon the rocky shores of Greece, to the god Neptune, nor the lightning which plays around Mt. Olympus to the god Jupiter, but to the scientific laws of accountability, proven at a later period.

One more sidelight upon the influence surrounding John Harrison in his time is the following terse paragraph:

"Three features especially distinguish the Nineteenth Century in England; (a) the industrial revolution; (b) the wide over-seas expansion; and (c) the democratic expansion of political power. At the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, England was by no means conspicuous as a manufacturing and commercial country, but by its close, Lancashire and Yorkshire were fast becoming the seats of the cotton and woolen industries; Staffordshire and Yorkshire had established themselves in pottery and hardware centers; and Durham and Northumberland were specializing in mining industry. Suddenly with the new century came a remarkable development of manufacturing machinery driven by steam. The application of these new methods to the vast wealth of Great Britain in coal and iron, and the command of raw materials, secured by her maritime supremacy, rapidly converted her into the workshop of the world and made her an industrial instead of an agricultural nation."

—Adair's Ency., Vol. 2.

England's change from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation and her experience in free trade worked a hardship on the farmers but greatly stimulated the factories. This was one of the causes for the hard times mentioned in the gloomy letters which are to follow. We prefer to think of England in the close of this sketch, as Emerson saw her in 1847:

"England is a garden. Under an ash-colored sky the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. The solidity of the structures that compose the towns speaks the industry of ages. Nothing is left as it was made. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself, feel the hand of a master. The long habitation of a powerful and ingenious race has turned every rood of land to its best use, has found all the capabilities; the arable soil, the quarriable rocks, the highways, the byways, the fords, the navigable waters, and the new arts of intercourse meet you everywhere; so that England is a huge phalanstery (community), where all that man wants is provided within the precinct. Cushioned, and comfort in every manner, the traveller rides as on a cannon ball, high and low, over rivers and towns, through mountains, in tunnels of three and four miles, at near twice the speed of our trains, and reads quietly the Times newspaper, which, by its immense correspondence and reporting, seems to have machinized the rest of the world for his occasion."

—Emerson, English Traits, Harvard Classics, Vol. 5, p. 343.

It must have been with something of the spirit of the Crusader that John Harrison set out from England in 1814 on his first trip to

America. He left behind a wife and family of nine children and came as far west as Pittsburgh. No doubt many and fervent were the prayers offered up by them and by himself when he departed, and during his absence. He came on a sailing vessel and some idea of the preparations for such a voyage may be gained from some of the memoranda in that heirloom, the old book.

In it he gives the form of certificate required to get a passport:

"Otley, Yorkshire.

We do hereby certify that John Harrison was brought up in this parish, and we further certify that he is no manufacturer of woollen or silk or cotton or linen, and that he is not an artificer in brass or iron or metals, but has solely been engaged from his infancy in farming and agriculture. As such, we know not any objection agreeable to law, why he should not be permitted to sail to the United States of America.

Given under our hands
at Otley, this ..... day
of ....., 181...

..... Overseer,
..... Constable,
..... Minister,
..... Church Warden,
..... Justice of Peace."

At another place he noted the following:

"Advice as to the best mode of laying in stock of provisions for a journey to America.

Lay in as much provision as will do for 12 weeks. Be careful to keep your provisions from getting wet. Checker cheese and well cured hams, beef, coffee, sage, mint, butter, sugar, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, bottled ale and spirits. Care must be taken to get your biscuits of good quality and well baked."

That he had a good opinion of the country to which he was going and had high hopes of a favorable reception is seen from another record made in the same book:

"Statement of the grand total of the salaries of the officers and clerks employed at Washington. (Total) per annum $351,887, including the President. Employed, 21 Irish, 12 English, 4 Scotch, 3 Swedes, 2 Germans, 1 Russian, one from Tortaley and one from Bermuda. This shows a friendly disposition in the demonstration toward foreigners to say the least of it, for we very much doubt whether another instance can be found where a government employs, in and about its Cabinet, an equal number of foreigners to the exclusion of its own native citizens."

—From Bells Weekly Messenger.

Whether the comments made above were a part of the printed item, or were his own comments upon the items mentioned, cannot

MIDGLEY HOUSE,
Harrison Homestead,
Otley, England

Shows corner only of the dwelling on the left with Sunday School picnic party and row of supplies in front.

be determined from the note itself, but the same appears to be his words written after noting the number of foreigners mentioned.

While being tossed from day to day in a sailing vessel upon the waves of the Atlantic, his thoughts must have gone back many times to the home he had left behind. And they must have gone forward too, in some attempt to anticipate what he would meet in the new country.

One would not guess that it was particularly a fortunate year to come, so far as the relations between the two countries were concerned for Commodore Perry had won his splendid victory over the British fleet the year before, wherein he had made his report, in the well known words: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

The whole of the Michigan Territory had been lost by the United States to Great Britain by the surrender of Gen. Hull in 1812; but Gen. William H. Harrison won it back in 1814, in the celebrated battle of the Thames where the British under Proctor were defeated, and the noted Indian chief Tecumseh, was slain. The battle at Lundy's Lane near Niagara Falls was fought in the same year. James Madison was President of the United States and Gen. Jackson was having a warm time of it fighting the Indians in Alabama, and in taking the Spanish port at Pensacola, Florida, where British expeditions had been fitted out against the United States. The great disaster, however, occurring during that year was the capture of the City of Washington by the British under General Ross; the burning of many buildings including the president's house and the capitol. Happily, peace was declared the following year and the two countries have been able to get along agreeably ever since under a treaty with no more than an imaginary line between them, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, separating our territory from Canada.

One may guess that his thoughts naturally fell upon Pennsylvania if, for no other reason, that there they used his language of "thee" and "thou" and he must have been favorably impressed with what he knew of William Penn.

To what port he came in this country is uncertain but it was probably New York, for we find in the old book the name of "Mr. Thomas Dixon" under the memorandum, "Directions for New York in America." He could have gone from there by water to Philadelphia, but no mention of the latter city is made, and at all events the country as it then appeared on the way to Pittsburgh must have been in striking contrast to the old England which he left behind. The

journey was, most likely, made in a stage coach and his views of the forest, the rivers and the mountains must have started many thoughts of their wonders and their possibilities.

In Pittsburgh he knew Thomas Cooper, George Boggs and Thomas Smithson, for he mentions them under a later date when he made his second visit to this country.

He must have returned to England within a few months, because of memoranda he made in England in 1815. What he did in Pittsburgh or what the nature of his experience was upon the occasion of this first visit we have no information from anything he has left behind in this country.

When he returned to Pittsburgh in the spring of 1816, and brought with him his son Joseph, we have many details of that experience, found in the "old book", in his letters, those of the family and from traditions handed down by his son Joseph.

If we turn aside here for a moment we can easily fancy what must have been Joseph's thoughts concerning that eventful trip. In the first place it took some courage in a boy of sixteen years to leave the large family circle and the scenes of his childhood, even though accompanied by his father. He was in a measure prepared for it owing to the stoical disposition of his father. With him fortitude was a virtue and anything like a showing of weakness was to be frowned upon. Indeed, the atmosphere of seriousness which seems always to have surrounded the family had never given him much time for play, and the outdoor sports had never taken a firm hold upon him.

Some things I remember him to have mentioned, which gave him pleasure as a boy, for no matter how serious the discipline, it is the nature of a boy whose young life thrills with energy to have some diversion, to have *some* play.

I have heard him say it was the custom of the boys of his acquaintance to celebrate the anniversary of the great London Fire.

This they did by gathering dry twigs along the hedge-rows and making bonfires. The historian has described the event as follows:

"On September 2, 1666, a great fire occurred in London, England, burning for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth, the flames continuing for three days and three nights. The houses were mostly covered with thatched straw roofs; the lead from the burning churches ran down the streets in streams. The fire was checked in its progress by blowing up houses. Not more than eight lives were lost. Two hundred thousand people of all ranks and degrees were made home-

less. Thirteen thousand and two hundred dwellings were burned, also eighty-nine churches besides many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries and a vast number of stately edifices. Total estimated loss £7,335.000."

—Knight's England, Vol. 4, Chap. 17.

Another was to describe the sport of "Coursing", to be found in his only letter ever written to me, dated January 24, 1878, page 173 of this book.

No doubt many things on the sailing vessel interested Joseph Harrison on that great ocean voyage, the first of his youth. The way it rode the waves, now upon the crest of one, now down in the trough of the sea. The sailors, how they furled and unfurled the sails and when they climbed the masts or went out on the yardarms and the danger there was that some would fall into the sea.

The sea gulls and porpoises which follow a ship, must have had an interest, to say nothing of monster icebergs and their threatening danger as their sides shimmered and glittered in the sunlight.

Once upon the shore of America his boyish fancy must have pictured what life might be in the dense woods, thoughts of wild animals, and a feeling that if he got too far west he might have to meet the wily Indian. The journey to Pittsburgh must have been a long tiresome one and it would not have been unnatural, boy as he was, to have resolved that if his father returned, he too, would go back to England.

But the father had made definite arrangements in that regard. He had brought a sufficient sum of money to supply all their needs, and besides, had brought a supply of goods, which, no doubt, he expected to sell at a profit. The most positive fact that he had fully intended to make his future home in America is found in written directions to the family contained in the "Old Book", for the sale of all his property in England, and for them to follow him to this country. Here they are:

"Directions to be Observed in Advertising and Selling the Property of Jno. Harrison, in Otley.

1. I appoint that my property of Midgley House with the two thrashing barns, cowhouses, stables, and all buildings with fould-yards and other appurtenances to be put up in one lot, and the fixtures to be taken at a valuation, which is freehold property—likewise a field called Midgley, containing 6 acres, more or less, which is freehold.

2. Lot is a field, 2 acres, more or less, called Myers Ing, which is copyhold.
3. Lot, the two fields called Wilcocks, which is bishophold of the tenure of lifehold, containing 10 acres, more or less.
4. Lot, That land which is occupied by the two stables, which is leasehold, containing 92 acres, more or less, but when this is advertised I think it will be better not to mention the number of acres, as it will open the eyes of the Bishop, and I think it would be better to advertise it to be sold at such a time, if not sold before at private contract, and at the time of sale you can say how many acres there are.
5. Lot, A field called Thirney Ing, otherwise Lambert Ing, containing 4 acres, more or less, lately renewed by Bainbridge and paid for, but there will want a lease from him.
6. Lot, That cottage occupied by Jonathan Cawood, Junior, and the fixtures to be taken at valuation.
7. Lot, the two houses in the yard occupied by Nathan Richardson and Jno. Newsom, and the fixtures to be taken at valuation.
8. Lot, The house occupied by myself and the fixtures to be taken at a valuation.
9. Lot, The house occupied by James Trees, with the shop and appurtenances and the fixtures to be taken at a valuation. If you think beter you may sell 8 and 9 lots together.

I think it would be best to sell the Stubbings sometime in summer, as all things look best at harvest, and the buildings at Otley might as well be sold at the same time.

Take care to give notice to Peter Rhoads in due time of giving up the pasture, and endeavor so to arrange your affairs as to be able to sail to America next Spring, as I shall be on the lookout for you and shall be ready if the Lord permits, to hail you on the American shores, and may the Lord give you a prosperous journey. Amen."

CHAPTER III

Life in Pittsburgh—When Ohio was "Out West"—Father and Son Decide to Go—They Return to England in 1823—*Joseph Harrison Comes Back to Ohio in* 1826 *to Remain Permanently.*

THE father and son seem to have lived in Pittsburgh until December, 1818, or most likely the Spring of 1819 (see other receipts following) for we find this memorandum in the "old book":

"Goods left at Thos. Smithson's in trunk and boxes and bail.
2 boxes containing apparel; 4 watches; 4 papers of needles; various books; one bale table linen; 1 small trunk with small articles; bed and bedding; also, 21 clocks with 2 boxes which contained the same.
In care Mr. (George) Boggs, 4 pieces of super-fine cloth; also, 70 dozen pair of hose.
Also, in the hands of Joshua Armitage, 2 pieces of super-fine cloth containing 14 yards.
Also in hands of Mr. Thos. Cooper, promissory notes and gold. In gold, $626.00; note of Mr. Clows for $327.00 dollars; in Pittsburgh bank $200.00; title deed for land bought of Joshua Armitage.

Have in my own possession on the 4th of December, 1818, which I *take on my journey to Ohio,* cash and notes:

Note of Jno. Thornhill for .....$ 24.44
Note of Ezekiel Fosdick for 210.00
Note of Wm. Stevenson, with 1 yr. interest... 836.00
Note of Wm. Toman for 315.00
Also, in cash, in pocket, $480
Land in Ohio
Also, Mr. Cooper's watch with interest."

No doubt their stay in that city was prolonged in anticipation of the arrival of the remainder of the family and to determine the location and character of their future home.

Had they been able to foresee the future greatness of Pittsburgh they could not have done better than to have made their investments in or near that city. They could have bought a large part of "Squirrel Hill", or the most of what is now Highland and Schenley Parks, for a small sum. It seems that the father did a greater business in *loaning* than in *making* money. His misfortune was not to take

adequate security for the same. It is easy to understand that he had been accustomed to take a man's written promise as sufficient; that he and his ancestors had been accustomed to the lives of farmers and the only way to make money, which was natural to them, was to make it out of the products of the soil. That was grandfather's notion and no other method seemed to occur to him throughout his whole life.

How much of the above was ever repaid we have no means of knowing but some suggestion of that experience is found in one of grandfather's letters to the effect that his father brought to this country about 1,000 pounds, and that he returned to England with 200 pounds, and if the original price of the Ohio land is deducted, it would still leave a considerable sum unaccounted for, even allowing for living expenses.

The letter also mentions that one man, a preacher, got nearly 300 pounds, which were wholly lost.

The reference to "the title deed for land bought of Joshua Armitage" would indicate such an investment, but where the land was situated we have no knowledge. In one of the father's letters he refers to land bought by him at Wooster, Ohio; also, to some houses he had in Pittsburgh and which were rent producing, but these interests were all conveyed by the father to the son in the early thirties and were later disposed of by him, but for what price or what the character of the property was we have no knowledge. The satisfaction might be grim, but it would be interesting to know the location and value of that property today.

This brings us within striking distance of the Ohio home and all the pioneers in that vicinity who are to figure in the "Story of the Dining Fork". Ohio had but recently become a state (1803), Jefferson by proclamation of Gen. St. Clair had been made a county, July 29, 1797, and extended from the mouth of the Cuyahoga river to the Muskingum, and as far east as the Ohio river. It embraced all that territory which now includes the cities of Cleveland, Canton and Steubenville. Harrison County was formed, January 1, 1814, the year grandfather made his first visit to America. The wave of pioneer life was gradually extending to the westward and the Steubenville Land District was coming into its own.

The traveled route from Pittsburgh was to cross the Ohio river at New Cumberland or Steubenville, and go thence westwardly through Richmond and New Rumley. Towns like the latter had an

importance then and afterwards, not possessed at the present day. There was no buying goods then from a large department store by mail order. Each town then had its own tailor, boot, shoe, blacksmith and wagonmaker's shop. The physician or country doctor made his visits on horseback and dispensed his own drugs from leather bags which bestrode his horse. The church, with its period of winter revivals, was a feature which commanded special interest.

Each town had its tavern and country store. Both enjoyed a liberal patronage and were the outstanding places of interest where people met. The store kept by John Wirt in New Rumley might be taken as a type of the rest. It grew to make him a wealthy man as fortunes were reckoned in that day. He traded at Steubenville and I have heard father say that he had heard Mr. Wirt relate, that if every man who traveled that highway in transporting his produce to that city, and in bringing goods therefrom, in the large wagon drawn by four horses, had thrown as many loose stones out of the road as he did, when walking beside the horses to lighten the load, it would have been entirely clear of that source of trouble.

From New Rumley, which sat upon a hill, the road wended westwardly down across one of those branches of water which, finger-like, range westwardly and take their course, from the north into the Conotton, which takes a westerly course to join the Tuscarawas river; and then rising to another ridge kept its way thereon through a forest of large white and chestnut oak for about two miles, and this brought the father and son to a gigantic chestnut tree standing in a triangular space at the intersection of three roads. It stood there like a huge sentinel, as if to mark the end of their long journey. We can fancy that they looked upon the scene before them, to the south and to the north, and then to the west and there beheld for the first time the main valley of the Dining Fork.

They took the road which turned at an acute angle to the right and walked slowly down the hill into the valley to the spot which was to be the future home of the son, and has been known ever since as the Harrison homestead.

Naturally the site of the first habitation was near a spring. These were numerous as the uncleared forest held back the rainfall and caused it to slowly percolate the earth until it came to a porous stratum of rock and then issue from the hillside. The first cabin was near the northerly one of two springs which came out about 200 feet east of what later became the brick residence of the

family. Later a two-story frame structure was built just below the southerly of the two springs, and was used as a dwelling and the basement below as a springhouse for the storage of milk and butter. This building remained until well along in the seventies when the dwelling was used as a workshop and storehouse. When torn down it revealed a frame of hewn oak logs, a fine stone foundation and the hand-wrought nails, which were the only kind available at the time of its construction.

The first clearing of the forest on the farm which was theirs to own in freehold, was the field between the present buildings and the creek. It is comparatively level and being mostly of alluvial soil must have had a growth of great trees upon it. It has borne crops for more than one hundred years and naturally its selection for the first crop showed good judgment. I remember one wonderful crop of potatoes it produced. Its soil has been so often overturned by the plow that it must in that time have been all exposed to view. Indian relics, such as flint arrow heads, and occasionally a stone hammer have been found in the upturned soil. I remember one time in the corn planting season we found an old Spanish quarter which had a portion of one side cut off, perhaps by the plow. This may have been a piece of the English money which our great-grandfather brought with him.

During the time he remained on the farm we have an account of him splitting rails for fence building. As late as the *seventies* there were chestnut rails on the farm which father told us that his grandfather had made, for about that time we had a visitor, Mrs. Elizabeth Powell of Philadelphia, *nee* Waddington, who, formerly, was the same sprightly girl mentioned by her father in one of the letters to which reference will be made later, and at her request he gave her a piece of one of the rails, which she took back with her and from it had paper weights made, one of which did ornamental service on the family mantel for years, and may still be at the old home.

His religious bent found expression in preaching occasionally in a new building whether it was a barn or a house, and in my boyhood I heard one of the old residents, Adam Myers, say he heard him preach a sermon in what was then a new barn on the McMillan farm, at present owned by Emanuel Hendricks, and stood about one-fourth mile north of the Carroll county line, a short distance west of the public road leading up the valley, and a little north of the John Patterson farm.

What seems to confirm the date when they left Pittsburgh for Ohio, although a previous visit may have been made, are the following receipts:

"Property left with Mr. Thos. Cooper by Jno. Harrison, Pittsburgh, Jan'y 21. Deed b't of Joshua Armitage.

Note specifying 200 dollars stock in the Bank of Pittsburgh..	$200.00
Wm. Clow's note for 318 dollars.....	318.00
Ezekiel Fosdick for 210 dollars.....	210.00
William Forman note for 315 dollars.....	315.00
John Thornhill note for 24-44.....	24.44
Money in pork.....	246.50
Likewise gold watch with interest from the time of purchase	
Note of Mr. Holdship 120 and 65 cents.....	120.65

I certify the above to be correct.
Feb. 8th, 1819." Thos. Cooper, Pittsburgh."

Also:—

"Goods left in the hands of Mr. Boggs, Pittsburgh,
Jan'y 21, 1819, by John Harrison:

5 pieces of super-fine cloth, black and blue; 68½ doz. of men and women's stockings in case. A box of table linen.

John Harrison has left in our hands four pieces, blue and black broadcloth: one box with worsted hose and one box with table linen, etc. Pittsburgh, 8th Feb'y, 1819.

Geo. Boggs & Co.

Also:—

"Left in the hands of Thos. Smithson by Jno. Harrison, Jan'y 21, twenty-one clocks, which he has authority to sell at the best price and to pay the money as he sells them into Mr. Thos. Cooper's hands and get receipts for all he so pays.

Thos. Smithson."

It appears in a letter under date of April 20, 1820, written from Hills Mill, Pa., by Thomas Trees to John Harrison and addressed to him at New Rumley, Ohio, that the remainder of the family were expected to arrive in this country shortly after that date. He was, no doubt related to James Trees who had married Mary Harrison, a daughter.

It was a cordial letter and expressed the wish that he and Joseph would make his family a visit of a few weeks.

It was not until 1823 when all hope had vanished, that the remainder of the family would come to America, that both returned to England and which was to be the last time John Harrison was ever to see our native shores. True, a start had been made to found the new home, but what would come of it was still problematical.

His affairs at Pittsburgh were still unsettled and the improvements on the farm had not been of such a character that they could suffer much in their absence. Had he been as successful in selling his personal chattels in Pittsburgh, as he had been successful as a farmer in England he would have disposed of them.

Those clocks were of the high hall variety and no doubt some of them are about Pittsburgh yet doing service as relics of *ye olden time.* Grandfather had one of them in his home until his death and it is still in the possession of Joseph Harrison, Scio, Ohio, his grandson, and is still ticking off the time of a second century.

We must now advert to the experience of Joseph Harrison, Sr., in England at this time. He was a young man of twenty-three years. His experience in America coupled with his social disposition must have made him a favorite in the young company with which he mingled. He noted, no doubt, the sharp contrast between the easy social life of his homeland and that of the rough pioneer life in America; also that of the well kept farms of his native land as compared with the scarcely broken forest of Ohio. We fancy that at this period of his life he bore a strong resemblance to his nephew John Walker whose portrait is found in this volume.

A letter of April 17, 1827, signed by one "George L." sheds a little light upon what that period had been to Joseph Harrison:

"Shipley, April 17, 1827.

Dear Brother:

I have taken the pleasure of writing to you as did John Barker to his wishful country again. On Easter Sunday my Uncle Edward and I were at Stubbings and your nephew John Walker and Miss Trees and her love from Leeds. If I mistake not Miss R. Bradley will be your Niece very shortly for you never did see two fonder lovers than they are, and no less respect have I for your sister Sarah Ann and respects to all the family. We were all together at Mr. Bradley's for tea and as we were on our return to Stubbings your Sister Sarah Ann wished me to give her best respects to you, which I offer to you and mine at the same time. Excuse me calling you Brother, as I hope it will be the case before you can answer this. And I shall be glad of hearing you doing well in America, but make not choice there, no further than sparking them as usual.

Times have been upon the decline ever since you left, but we all hope for better. I am pretty well and in tolerable good spirits and I hope and heartily wish that this may be your lot through life. I have said all I can on our side, so when you answer this say what my old acquaintances are all up to and how things are with you; and

concerning the females and all the Englishmen; and where Thos. Hallewell is and of what he is doing,—and how you come on with the Yankees, Dutch, and the old country folks; and say how Thos. Trees and family are, also my old friend Obidiah Ramsbottom and family, and fail not to write when you get this as I hope you will bestow all of your more time to write to us all in fair Yorkshire and we will return you the same—you 'Merican Rangers'. Give my respects to all inquiring friends and let all jokes go free and sport the girls when you feel an inclination, and tell them to remember me. Oh, that I could be with you a week or two. We would take a cup of whiskey yet for 'Auld Lang Syne', my boy. Give my best respects to all the Dutch lasses. Your father has been very ill but is fast recovering, and his mind still continues anchored to the Land of Liberty; but all the rest of the family continue stationary, but very anxious to have a letter from you, as they are disappointed as Barker has gotten a letter and not them."

It must have been with a heavy heart when in 1826, Joseph Harrison decided to leave England for the second time and with the prospect that he might never return. By that time it had become apparent that the remainder of the family were determined not to come to America, and that he must go alone if their possessions in this country were to be saved. No doubt the question had been the subject of many consultations on the part of the family during those three years stay in England. The outlook had become gloomy indeed. Their crops were poor, the seasons had been bad, the times were hard and his father and brothers at home were all who were necessary to manage a farm of 114 acres. The only vocation he knew was the life of a farmer. It was a choice between taking his chances in England with no certain prospects, although certain that he might lead an easier life amid congenial surroundings, and a life of toil and exposure in the backwoods of America. He chose the latter.

It is a tradition in the family that his father had said to him that if he did not go back to America and look after their possessions he would charge them off against his share of the estate. One can see that he hardly had any choice in the matter; that he may have thought that it was not what should have been presented to him as such an alternative, and this may have been the reason that he did not subsequently write so promptly to them as they had expected.

In 1851 his Sister, Sarah Ann Reffitt, wrote a touching account of his departure as between him and his Mother to be found at the bottom of page 110.

And thus he left his aged parents and kindred and set out again to cross the stormy Atlantic and all alone with an unknown destiny before him and with anxiety as to what the future, in a new country, held in store for him. I have no doubt his sense of humor, in some degree, sustained him. The most difficult thing was to get started, but once on the way it was easier than he thought. It was like Mark Twain said when half-way across the ocean—he just had to go on—he could not think of returning, "It was such a long, damp walk back."

He seems to have remained in Pittsburgh some time after his arrival and it was with some hesitation that he plunged once more into the wilderness of eastern Ohio. It appears from the following letter from his father that he made a river trip to Cincinnati and return. If so, it was on one of the rude craft of those days and must have been of the greatest interest, in view of the beautiful scenery on that trip of over 400 miles. I have heard him speak of being in Cincinnati but never of a trip at that time or character.

"Midgley House, May 1st, 1827.

Dear Joseph:

It is with feelings of gratitude to God for thy safe arrival at Pittsburgh. We received thy letter from Philadelphia and have long been in expectation of receiving another when thou got into the country, so as thou could tell us how matters stood there. We could not tell what to write till we heard further from thee, and even now we are partly at a loss at knowing nothing but what we have learned from a letter thou sent to John Barker and one sent by Thos. Trees to his father, where mention was made of having seen thee. This was some satisfaction to us but we thought it very strange when a letter came to John Barker and no mention whatever made of any of us. It hurt our feelings and we are at a loss to know the reason, whether it was neglect or some offense taken. We do not know that we have given thee any just cause for offense, but I am more ready to conclude it was an oversight. However, if thou has not written before the receipt of this letter, thou will write immediately, giving us full and clear as possible, an account of all matters which particularly concern us.

* * * * *

I beseech, my dear son, be steady, sober and thoughtful both for this world and the next, but especially for the next, as it is of far more consequence.

Things in this country look with a very dark aspect and appear to be fast verging to that crisis I have long predicted.

Last summer left us very deficient crops, both of hay and corn,

and turnips almost universally failed. A rather severe winter has succeeded, which has brought much suffering on man and beast. We, ourselves, should not complain as I believe few people are better prepared. We have sold about £80 worth of hay besides wintering about 20 head of cattle and seven horses. I hope we shall have plenty to see us to grass, the Lord be thanked. Our lads labour hard and yet there is so much to pay one way and another, I think they will not have much to spare. I wonder they are not discouraged, they still appear to cling to the old sod; I cannot tell what it is that bewitches them. I still keep boring at them to move them to a removal across the Atlantic, but apparently all in vain.

My health has been very indifferent all this winter and still is. I have a poor appetite for my food and shortness of breath and spitting. How matters will turn with me I cannot tell, the Lord's will be done. I think a voyage to sea would either do me good or remove me to the clods of the valley.

* * * * *

Great numbers have been carried away by the late panic and things do not appear to mend at all. All is bad together, both trade and farming. My opinion is, you are on the better side of the water. Bradfield of Knarsbro and a whole tribe out of that part of the country is either set off or about it. John Barker, with whom I hope to send this letter. is going back and I am still left here in a country which I fear is next door to destruction. After struggling for more than ten years I am here yet. And, give my best respects to all inquiring friends, and tell them that I love America as well as ever—but, I do not envy you your happiness but wish you to be thankful that you are on that side of the water and improve your privileges to the best of purposes. King George has made George Canning Prime Minister and a great part of the other ministers refuse to act with him and have given up their places. Lord Wellington who had accepted the Duke of York's place as Commander in Chief has resigned his office.

What will come out of these things I know not, but if he should have the soldiery in his favor he may prove to be an Oliver Cromwell. What is in the womb of Providence I know not, but this I do know, the people are ill oppressed. I must now leave off conversing with thee for the present, humbly praying Almighty God to bless thee and preserve thee from all evil. Be steady, honest and industrious and the Lord will bless thee. Amen.

John Harrison."

When the above letter was written George IV was king and George Canning referred to was one of the most brilliant and witty orators of his time.

It is interesting to note that Lord Wellington, the hero of

Waterloo, who refused to support Canning was not so successful as a statesman as he had been as a warrior; also the fickleness of popular favor. He opposed many domestic reforms which have been since carried out. He was Prime Minister from 1828 until 1830, when George IV died. He assented to the Catholic Emancipation Bill while premier and this aroused much opposition. In 1832, when William IV was king, Wellington opposed the Reform Bill which was to extend the right of suffrage, and he became so unpopular that he was hooted in the streets, the windows in his town house were smashed, and an attempt was made to burn his country house.

CHAPTER IV

The Physical Character of the Valley of the Dining Fork and the Surrounding Country—The Standing Stones—Plant and Animal Life—The First Sawmill.

THE physical character of that locality was described by the author in an article found on page 120, of the April, 1922, number of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Quarterly:

"THE PILLARS OF HARRISON COUNTY."

There are three native pillars of stone in Harrison County, Ohio, which, if their age is reckoned from the date when they first reared their heads above the surrounding landscape, are older than Rome, older than the Pyramids and older than the Sphinx itself.

They are located in the north, central, and southern parts of the county, the first two on the tops of hills and the third well down from the top of the adjacent hill, and appear to be portions of a continuous stratum of sandstone which at one time spread above the entire present surface of the country. If this be true, the present valley inhabitants of the county are all living in basements of what was formerly the land surface of Harrison and Carroll counties. The stratified structure of these pillars shows that they have never been disturbed by anything to move them from their present location since they were formed. They consist of nothing but sand originally deposited by water in regular layers.

They stand erect like pillars and had not the desecrating hand of the white man removed from the top of the first two about eight feet for building purposes, their present height would be about twenty feet. Their present isolated character is as much shown by the erosion and the wearing away of the remainder of the parent stratum in the great age of their existence, as the teeth which remain in the human lower jaw, when the neighboring teeth have disappeared and the gums have shrunken away. They are simply the hard and persistent portions of that rock, which were also favored in their location and permitted to stand in their original positions.

The best known of these is Standing Stone, about one mile west of Cadiz, on the Hedge farm in the northeast quarter of section 11, Cadiz Township, just north of the old Indian Trail, afterwards known as the Moravian Road, traversed by the early settlers of Gnaddenhutten, in Tuscarawas County, the murder of whose Indian converts in the stockade in 1782, was the foulest blot upon the reputation of the white race in this country.

Another is on the Woods farm, about two miles northeast of Scio, in the northeast quarter of section 27, North Township, now owned by Solomon Albaugh, in the north edge of the county, and in full view on the left of the road leading from Scio to Kilgore, just after you pass the junction of the road that leads to New Rumley (the birthplace of General Custer), and is on the top of about as high a hill as there is in the vicinity.

The third is in the southwestern part of the county, about three miles northeast of Moorefield, section 6, in Moorefield Township, and about one-fourth mile north of the old Nottingham Church on the T. R. Crawford farm.

A popular error about these solitary pillars of sandstone has long obtained, and it is my purpose to give what I believe, is a better explanation. Henry Howe says in his Historical Collections of Ohio:

> 'About one and one-half miles west of Cadiz, on the northern peak of a high sandy ridge, are the remains of what is called "standing stone", from which a branch of Stillwater derived its name. The owner of the land had quarried off its top some eight feet. It is sandstone, and was originally from sixteen to eighteen feet high, about fifty feet around its base, and tapered from midway up to a cone-like top, being only about twenty feet around near its summit. It is said to have been a place of great resort by the Indians, and its origin has been a subject of speculation with many people. It is, however, what geologists term a boulder, and was brought to its present position from, perhaps, a thousand miles north, embedded in a huge mass of ice, in some great convulsion of nature, ages since.'

Such an error should not be allowed to go uncontradicted, and one cannot help feeling that it was little less than sacrilege to remove the tops of these stones or to deface them in any way. If they had been 'embedded in a huge mass of ice', the consequent stress and strain would have destroyed their stratified structure; nor could it be explained how such a cause would have put them down in their present locations in perfect alignment with the underlying stone strata, its own strata perfectly preserved, and in close proximity to disintegrated sandstone material of similar character.

Southeastern Ohio was not affected by glacial action. A glance over the hills of Harrison County shows the tops to be on nearly the same level. The county comprises high land, which makes a water-shed between the short streams which run eastwardly and directly to the Ohio River, and the headwaters of Conotton and Stillwater Creeks, which flow westwardly to the Tuscarawas River, and thence into the Muskingum and the Ohio at Marietta.

The present broken surface of hills and valleys comprises simply the under side of a higher plain, and these pillars we now see are simply the roots or bases of still older and higher hills. This

broken surface of hill and valley is no more than small elevations and gutters in a grain field after a hard rain, but they are on a larger scale, the result of the erosive action of the centuries. The remains of the Glacial Era are found in the fringe of deposits of earth and granite stone (moraines) extending northeastwardly from Cincinnati to Ashtabula, with a great terminal moraine below and near Cincinnati. Our oldest hills of this state are to be found in eastern Ohio. The period of natural erosion was much longer in that locality and commenced long before the glacial era. The deep valleys of the Ohio and Muskingum Rivers are notable examples.

The undisturbed location of these 'pillars' upon high hills and long protected by the forest has saved them from the undermining and disintegrating causes which have carried away the remainder of the parent ledge, which then crossed the present valleys in their vicinity. Had the parent stratum of rock, of which they were once a part, remained there would now be seen many natural bridges of stone crossing the adjacent valleys, but when its foundations were gone the sandstone easily crumbled and fell. The rock and land adjacent to these pillars of sandstone on the present hills have worn and shrunken away and left them as naturally as a human gum may shrink from a tooth in the lower jaw, and leave it apparently longer than in the early life of the individual. Indeed, upon the hillsides near these stones may be seen the disintegrated portions of this ancient stratum of sandstone. The layers of sandstone may now be seen in these ancient pillars as distincly as one may count the layers of a jelly cake. And they have the same natural dip towards the south and east as the Berea sandstone, the oil bearing rock, which now at Scio, lies 1,100 feet below, but comes to the surface at Berea in the northern part of the state.

In many of the valleys may be seen at present, broken portions of rock strata, scattered along the hillsides of Conotton and Stillwater Creeks and their branches, which have rolled down to lower levels. Remnants of the parent ledge may be seen sticking out of the eroded hillsides.

These permanent portions are nearer the tops of the hills in the northern part of Harrison County and those of Carroll County, which adjoins it on the north, than that of the Nottingham stone in the south. and show about the natural dip of the strata to the south and east. The Nottingham stone is newer. Its top was exposed at a later date. The superimposed earth and rock were eroded away at a later period.

The photograph of the Scio Stone on the Woods farm shown in the illustration was taken September 2, 1920, by Mr. J. A. McKay, of Cleveland, Ohio. It shows the outlines, stratified form and fallen particles around it. It is about ten feet high, and on the top its greatest length and width are eighteen and twelve feet respectively. The figure of the writer in the picture shows its relative height.

The one at Cadiz, Standing Stone, shows thinner layers of strata. It is about twelve feet high and its greatest length and width on top are sixteen by eighteen feet.

On September 3, 1920, we also saw the one near Moorefield and the old Nottingham Church. Its photo was taken in October, 1917, by William F. Compher, of Moorefield, Ohio, and the pillar is locally known as the Indian Watch Tower. It is about eighteen feet high, ten by ten feet on top, and stands on a slender base that cannot be over four by five feet. The greatest projection is towards the north and the mass is so great above it that in time the whole rock will fall in that direction.

It is located on a hill side in a woods, at an altitude of about fifty feet below the top of the nearest hill. Large portions of the same ledge lie around it, and ferns, moss, flowers and vines almost cover the top.

There is such a similarity between the Scio and Cadiz pillars in color, strata, position and texture, that they doubtless belong to the same ancient stratum of sandstone that once overlaid the country. Both show the presence of iron, both alternate in color from the light yellow of common sand to that of brick dust; both are on the tops of high hills, and both are in grassy fields, with no traces of the parent ledge about them, except what may be found beneath the surface near the Cadiz stone, for stone of the same character has been quarried just beneath the surface in its vicinity. Not so with the Scio stone, for it stands on its original foundation on a peak of a hill and all remains of the parent ledge are gone. They are the oldest 'twin brothers' in all the county—the oldest, perhaps, in Ohio.

They are so old and their sides so eroded that the softer parts have the appearance of having been eaten into holes, while the iron and harder parts still maintain a stout resistance to the 'tooth of time'. If we could unroll the scroll of their history, what a wonderful story they would tell."

One may visualize the appearance of the valley of the Dining Fork by imagining that he has before him a two tined table fork, held with the points toward the north, and from which it takes its name. The tines would represent the two main branches, the one to the west heading at Perrysville, the one to the east heading at Kilgore. Their junction would be the location of the Harrison farm. A branch coming in from the northwest joins the main stream a little south of the junction of the main branches, or just where the slender handle of the fork begins, reckoning from the base of the tines, and is known as the Calcott valley. Next south, on the west side and opposite to the Harrison homestead, another branch comes in and this is known as the Hartley valley, whose homestead was on the

north side, and that of Grandfather Harrison, in the later years of his life, on the south side.

From the top of the Hartley hill and in the vicinity of some old Indian graves among the rocks, a fine view of the main part of the valley may be had and looking across to the southeast the brick dwelling and outbuildings of the old Harrison homestead, on the east side of the valley, may be seen. I have often imagined an Indian, in the days preceding the advent of the white man in that locality, standing on that hill, shading his eyes with his hand and taking a survey of the beautiful valley that lay before him.

The loose rocks lying about and the rock stratum beneath are identical with those on the "Germantown" hill directly opposite; also with those in the Calcott valley looking around to the north, and which have rolled down from the top of the high hills above. Then these in turn may be identified with the large rocks near the top of the hill, above the Patterson homestead, on the east side of the western branch of the Dining Fork, showing plainly that the valley was made by the erosive action of water.

Another fine view of the valley is to stand on the top of the Arbaugh hill south of, and about opposite the old Markley homestead where the valley makes a sweep to the west, and look directly north. I have often admired it when crossing the ridge in going in a direct line from home to Scio, and would give more for a painting of that view than any other I have ever since beheld.

Continuing the survey to the eastward and on top of the high hill on the Woods farm on the east side of the eastern branch of the Dining Fork, may be seen the "Standing Stone" on the Woods farm, and which has been described. Further traces of this ancient and broken down stratum of sandstone as to its remains, may be traced in both the upper reaches of the two main branches of the Dining Fork, in the vicinity of Perrysville and Kilgore.

Near the tops of the hills on both the Patterson and Calcott farms may be seen outcroppings of a clay shale or soap-stone stratum which may be traced on both sides of the Dining Fork in the face exposures of the hillsides, until it joins the Conotton. Indeed, it may be traced further, for the same formation appears on both sides of the Conotton in the face exposures near the hill tops, both north and south of Scio and in the hill top opposite the mouth of the Dining Fork and to the south of that junction.

Another layer of fine sandstone in the valley of the Harrison

farm, a part of which has been used for building purposes, is continued in the splendid stratum of sandstone to be seen at the east end of the Bowerston railway tunnel, which is nearly four miles west of Scio.

If we may picture to the mind the appearance of the valley in that spring season when John Harrison and his youthful son, Joseph, first saw it, we should have before us a wooded landscape covered with gigantic oak, poplar and cherry trees upon the sides and tops of the hills. In the valley were large maple, shell-bark hickory and the spreading elm. The forest held aloft the flowering dogwood and the wild grape entwined itself wherever it could secure a hold; and in the deep glens there was to be heard the gurgling streams running below the moss-covered rocks and fallen trees, and springing up among them were large ferns and the sweet cicely.

On the hill tops there was the wintergreen, pleasant to the taste, and which the boys in my day called "mountain tea". Along their sides were those delightful harbingers of spring, the wild phlox, or "sweet william", the wild geranium, or "crane's bill", may-apple, dutchman's breeches, and blood root. The service berry or shadbush, and the mulberry gave promise of fruit which would soon "tickle the palate" of the woodsman.

Down in the valley were violets, buttercups and later the tiger lily; and on brushy banks near the streams was the early promise of wild strawberries.

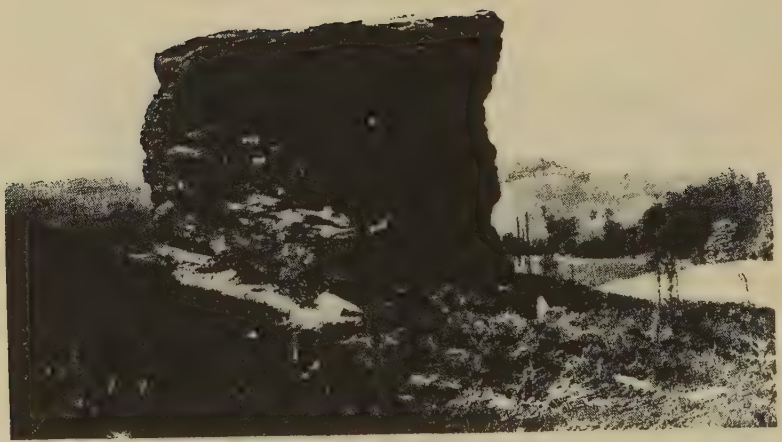
There, too, was animated life. The grey squirrel leaping from branch to branch among the trees; the fox, the racoon, the woodchuck, or American marmot, the inquisitive skunk, and the grinning face of the opossum might be seen at intervals. The bear had gone, but tradition has it that occasionally a wolf was to be seen and he was still a challenge to the hunter when caught in a trap. The wily weasel and the mink stole quickly and furtively along the smaller streams, and the muskrat dived when danger threatened and knew just where to rise under the water to conceal himself in the bank.

As to bird life, the "hoot", "hoot" of the great horned owl might be heard in the twilight as he sat high upon a tree and was silhouetted against the sky; the buzzard soared with ease overhead; the "rap", "rap" of the woodpecker echoed through the trees and the drumming of the male grouse, or pheasant, might be heard in the deep woods, and wild ducks might be seen swimming on the open stretches of the creek.

"SCIO STONE."

(On Wood farm two miles N. E. of Scio)

North Township, Harrison County



CADIZ STONE

(On Hedge farm one mile west of Cadiz, O.)

(See view of valley beyond)

WILLIAM WADDINGTON,
New Philadelphia, Ohio

ANN WADDINGTON,
New Philadelphia, Ohio

MRS. ELIZABETH W. HARRISON,
Scio, Ohio

WILLIAM W. HARRISON,
Scio, Ohio

JOSEPH HARRISON III,
Scio, Ohio

INDIAN WATCH TOWER,

(On Dr. Crawford's farm one-fourth mile north of Nottingham Presbyterian Church.)

Moorefield Township, Harrison County

There were, also, the sweet notes of the blue bird, thrush and song sparrow, as well as that of the robin; the raucous cry of the bluejay, the scolding note of the cat bird, and the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will; then in the low marshy places the turtle could be seen slipping lazily off a half submerged log, and the frogs kept up a generous rivalry with their high notes and their low notes.

Later in the summer was to be seen the red bells of the trumpet vine, the iron and the milk weed and that "plumed knight" of the forest the Cohosh. The dewberry and the blackberry ripened, and who that has ever eaten them fresh off the vines would ever think of eating them elsewhere unless from dire necessity?

And the pioneer skilled in the art might watch the industrious bee until it staggered under the weight of its toil, then rise, and after a brief survey of its surroundings, go straight to its storehouse of honey in some hollow tree in the woods.

Hazelnuts were plentiful, and with the first frost was the ripening of the wild grape and the showering of the chestnut and hickory nuts upon the ground. It was not man alone who was favored in this feast upon the ground in the woods; for among the leaves were to be found great quantities of acorns, "mast", upon which the hogs fattened without the aid of other food.

In the late autumn the great forest changed her dress from the restful green to the yellow that might be seen in the leaves of the maple, ash and sassafras; the deep red of the sumac and the gum; and the bronze, purple and orange of the oak.

To establish a home in the forest and prepare for farming operations it was necessary to have building material for the dwelling, the barn, stables, and other outbuildings. There stood the trees, the virgin growth of centuries, all about them. To remove them would not only fit the land for cultivation, but make them available for the lumber needed for the buildings. One sawmill would suffice for home use and be a source of profit in sawing such logs for others who brought them to the mill.

There was sufficient water in the stream to operate a sawmill if its power could be concentrated. A small tongue of land at the southwest corner of the first cleared field, in the meadow which stood at an elevation above the surrounding land, was selected as the site; and from a point about 1,500 feet above, and to the north, the water was brought in a wide ditch called the "forebay" to the southern edge of that elevation and which gave the water a fall of about seven

feet. The mill, in rectangular form, sat at this point with the longer sides running east and west. There was a "spill-way", for the excess water, about midway of the "forebay" which ran away to the old creek channel below. The banks of the "forebay", just above the mill, were lined with willow and wild plum bushes. It was some trouble to maintain the "forebay", due to the muskrats burrowing holes in its banks and letting the water out.

The log-yard was on the east side of the "forebay" and just north of the mill, onto which the logs could be easily rolled over long skids with the aid of the "canthook". At the east end the sawed lumber was "sticked" and piled for drying and future use; and at the west and east ends of the mill, were the slabyards. The sawdust fell into the water and was washed away in the "tailrace" below the mill.

The waterwheel was known as the "undershot", which consisted of a stout cylindrical log, about nine feet long with six faces, into which strong arms were securely placed; and in the middle and on the ends of which stout boards for paddles were placed, running parallel with the main shaft of the wheel, and so placed that when the flood gate was lifted, the water at the foot of the fall struck the paddles with such force that it made it revolve with great power. At the end of the water wheel, immediately beneath the upright saw, there was a strong crank, to the handle of which was fastened a long upright arm of wood called the "pitman", the upper end of which had a hinge fastening to the bottom of the sash, which held the saw in the center and moved up and down in a strong frame when the wheel was in motion; and the saw would cut its way through the log, held in place by iron "dogs", in shape like the letter "Z", and which rested on a strong carriage which was moved along toward the saw by iron cogs underneath, which meshed into other cogs on the end of a shaft, which was the center of what was called the "ragwheel". Above this wheel, a long arm ratchet pushed into the cogs at the top and on the circumference of the "ragwheel", which had the effect of feeding the log to the saw as fast as it was able to do the cutting.

There was a little wooden shoulder so placed on the side of the carriage that when the log had been sawed nearly to the end the shoulder would automatically push off the lever from its fastening and the water power would be shut off and the saw would stop.

To run the saw through again it was necessary to lift the big

ratchet at the top of the "ragwheel" and the little ratchet at the bottom of the "ragwheel", would check the wheel when a man, resting his weight with his hands on arm supports at his sides, stamped with his feet the strong pegs that encircled the perimeter at one side, and in this way would make the wheel spin around, and thus run the carriage and log back for another cutting through the log.

The end of the log next to the saw had to be worked over with a crowbar and with a gauge placed at the side of the saw, the thickness of the piece to be sawed could be determined. The end of the log opposite the saw rested on a carriage head which had a firm support at the rear, and would slide at right angles to the length of the carriage. The operation was aided by a row of strong upright pegs at the stationary end, so that when a lever was placed in a notch of the sliding support of the log, and some pressure put against the peg, the log could be moved over a similar distance as shown by the gauge for the next cutting.

How many men of the present day remember those old mills? In pioneer days they were to be found on every stream having enough water to run them. They sawed all the lumber used in the first buildings erected by the pioneers, and when the portable mill and the large circular saw propelled by steam came into use, it was the fashion to refer to the old sawmill as the one:

"Where the saw went up today and came down tomorrow."

The old Harrison Mill had a life of more than half a century. It sawed all the timber in the neighborhood, including most of the oak lumber which went into the construction of the Scio College building, built in 1867-8.

About that time father used to put a log on the carriage for me to saw and I fancied I must be nearly a man when I could do that; but occasionally when my attention was called to a board that was a little thicker at one end than the other, it had the effect of lowering my estimate.

In addition to the sawing of building lumber, father put into the mill a turbine wheel and a set of burrs by which corn could be shelled, and meal ground for the live stock. He also had a device from which a belt could be run to operate a small circular saw, with which he cut slabs into stove lengths, made carriage spokes for the carriage maker, and lath for the plasterer.

Below the mill was a deep pool, fringed by the growth of alder

and plum bushes, with a pebbly beach at the east side, which was the approach, and where, with other boys, I learned to swim. It was also the beach from which I have seen that pool seined for fish and the struggling, big white suckers drawn out.

The pool is memorable for another incident. It was the scene of a baptism, by immersion, when the members of a religious sect assembled; and, when a little boy, standing up in the old mill and peering through a crack, I saw the minister perform that ceremony upon about a dozen converts.

I have stood upon that mill and watched the angry flood go by, bearing driftwood, and when its yellow waters covered most of the land in the bottom.

The recollections of the old perforated tin lantern with a candle for light; the big plate (cast iron) metal stove that never lacked for fuel, its heat mostly blown away in the open mill, but tinged with the fragrance of potatoes baked in the ashes; the sight of the towel hung in the window of the old brick dwelling, on the elevated slope to the east, to announce that dinner was ready, still come back as outstanding features of the old days on the mill.

There were days during the Civil War when soldiers, home on furlough, used to call wearing the long blue overcoats with the cape attachment over the shoulders; and it was in that old mill that I first heard of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

HARRISON HOMESTEAD.
Scio, Ohio

Looking from the west.

"A" mill site; "B" large chestnut tree at forks of the road; "C" orchard; and "D" present site of pumping station of Scio Waterworks.

CHAPTER V

Making a Start to Conquer the Forest—Clearing the Land—Solicitude of John Harrison for His Son Joseph—His Dark Pictures of Life in England—Advises His Son to Become a Citizen of the United States—Marriage of Joseph Harrison—His Sister Sarah Ann Reffitt Writes to Him—Makes Horseback Journeys to Wooster and St. Marys, Ohio—Lawlessness in England—Reform Bill—Duke of Wellington—Jews Could not be Members of the House of Commons.

EXTRACTS from the two letters following confirm the anxiety of the father in not hearing from his son more promptly and also give some information about his first struggles with the new farm in America and the date when a beginning was made to construct the sawmill.

"Stubings, Nov. 4th, 1827.

Dear Joseph:

It is with considerable anxiety I write these lines having been so long since we had a line from thee. We are completely at a loss what can be the cause of such delay, we have never received a line from thee since the landing at Philadelphia. We have heard of thee several times, by the by, but we thought it more strange when thou wrote to John Barker and never mentioned our names. We are not conscious of having given thee cause of unbridge but, however, if thou has taken unbridge I wish thou would mention the cause of it and we will redress it, if possible. Do not make thyself strange to thine own flesh, if thou hast not written before the receipt of this letter do not put it off another day but write us a concise and full account of the history of thy travels, and thy present state, and prospects of the country generally, and of our friends and acquaintances there generally, and in particular. A great many changes have taken place here since thou left. The fall after thou left here we were visited with a most tremendous panic, which has shaken the foundations of all trade, a great many of the banks stopped payment; trade for some time was nearly at a stand and thousands were thrown out of employment, and they that were employed could hardly earn bread and water and not a few actually starved to death, but the suffering did not stop here, thousands of men in trade which stood high on trade and credit and respectability, fell into bankruptcy and discredit, perhaps to rise no more."

"Midgley House, March 1, 1828.

Dear Joseph:

It is with feeling of a father that I sit down to write to thee at such a distance from us, feeling much interest in thy happiness and welfare in time and eternity—may the Lord preserve and bless thee with the upper and the nether Springs. We have only received two letters from thee, the first from Philadelphia after thy landing and another dated December 8th from Germantown, in the State of Ohio. Thou sayest thou hast written three, thy second letter hast not come to us and we suppose it to contain the most news. We have been uneasy about thy goods, sent by sea from New York, whether thou got them or not. I wish thou would tell us the particulars in thy next and how thou hast done with the land at Wooster, and whether thou hast gotten thy patent out of the Land Office at Steubenville and how Old Stevenson is coming on, and where Jacob Umplebey and family are, and how they are gettting on and let us know how thy sawmill frames to answer; but particularly, describe thy own prospects and say whether thou be content and comfortable, for this would give me more satisfaction than all beside, as I would not have thee stop in America, or anywhere else, to be uncomfortable as long as I could make thee comfortable.

To be sure our prospects here are not cheering. Far from it. Farming here is very bad and not likely to be much better. There is quite an opposition between the landed interest and the manufacturer. The farmer cannot get on unless he sells his produce at a good price and then the manufacturer growls, so that their interests are divided. We have had about three changes of ministry in about twelve months. Lord Wellington is our present prime minister. The average price of wheat is about 6s-6p per bushel. Oats about £1-1s per Quar. and other grains in the same proportion. This is far from being a remunerative price to the farmer.

I am still of the same opinion about the two countries for future prospects and, indeed, from present ones; but let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind. They who make a wise choice let them enjoy it. This shows the absolute need of praying to God for direction. If we have the blessing of God upon us we shall be well in any country and we shall be most likely to have His blessing when we follow the leadings of His Providence. May God Almighty direct and keep thee and then thou wilt be safe.

Thy mother and I are both getting older every day. She has excellent health, considering her years. Mine is not so good by far as it was in America, but I have reason to be thankful it is no worse. All the rest of the family have tolerably good health. Our lads keep tugging and toiling but I think they do not catch much fish. Our farm is getting into good order and something might be made of it if the times were fair, but they are not so, and the prospect not good.

Thou need not doubt for a moment my desire to do the best I

can for all of my children and especially for thee, who hast taken thy lot with me in the trials of that new country. Do not think I have forgotten thee because thou art far off. I did not think thou wouldst have gone to the land. I thought if thou couldst have had a share in the Bacon trade with Mr. Cooper thou would have approved of it before the land, but perhaps thou hast not tried him on that score, which I would like thee to say in thy next.

All thy brothers and sisters join me in the most kind affection to thee and wish thee happiness and prosperity. Providence has sent thee into America to pray an asylum for them as Joseph was sent into Egypt. May the Lord direct and keep thee, as he did Joseph of old and make thee a blessing. Amen.

Joseph West sends his respects to thee.

I subscribe myself thy father,

John Harrison."

Interesting as that valley and its wooded hillsides would have been to the Naturalist, the first settlers were confronted with the grim fact that if money was to be made from the products of the soil a great deal of hard work had to be done. In addition to felling the trees and getting rid of what was not fit for lumber or might be used for firewood, there was small brush to be grubbed and with limbs and branches to be gathered into great heaps and when dry to be burned. Those burning brush-heaps were a brilliant spectacle, especially at night. They would roar and crackle and send up a great flare of light and smoke and the heated air in the center would carry dry leaves and small portions of the burning embers far up above the ground. The burning thornbush, when dry, made a peculiar, crackling sound. A figure of speech concerning it was used by some of the clergy who wished to emphasize the terrors of one of the next worlds, by the burning of sinners in a "lake of fire and brimstone". It is a tradition in that country that one in particular, who wished to emphasize that imaginative picture, stated to his congregation, many of whose men wore long beards, "Yes, and it will make those long beards of yours crackle like a thorn-bush in a burning brush-heap." It is little wonder that the small boy, hearing such a discourse, and sitting on a bench with his feet barely touching the floor, drew them up until his knees almost touched his chin.

Grubbing was real work. It consisted in digging out the bushes and the smaller trees by the roots. For this purpose the instrument was the "mattock", an edged tool with a long slender blade, like a hoe at one end, and at the other a narrow one set at a rightangle to the hoe to cut like an ax, and with a large hole between

for a stout wooden handle. The ends of the two blades were about the same distance from the handle so that it would balance, and could be easily turned by the operator for the use of either blade. With the hoe blade the earth could be scraped away from the roots and with the other they could be cut. If one can imagine a man keeping up this process from morning until night with such interruptions as the biting of mosquitoes and the wood fly (and, oh how they could bite) he will gain some idea of his appetite and the refreshing sleep which was sure to follow.

There was always one mystery to me in the after growth on "new ground", thus cleared, and that was the large growth of a weed which had a downy top when it went to seed, and when one ran through it at such a time it made a cloud of ripened bloom that would almost choke him. Where did the seed of that plant come from? Had it laid in the ground for ages and then had its first opportunity to spring up when the shaded tree growth was removed? Anyone who has seen such "new ground" will know what I mean. It was not until long years afterward that I learned what is was—the Fire-weed (Erechthites hieracifolia). It was Nature's effort to hide and cover the fire-burned and blackened face of the ground, to heal the wound made by the denudation of the forest. The silken tufts, carrying the seed of a single plant, may be blown for many miles and would be enough to start a rank and vigorous growth over a large area of the rich new ground. It cannot root in grass and soon dies out.

It was wonderful to see what a vigorous crop such "new ground" would produce. A good seed, if it got a hold anywhere was sure to grow and make a vigorous plant. An apple or a peach tree, starting from a stray seed, would grow to huge proportions, larger than any which have grown since those early days, and were apparently free from the predatory insects which have worked such destruction in later years. The planting of apple seeds in that way, so possessed an odd character, named Chapman, that he spent a large part of his life in planting them throughout eastern Ohio, and the Ohio valley, and became known in its history as "Johnnie Appleseed". It is possible that some of his trees may still be found as relics of his queer fancy.

Under date of April 17, 1926, a Chicago paper gives the following account of the observation of the anniversary of the birth of that remarkable man:

"Observing the 150th birthday of Jonathan Chapman, 'Johnnie Apple seed', who in 1806, established a tree nursery at Marietta, O., and for forty-one years carried on his work in Ohio and Indiana, thirty-five organizations of Chicago are planting apple trees in the forest preserves.

Thousands of seedlings, some of them from trees descended from those Chapman aided pioneers to plant, will be set out, and the story of the missionary who preached beauty of the apple blossoms and the usefulness of the fruit, will be recounted. Chapman was 31 when he lashed two Indian dugouts together, loaded them high with appleseed and drifted from Pittsburgh Landing to Marietta.

From his first nursery there he set forth, and before he died, in 1847, he had established twenty-five nurseries and planted thousands of trees, some of whose gnarled boughs sheltered the grandparents of the present generation. He is buried in Ft. Wayne, Indiana."

The after effects of preparing the land for cultivation are also to be seen, for in addition to conserving the rainfall, which the original forest did, the removal of the roots of the trees and bushes allowed the ground to wash away much of the vegetable mould and soil. The subject is well illustrated, and of its wasteful character, in the mountain districts of Kentucky and Tennessee, where a patch of land is cleared and successive crops of tobacco are raised until it will grow no more, and then the operator will move to a new location, clear it, and keep on repeating the process from time to time. It is related of one of them that he was asked if it was not attended with a good deal of trouble and expense to move so often. He replied, "No, it was not much of either, because about all I have to do is to put out the fire and whistle for the dog."

When the log house was built it took a strong man to sit at the corner and adjust the notched ends of the logs when they were pushed up on skids to him and to fit them down so as not to leave too much space between the logs. The spaces were filled with small leaning pieces of wood and then coated with a mortar, the "dobbin", made of sand, straw and clay. The better type of loghouse was built of logs hewn on two sides so as to present a reasonably smooth surface within and without, and the exterior, in many cases, covered by weather boards, each upper one overlapping the one next below and running parallel with the logs. In both, a stone chimney was built, with most of its bulk on the outside, and a large open fireplace for burning wood on the inside. In this the iron crane was hung, which could be swung in or out to place the cooking vessel over, or

remove it from the fire. That was a feature which men now living can recall and they will tell you with what eager expectations the fragrance of the cooking preceded the enjoyment of the meal.

For the roof, clapboards covered the most primitive of the log houses. They were made out of trees, the like of which can not be found at the present day. They were split out of sections of white and chestnut oak logs, called "bolts", and were about three feet long. The grain had to be straight, otherwise, they would not split evenly. For that purpose a "rive" was used, which consisted of a strong iron blade with a hole in the end into which could be inserted a strong wooden handle and the blade was forced to do the splitting by being pounded with a wooden mallet and turned from side to side. For want of nails the boards were often held in place on the roof by saplings or small logs, laid and fastened transversely across the ends.

The shaved oaken shingle was the neater and handier material for the roof. To make them, after the splitting process, a "shaving horse" was used, which consisted of a narrow plank into which four stout, wooden legs were inserted and upon this was a raised platform of the same width, and so built as to make a descent from the operator, who sat astride this narrow table at the end, and when a lever with a ledge on top was hinged at a hole in the table, he could, with the pressure of his foot, bring the upper end of the ledge down on the end of the shingle and hold it during the shaving process. The shaving was done with an edged tool called the "drawing knife", which was shaped like one of the wire staples used to bind the leaves of a magazine, with a wooden handle on each end and could be pulled with both hands towards the operator with great force, and it was always interesting to see curled shavings fall away, which when dry, were the best of kindling with which to start a fire.

A punch, operated with a strong lever, made the hole in the shingle for the nail when it was set in a gauge to get the hole in the right place.

In the next three letters, two from Joseph's father, and the other from Joseph's brother, Benjamin, one sees the fixed purpose of the brothers to become settled in life, when each takes unto himself a wife, and the serious determination of each to establish for himself a home. There is also to be observed the solicitude of their parents as to the expediency and importance of such a step. Also, reference to the land at Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, and to the

purchase of the Germantown farm, and to the Umplebey and Barker families, mentioned later in this story of the Dining Fork.

As between the brothers it marked the beginning of a correspondence between them which was to continue for nearly half a century; to deal with their children, their business prospects, comments upon the times, politics, religion, and leading men of the period.

"Otley, November 10, 1828.

Dear Joseph:

Our country is almost as much disturbed as the water in the falls of Niagara, they are fit to gin at one another—they have frequent meetings, some for and some against the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics, what they mean by this is to set them on an equal footing with the Protestants and this I consider to be dangerous. I am afraid it will be attended with bloodshed, both sides are very warm.

I often think how very quiet and easy you are in America and could heartily wish myself with you but Providence, or else some spirit of a different kind, confines me where I do not like to be. However, prize your privileges and may the Lord preserve them to you. Thou hints in thy letter as if thou had some thought of changing thy state of life. I wish thou may be happily directed in this business as much depends upon it for after life.

* * * * *

I would like to know in thy next how Jacob Umplebey and Barker are coming on, likewise Obidiah Ramsbottom, Mr. Craven and all friends and countrymen.

* * * * *

I think it would have been more to thy advantage if thou had entered with him (Thos. Cooper, at Pittsburgh) into the bacon business, but perhaps, thou has done better. We cannot see from the beginning to the end of things and, therefore, it is of importance to make our humble prayers to Almighty God for His direction. I hope, Joseph, that thou hast discovered the necessity of it and does actually exercise thyself in it. What can we poor creatures do without it, cast into such a world as this is, subject to many changes and dangers as we are. I hope if thou hast not considered this duty thou will begin to commence it. Thou wilt ever find thine interest in it as God is far more ready to hear than we are to pray, more ready to give then we are to receive. If thou shouldst get married and become the father of a family that family will want governing and they should be governed and lead as far as we can in the fear of the Lord, restrained from vice and taught virtue. * * * I wish I could—that my present family paid more attention to the advice I am giving thee, but as long as the love of sin prevails prayer will come very starkly from us and ill become us. David

saith that if we regard iniquity in our hearts the Lord will not hear our prayer. Do, my dear lad, consider these things and may the Lord give thee understanding in all things and guide thee in safety through this world and bring thee at last to His holy hill and dwelling place. So prays thy father and friend.

* * * * *

I intended to have written you a few lines before this time. I will, however, in the course of two months write thee a long epistle. Your mother was concerned at an expression in your letter, viz.: 'I am still single but how long I cannot tell.' Your father wishes you well married and he does not care how soon.

John Harrison."

"Midgley House, Nov. 23, 1829.

Dear Brother:

Good wishes, etc. I have been playing the same trick as yourself, and that is, getting married. My wife's name was Mary Winter. I met with her on a visit to Mrs. Atkinson's of Otley, which was on the 6th of April and we were married a month since this day. We set off into Radnorshire, in Wales, on our wedding day to see some relations of hers, and arrived at home a few days since. Her father is a respectable farmer and corn-dealer, residing at a place called Little Onesburn, near Boroughbridge, and I believe our marriage was quite agreeable to both sides.

* * * * *

The Duke of Wellington talks of reducing the livings of the Clergy and he almost can carry anything he proposes, and if that gets forward and the public expenditures be reduced in other branches, as possible, we may again look up. This country has been very much affected by the withdrawing of the one pound note—it has made money scarce and it makes prices low when that is the case.

* * * * *

My father wishes you, when you write again, to state all particulars about the state of America; and about your own concerns; how trade is and everything. He thinks a good deal about America yet, and I believe would go yet if we could consent to go along, too, with him. But, I believe that never will be the case. We should certainly very much like to see you again, but if we do, you must come over to England, as I think we are none of us inclined to cross the ocean at present. But my father sometimes tells us we shall be glad to go. but perhaps, when it is too late. It may be the case, but my father always looks on the dark side of things and I should think people have their difficulties there as well as here, besides many nuisances and unpleasant things that we know nothing of here, and I cannot think yet that this country is irrevocably lost.

Your most affectionate brother,

Benj. Harrison."

"Otley, March 20, 1830.

Dear Joseph:

I received thy letter in due course and have observed its contents and am truly glad to hear that thou art in good health, likewise thy wife, and that thou are more settled and happy in thy mind. Contentment is a continual feast but thou must not expect but thou will meet with some *rubbers*—the honey months will not always last but this I would recommend to thee and thy wife, too, that you will take each others part and read your Bible for direction; how you are to act to each other and train up your little daughter as I am informed the Lord has sent you one, remembering that you have an additional charge to take care of both soul and body.

* * * * *

Thou mentions in thy letter that thou hast sold Wooster land, but I think thou shouldst have said I have given it—I think thou hast been in too great a hurry about it, but I suppose thou thought it ran money into taxes. Well, it is done and may it do them good who has got it for it has done me none. Thou talkest of selling the houses at Pittsburgh, but I think thou had better see further about that, as I am informed that Pittsburgh is improving very fast and it may come to be valuable property and it is bringing a nice thing yearly and if thou wast to buy Germantown Qr. it might lay dormant or for other people's cattle and hogs; but, perhaps, thou thinkest it wouldst be useful for timber for thy saw mill and perhaps it would, but thou hadst better know a little more what the profits of thy saw mill are before thou sell at Pittsburgh. But could not thou buy Germantown with the money that thou sold Wooster for, and the profits arising from rent and interests at Pittsburgh If thou could not pay all the money down the owner might be willing to take the rent by installments, as thou might be able to pay it, but mind that thou dost not buy it too dear.

I think, Joseph, if thou has not made thyself a citizen or prepared so to do, thou art not wise in so doing, as I think it would be useful to thee. As for any prospects of coming to reside in England they are darker and darker. Never at any time did I see this country in such a state. There are thousands upon thousands of mechanics and laboring husbandmen who can hardly keep body and soul together; and, as for farmers, many of them are paying their rent out of their former savings, or out of their stock; and this, if it continues a year or two, will bring many to ruin and I see no prospect of amendment. Corn and cattle are selling fifty percent below a remunerative price to the farmer, poor selves. Very high taxes are still kept up at their old rates and all sorts of wear and tear, which a farmer uses, are kept up; so that thou need only consider, thine own self, that this state of things must, in the end, prove ruinous. Thou mayst think thyself happy, thou art so far removed from this land of oppression and tyranny, but as for myself I am bound here

by the stupidity and continued resistance to my earnest requests for their leaving this land of oppression and tyranny. This has such an effect upon my mind as often produces melancholy and preys upon my spirits so much as I think it will shorten my days. At the time I write I am in poor health and my flesh is wasting away, but it appears to me that they will sacrifice me twice over, if that could be, rather than they would remove one inch to come to America; but should my life be prolonged, and my health a little improve, till next summer, I think I shall make another attempt to cross the Atlantic, but if I do come thou need not be afraid I will make any alteration in the settlement given to thee. If I should be anyway unfortunate and lose what I may bring with me, I think thou wilt not see me want, but I hope that God, who has supported and blessed me all my life long, will be with me to the end. However, I will leave myself to His hand and trust all to Him.

Thou has heard of Benjamin's wedding, as he has written to thee since that took place. This appears to rivet our folks faster here, as she appears to be as much against coming as they are. They appear to be given up to fall with this ill-fated country, but who can help that which will be? However, I think I shall be clear as their blood, or their suffering will fall on their own heads; and I shall have cleared myself, I hope, by faithfully warning them.

I send this letter by one Mr. Park, of Shipley, who is coming to America with many more.

I shall send another letter or two this spring, for the present farewell, thy father.

John Harrison."

Here, also begin the letters of Joseph's sister, Sarah Ann, which will grow in interest as this narrative continues. There was a strong attachment between them. She seems to have been in every way worthy of it, and a sister of whom any brother might be justly proud. The close proximity of their ages, and their youthful companionship, like that between him and his brother Benjamin, no doubt accounts for it.

"Midgley House, April 4, 1830.

My very dear Brother:

Having an opportunity of writing to you I readily embraced it, esteeming the greatest pleasure to correspond with you, whose memory is ever fondly and affectionately cherished by us. The bearer of this is a young gentleman of the name of Jackman. He has been in America ten years. He came over to see his friends last fall and is returning, going to Liverpool, in the state of Pennsylvania, and he will post this from that place. But to return to yourself, my dear brother, I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind letter which informed us of your marriage. We were all very much affected

when we came to that part where you said you were a married man, but when we went on and saw that she was an Englishwoman our hopes again revived that we should once more see you in England. But, dear Joseph, if you think of staying in America for some time we think you had better leave that back country and go to Pittsburgh where your time and talents would be better employed, or at least, more pleasantly.

We have heard by a letter that came to Otley that you have got a daughter. May the Lord make her a comfort to you and her mother. Oh! how glad I would be to fold her in my arms, which I hope sometime to do. My father has sent a letter to you a short time since, which you will probably receive before this. He has given a very doleful account of this country, but I hope it is not so bad as his fears represent. Certainly there has been a great deal of distress in the manufacturing districts, but trade and commerce is again reviving a little and I trust etc. * * * (hard times) have not reached that land flowing with milk and honey, which my father is so fond of. He sometimes talks of going again, but I hope he never will.

My father and mother now reside at Otley. My father has not been in a good state of health this winter, rather better now. Mother is looking very well. My brother Benjamin and wife live at the west end of the house. Brother John, sister Hannah and myself at the other. Brother John is still a bachelor, and sister Hannah and myself are spinsters, but it is not because we have no offers, but because *Mr. Right* has not yet come."

Joseph Harrison and Ellen Hartley were married January 22, 1828. She was the daughter of Christopher and Mary Hartley, who came to this country from Carlton, England. The father appears to have come in 1820; and his family seem to have come in 1825,—made the trip from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in a wagon, in which they brought such house furnishings as they had; the boys, Thomas, Edward and William walked most of the way. The mother and daughters, Ellen, Sarah, Ann, and Jane were about all who could be accommodated in the wagon. They seem to have tarried for a time in Pittsburgh and may have been there when Joseph Harrison reached that city in 1826. They finally located upon a half quarter of land to the north-west of, and adjoining the Harrison farm. Here the parents lived to a ripe old age, the father dying in 1864, at the age of eighty-six years, and the mother in 1867, at the age of seventy-eight years. I can barely remember them. He was a doughty old Englishman, wore a red coat with smooth brass buttons and persisted in some of the methods of the old country as to fencing, for there is

still to be seen on the farm some of the stone fences which he built at an early date.

To form an estimate of the value of the Wooster land one must put himself in possession of the conditions which surrounded the situation in the early thirties. At that time the location seemed very far "out west". The comparatively level character of the land, the large growth of trees and much of it being of a swampy character, must have made it appear that it would be a long time before it would be available for farming purposes.

I have heard grandfather mention other land to which he had title, which was located in Mercer County, Ohio, and to which he made journeys on horseback in those early days. If one is to judge of its character by what is seen at the present time about Celina, the county seat, and the St. Mary's Reservoir, it, too, must have appeared as a hard proposition to drain and clear for cultivation; yet it has been done and that in Wayne and Mercer counties is some of the best land in the state.

He mentioned on one of those horseback trips he had taken, provided with leather saddle-bags of cylindrical shape at both ends, receptacles for food and clothing, and which was carried back of the saddle, that he had fallen in with a fellow traveler, and when they came to a spring where they could get drinking water, they dismounted for luncheon. Each one spread his fare upon the grass and both proceeded to eat from the common supply. Among the articles grandfather had was a good sized piece of cheese, and wishing to be generous, offered the piece to his fellow traveller, which he took and retained *until he had eaten it all.* It was a new experience for grandfather in frontier life, and it did not help his estimate of the man when he learned that he was a preacher.

Those saddle bags took their place, in later years, in the attic of the old home and would now be an interesting relic of that time, had not the boys, seeing that they were no longer used for the purpose for which they were made, cut them up principally for ball covers.

At this distance of time one can hardly imagine that there was such lawlessness in England as is described in the letters of March 25, 1831, and January 20, 1832. It is evident that John Harrison thought it could not be much worse in a new country when he says: "I had almost as soon live in America amongst wolves and bears than live here in our present society."

And when he writes of the "willful burning of corn (wheat, etc., hay, etc.), barns, mills and machinery, the killings and the desecration of graves, and that preaching without end, and Sunday schools, apparently had no effect, it is little wonder that he wrote that he wished that he had at first sold all his property and taken his family to America; also, as to that other doleful apprehension (letter of August 14, 1830) "that he himself might die by the sword."

The mention of the "Reform Bill" in the letters which follow has reference to the great agitation of the people during the period from 1829 to 1833.

The question as to the equal civil rights of Catholics had been a bone of contention since 1780, when Parliament passed a bill freeing them from some oppressive disabilities. In 1829, the Emancipation Act was passed and through the influence of the Duke of Wellington a bill was introduced which provided that seats in both houses of Parliament should also be thrown open to them.

The first Reform Bill was introduced by Lord John Russell in 1831, and was carried by the close vote of 302 to 301. A new house of commons was chosen amidst great excitement and another Reform Bill was carried by a vote of 345 to 236. The House of Lords threw it out with a majority of 41. Great indignation followed. Immense meetings were held. Riots occurred in the cities of Derby, Nottingham and Bristol. The third Reform Bill passed by a majority of 162, and the House of Lords passed it by a majority of 9.

The ministry wanted the King to make more Peers and defeat the bill. The King refused and the ministry resigned. Wellington undertook to form a new government. The House opposed him.

In the matter of representation the effect of the passage of the bill was to take away 111 members who had represented some 56 burroughs. Thirty others lost one member each, and the condition that the representatives should inhabit, or be a resident of, the burrough he represented, was imposed. House occupants of the yearly value of ten pounds rent became electors and were allowed to vote. Owners of copyhold and leasehold lands were allowed the same privileges, and the monopoly of the freeholders was destroyed.

Previous to 1858, Jews were shut out of membership in both houses because it was considered that they could not subscribe to that clause in the oath of office which read, "on the faith of a Christian." In 1867-8 Disraeli, himself a Jew, had passed a Reform

Bill which greatly enlarged the number of electors and those who could qualify for office.

As opposed to all this, how true does that part of our own Declaration of Independence ring which says that all men, as to their civil rights, are created equal. Well may we wonder how there could have ever been any doubt about it; and we never can realize the sacrifice of time, blood and treasure it has cost us to attain that end in even a moderate degree.

"Midgley House near Otley, June 30, 1832.

My dear Brother:

You will rejoice to hear that we have got rid of the Borough mongering systems, the Reform Bill having passed both houses of Parliament and received the Royal assent but it has been done very reluctantly by the two higher branches of the legislature, the King being said to be under petticoat government and the wife being said to be much opposed to the Reform Bill (and the people being determined to have it) our Monarch must have been in a very unpleasant situation; and, I can tell you there has been something to do to obtain it, and when it was brought before the Lords on the third reading they wanted to pare it down and mutilate it so as to take away all its virtue and efficiency and the ministry being pledged to carry it unmutilated there was no alternative for them but to go to the King and advise him to exercise his prerogative in creating a sufficient number of Peers to carry the bill, which he refused to do and, of course, Ministers resigned; then the King appointed Wellington Premier; then the people petitioned the Commons to stop the supplies and the King to recall his late ministers; the Commons came to a determination to stop the supplies, and his Majesty seeing no chance of carrying on the government without money was pleased to agree to the prayer of the people, but it was a shortsighted piece of business of the King and has proved most fatal to his popularity, refusing to create Peers. For, before that he was almost universally confided in and styled, almost by every one, as one of the best and most patriotic Kings that ever reigned. But now the people have no confidence in him and many of the people are of the opinion that Kings are useless, and the Lords have done themselves a great injury by their factious opposition to the bill; however, they have given way, seeing that it was useless to contend with a united and determined people. There is little wonder at them struggling so hard at losing so much power and patronage when one Lord had the power of sending into the lower house from one up to half a dozen members, through being possessed of the rotten Boroughs. * * * Gets on the Reform Bill again and says:

The Church Establishment will be attacked next so as to be left to stand on its own bottom and it be my opinion it will fall with a

tremendous crash, as I believe it stands on a rotten foundation. In that case I expect the Bishops and Parsons right in it will be taken by government for the public use or towards liquidating the National debt, as it is unquestionably public property. I think there is almost an end of the Tythe System in Ireland. There has been several seizures lately for Tythes and when they were offered for sale there was nobody would bid a farthing for them.

I saw an account of 15 cows being set off at 15s. Nobody would loose them, and what can they do if nobody will buy the goods. They seem determined to resist the payment of Tythes by every means and their power."

Note: "Tithes, in English Law, was a right to the tenth part of the produce of lands, the stock upon the lands, and the personal industry of the inhabitants. These tithes are raised for the support of the clergy." There are no tithes in America.

—Bouvier.

"There have been serious disturbances in France. They seem not to be satisfied with the Government of Louis Phillip. I think if the people get the upperhand again they will try what they can do without a King and have a government similar to yours; but I perhaps need not mention these things to you. You will very likely have news of it before this arrives. My Father says America is the safest and the best place in the world. He thinks if any country escapes the Divine vengeance it will be America.

* * * * *

There was a grand ball at the White Horse, and there was a substantial dinner provided in the Market Place for all men as choosed to go, likewise the women. There was tea provided and I never saw such a sight in the Market place before; but I think if they had waited until they had reaped some benefit from it it would have been as well, for unless we get something besides the present bill it will be of little use to us; to be sure it is a step toward the removal of the abominable things under which we have so long groaned.

* * * * *

When you write I should like you to send us a full account of America and whether you think we ought to go or not. You never gave us much encouragement; but if you have anything very favorable to say of it do not be afraid of speaking, although I should like to know without my father knowing, as we are not very likely to come at present and it would only grieve him still more to hear such an account from you, and us still remaining so blind and stupid and refractory. He always speaks very highly of America; but I always consider him rather prejudiced. If you have anything particular to say on this subject you might send me a letter and put it at the bottom after you have concluded your letter, so I could cut

it off and the letter still appear whole. This is deception, but it is useful in some cases and if I were to get a letter from you he would certainly expect to see it.

My father and mother are pretty well considering their years, but they are a good deal thinner than when you saw them. They begin to look like old people, and I dare say would love to see their Joseph and regret that one of them is in England and the other in America, but I think it unlikely if ever they see America.

But there is no telling what may happen. I believe it would be the greatest pleasure my father could have in this world to be landed in America, surrounded by all his family; but we cannot get into the humor to break up our home here and go to that country, although it may be to our own interest to go. You said something about coming to see us in one of your letters. We should be most happy to see you when you can come over to see us.

I will conclude with our kind love to you and family and believe me your affectionate brother

B. Harrison."

"Otley, July 11, 1832.

Dear Joseph:

We all feel much interest in your happiness and well being in time and eternity, and we hope you do not neglect the means which will produce these effects.

Industry, Frugality and Prudence will lay the foundation for worldly wealth; and true repentance and faith in Christ's merits, and atonement made for sin, with a holy life, will lay a foundation for peace here and in heaven at last. Thy every day experience may teach thee that land in its wild state bears briars and thorns and rubbish, till it be cleared away. So it is with our hearts by nature, till regeneration and conversion takes place and the seed of Eternal Life is sown in it and bears fruit, some sixty and some a hundred fold.

I wish thee to think of this while thou art hewing down the noxious weed, and scattering in thy seed. So mayest thou pass thy time usefully till Eternity dawn upon thee and heaven appear to thy view, where none of these noxious weeds do grow, but ever blooming with duties ever new, where toil and pain and death shall forever be at an end, and no seas to divide us from our friends. True religion, the love and fear of God, will produce all which I have described and ten thousand times more, and will save thee from much misery in this world and from everlasting misery in the next. Dear Joseph, think on these things and teach them to thy family.

* * * * *

I understand that Benjamin has written to thee lately and will have told thee all the particulars concerning our family, and the affairs of this country generally. I, therefore, only say I have

nothing good to communicate excepting this: the Reform Bill has passed into a law and we hope it may do us good, but it has not yet begun to work so it is not realized. I still think, as I have always thought, that thou are on the better side of the water, but my health is so indifferent and the infirmities of old age, and the objections of my family to cross the Atlantic, still continue. It is a great hazard that I shall get another sight of the country I so much admire as a Land of Liberty.

* * * * *

Thousands are taken away by a pestilential complaint called the cholera, which perhaps you have not heard of and you will be happy if you do not feel it, as it takes people off in two or three hours sickness. We have heard of this complaint being bad in the Canadas. If this be true, it is coming near to you. Dear Joseph, it is well to be prepared for death, come when it will. This is the most earnest prayer and wish of thy father and mother.

John and Hannah Harrison."

CHAPTER VI

Family Letters from England—Their Absolute Candor—John Harrison's Last Letters—Anxious to Return to America—Barker, Craven, Bell, Umplebey and McLandsborough Families—Building the Barn—Beginning of the Long Correspondence Between the Brothers Joseph and Benjamin.

THE chief merit of these letters is the absolute candor of statement. No one who reads them can doubt the sincerity of John Harrison in any of his letters to his son, the advice given, his affection for him, nor his admiration for America. The latter is shown when he urged him to become a citizen, and it is plain that his conception of the equal rights of our people under our Constitution and laws, and their liberty of conscience, especially in matters of religion, had made a deep impression upon him. What prouder heritage could a son have from his father, what finer sentiment would he wish to cherish than that expressed in the last paragraph of his letter of January 20, 1832?

"I hope thou wilt have reason to be very thankful that I went to America, and that thou hadst the courage to go with me. Thou hast acted like a man. It gives me pleasure to think that I have a Joseph in America. May God Almighty bless thee my son, and keep thee in all thy ways. See that thou fear Him and keep His ways and He will never leave nor forsake thee. Amen."

No less was the affection of his sister Sarah for her brother Joseph Harrison. Her solicitude about him being located in that "back country"; had he not better go back to Pittsburgh where life might be easier and the opportunities greater for him?

Also, the messages of good will sent to his wife, and the solicitude for the "little boy" (who was my father) and the presents sent to his mother.

One can see also, that the determination of the old gentleman to come to America persisted in the last years of his life. No doubt the family had learned to discount his dislike for England, and their determination not to come was by this time irrevocably fixed. This was not so with John McLandsborough, his son-in-law, who left

England in January, 1832, on his first trip to America. And here was a sore trial for his wife, Betsy, who was strongly opposed to coming to this country. It put up to her the alternative and responsibility of a separation from her husband and the care of the children; or to go to America and brave the perils of the sea and a new country, and leave behind her aged parents and all of the family, save Joseph. No wonder she hesitated. We shall see further on how that ordeal was met, when a year later her husband returned, and in 1834, he came back for the last time to this country.

The names of others who came to America begin to appear. That of John Barker is a mere memory to me; as to who he was, or where he lived, but such an Englishman did live on the Dining Fork, for I have heard my father speak of him and of the location of the Barker dwelling. He was related in some way to George Bell, whose uncle, Edward Forster, an Englishman, who came to that locality; and of George Bell of Kilgore there is an interesting story to relate before we conclude.

As to Jacob Umplebey it was different. There will be readers of this page who will recall James Umplebey, a descendant and veteran of the Civil War, who resided for many years in Scio. Then, there was Nelson, who married Martha, daughter of Silas Amos, who lived in the upper valley, and whose widow married Solomon Albaugh, present owner of the Wood farm, on which stands the column of sandstone, previously mentioned, and to be seen so conspicuously on the hill.

Steward Umpelbey, another, now a resident of Des Moines, Iowa, was in his young manhood a resident of Perrysville, a fine singer and a merchant tailor, who could come near fitting a man in a suit of clothes by taking one look at him, so skillful, was his reputation, as a cutter.

About this time mutual acquaintances began to be mentioned in the letters from England. The "Mr. Craven" mentioned in Sarah's letter of January 20, 1832, was Robert Craven who came to this country with his family, consisting of wife and two children, Robert and Martha, and settled on a farm near Harlem Springs, at the extreme source of the east branch of the Dining Fork, where he lived until his death in 1880.

His son Robert returned to England in about one year after their arrival in Ohio, and spent some thirteen years at Bramley and Shipley, England, acquiring an education and a business. He

married there and with his family of three children returned to America.

They were visitors at the old home of grandfather Harrison and I have a distinct recollection of seeing the wine glasses which had been used to dispense the hospitality of those occasions. They were thoroughly English in all their characteristics and belonged to the Episcopal Church.

That habit of indulging in the social glass must be judged in the light of the customs of that day. I have heard grandfather say that his Mother used to brew good ale, and of that beverage he was fond, but heartily disapproved of intoxication. The drinking habit was strong in England then, but to show the great disapproval of both the father and the son to that habit, they and the Cravens' had an acquaintance, John Raymond, of whom they were very fond, and who also comes into this picture of the events of that day.

Of him the father wrote in his letter of April 20, 1830:

"He is still carried away with the beastly sin of drunkenness, which gives me so much uneasiness and is one great cause of adding to my affliction and injuring my health. What can I do? Talking to him seems lost. I pray for him every day but he remains the same. I shall have to leave him to the mercy of God and his own fate. The Lord has more patience than I, and also more power. I sometimes think if the Lord were to bring him into the furnace of affliction, he may bethink himself and reform."

"Otley, April 20, 1830.

Dear Joseph:

The spirit of emigration is much up amongst us, but in our family as dead as ever. Neither, sword, pestilence or famine will move them, so strongly is their prejudice against going to America. I do not know what can be the reason, unless it is because I so earnestly desire them to do so. This is a keen reflection, I wish I may be mistaken for their own sakes.

However, I am heartily tired of England and unless my days are very short or rendered impossible by sickness or other infirmities I believe I shall make another attempt to cross the Atlantic. My daughter Rachel Walker says the ship will not carry me. I suppose they think the Almighty is as much prejudiced against America as themselves, and that in a fit of passion He will overthrow the ship for my sake, which it is very probable will contain most of 100 souls, as few now sail but have as many or perhaps more, than the law permits. I saw in the Leeds paper this week a statement of more than 2,000 sailing from the single port of Hull to America. I should think it will make both property and provision sell better

with you and glad shall I be to hear tell of the prosperity of America. I am attached to its Constitution and Laws. I see very little here but what I dislike. The people are generally rough in their manners, wicked in their lives, although there is preaching almost without end, and Sunday schools in almost every sect. I believe there are well on to a thousand who are taught in Sabbath schools in this place and after all iniquity more and more abounds.

All our family send their kind respects to thee and thy wife. I wish if thou thinks thou can recommend their coming to America thou would recommend to them when thou writes again.

Believe me to be thy sincere friend and father.

John Harrison."

"Otley, August 14, 1830.

Dear Joseph:

I received thy letter in due course and was very glad to hear of thyself, and other self, being in good health and thy comfortable situation and circumstances. I feel very glad that thou hast become a citizen of the United States. I hope thou wilt have no cause to repent of it. May heaven bless thee and make thee a citizen of the heavenly country as this will soon have and end; may God give thee His fear and love and then it will be well with thee both here and hereafter. It will make thee useful in thy day and generation, for godliness is profitable for all things having promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come.

Joseph we live in a period big with great events, especially us who live in England. Great changes are and will yet take place one after another. George the IV is dead. The King of Naples is also dead, in a very few weeks. The French have taken Algiers and are going to possess it themselves; at the same time a revolution has broken out again in France. The King has abdicated his throne and is expected to be going to America. The Duke of Orleans is proclaimed king. This has all been done in the course of a few days. The French people make quick work when they begin; they beat all. England has got a King, William the Fourth. We have had a fresh election of members but I fear they will not send any one who will be able to save the country from convulsions and ruin. It appears to me Providence fights against us in the seasons. We have such seasons since I came back, first excessive draught and then excessive rains. Last year excessive rains and a hard winter. This year for four months from the latter part of March to the latter end of July almost perpetual rain, which has affected produce on all cold clay land, very seriously kept back the planting of potatoes and sowing of turnips and resting of fallow.

I think, Joseph, thou hast the advantage of them, and it is likely misery will follow the measures of our ill-fated government, as I have always thought, and have felt for at least 20 years, will be

realized and I am in the midst of it. Well, my time, according to the course of nature, cannot be long and if I should die by the sword or other unnatural cause, many better than me have done the same. I will, therefore, endeavor to rest satisfied that all things will work together for good to them that love God. * * * When thou writes again express thy sentiments fully what thou thinketh about America; after thou hast been there so long thou wilt be able to determine upon its advantages and disadvantages and what are its further prospects as a growing Empire, the prospects here for farmers are gloomy in the extreme.

All our family send their best respects to thee and thy wife and all friends, and they father and mother not the least.

John Harrison."

"Otley, November 27, 1830.

Dear Joseph:

Our prospects here are very gloomy. We have remarkable changes here almost every week and few of them I doubt for the better. It appears as if the thing so long predicted by me was just at the door, great changes must and will take place. We have lately got a new Ministry but I think our state is incurable unless it be by blood to wash away the guilt of our national sins. I do think, and have thought long, you are on the better side of the water. We have failing crops of almost every kind of produce. We have had a very wet, uncomfortable summer, but I must conclude, not having much time or room.

From thy best friend,

John Harrison.

P. S. Dear Son: Herewith you will receive a Letter of Attorney from me to Mr. Cooper, his heirs, executors and administrators, authorizing him or them to execute a conveyance to you of all my estates in America.

You must take it to your attorney and he will prepare a conveyance to you, and then you can make conveyance of the Wooster Estate and the estate will be your own. If you find any difficulty with this Letter of Attorney, the only way then will be to get your attorney to prepare a deed from me to sign, conveying the estate to you and you must send it to England, but the Letter of Attorney now sent, will be sufficient and save time and expense."

"March 25, 1831.

Dear Joseph:

I hope that thou and thy family keeps in good health. We are all midling. Sarah has been poorly but is getting better. Thy mother and I are old and feeble, and feel the infirmities of age. Our country is still disturbed and agitated. First with one thing and then with another. We have this winter had a great deal of mischief

done with wilful burning of corn and hay in stack and barn; likewise, mills and machinery. Great numbers have been transported and some hanged, and now, at the present time, the country is agitated from one end to the other in petitioning Parliament for reform and retrenchment, but little retrenchment can be made with the National Debt still like a mill-stone laying heavy upon us, and will, I fear crush us to atoms before all be over. You are, in my opinion, on the better side of the water. May God bless you and prosper you. I often think of you and could wish myself with you if I had my errand with me but I see no chance of it. However, it behooves us to prepare for a change of worlds. Death will, ere long, knock at our door and then we must away whether we will or not.

Accept thyself, and wife, my best wishes and my many prayers for your well being in Time and Eternity, and believe me to be thy dear friend.

John Harrison."

"Otley, Jan. 20th, 1832.

Dear Joseph:

I take the advantage of sending thee a few lines by John McLandsborough, who is going to America. He says he cannot get a living in this country. His family is still here but he says they will follow him. He talks of being a farmer and buying a piece of land. I wish thee to give him such advice and counsel, as thou judgest best.

The times are very bad here and very dark lookout for the future. I believe, as I have always done, that you are on the better side of the water. I am getting old but if I continue midling I think they will not keep me much longer on this side of the water. I have been so frustrated and put about by my family now for near twenty years, I wish I had before I went to America at first, have sold all up. I am fully persuaded I should have done my family a very great kindness, but things are as they are, and must take their course. This state of things will not always last, but property has declined in value at least one-third, and is expected to get lower. This is what I always told my family would be the case. They will have to repent of their folly when it is too late to mend it.

I sometimes say I had almost as soon live in America amongst wolves and bears, than live here with our present society. They are killing one another here to sell to the doctors to be cut up like butcher's meat, and hundreds are stolen out of that sacred deposit, the grave, after the parson has taken his fee and considerable expenses incurred in the funeral obsequies. But I could fill a volume with the black catalogue of crimes committed here. Suffice it to say, we are a nation laden with iniquity and I doubt not destruction is awaiting us.

I hope thou wilt have reason to be very thankful that I went to

America and that thou hadst the courage to go with me. Thou has acted like a man. It gives me pleasure to think that I have a Joseph in America. May God Almighty bless thee, my son, and keep thee in all thy ways. See that thou fear Him and keep His ways and He will never leave nor forsake thee. Amen.

I subscribe myself thy father and friend.

John Harrison."

"Jan. 20, 1832.

My dear Brother:

You will, no doubt, be very much surprised to see the bearer (John McLandsborough) of this letter. Though he has talked of going for a number of years we never thought he would get off. His departure is very sudden, indeed, so much so that I have only a few moments to write this.

I have not time to write a long letter, but my brother will tell you all particulars. My sister Betsy hopes you will behave kindly to John. They are both in great trouble. It is heartrending to part with a near relation, though they have hopes of meeting again, it is a long and dangerous voyage, but the Almighty is the God of waters, as well as the dry land. My father would have sent the Power of Attorney with my brother had he known in time, but my brother Trees says he can send it any time with goods he sends for Mr. Cunliff to America.

Dear Joseph, along with this you will receive a trifling present. We had intended them for your dear little boy, but he will, perhaps, have grown too big for them. If he has they will come in for the next. There is also a gown for my sister. They are nothing particular, but we have sent them as a token of our love.

(Family all well.) Mother is very thin * * * but she enjoys pretty good health. I hope she will be spared to see you once more in old England. Mr. Craven told us you talked of coming in about two years. We shall wait anxiously for that time to arrive.

* * * * *

Father will be writing soon; he'll give particulars. He predicts nothing but ruin and desolation. He is always teasing us to leave this devoted country.

All join in love to you and my sister (who would be Joseph's wife) and your dear little boy.

With best wishes for your present and Eternal welfare, I subscribe myself,

Your most affectionate and loving sister,

Sarah Ann Harrison."

After building the sawmill the next undertaking on the part of Joseph Harrison was to provide a barn for the shelter of live stock

and the storage of hay and gain. He could, like most of his neighbors, submit to some inconvenience in his own dwelling, but a barn was a prime necessity. It was the custom then (1833) to build it of substantial character and at the side of a bank for the approach of the wagon to haul in the hay and grain above, and to have space below for stabling live stock. Such barns, a century old, may still be seen in active use in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The farmer of that day, to build a barn of that character, had a task before him which would take a whole season, and he was lucky if he began in the early spring, if he could get it completed in the fall.

The Harrison barn had an excavation of earth made in the sloping hillside, and the upper side had to be walled up with solid masonry. The other supports were stone piers and wooden posts, the latter well braced. The sills, posts and plates were logs hewn to a square for the outer frame and the cross beams.

The "sleepers" for the support of the barn floor in the center, and the floors of the hay mows, and the storage space above, were all hewn on two sides and they were of such size that no weight placed upon them would ever break them, if the supports below were sufficiently strong. Those old "sleepers" are still *sleeping* and will continue to *sleep* indefinitely, if kept dry.

The work of assembling the frame parts of a barn of that character must have been considerable. There was no derrick, rope and tackle for that purpose in that day. It had to be done at the "barn-raising", when neighbors came to assist, and some strong lifting had to be done. The shingles for the roof had to be shaved, and the chestnut weather boards had to be sawed. The latter were put on in perpendicular fashion and were still doing service when I was a boy, although they had been worn by the elements to less than one-half their thickness. They made a good surface for the rebound of a ball which I used to throw against them.

The small boy of that day will remember the tools used by the carpenter. They were the crow-bar, the canthook, the cross-cut and the hand-saw, the axe, broad-axe, hatchet, chisel, adz, plane, mallet, maul, iron wedge, square, and the "red-line" to get the long even sides on the logs. It was wonderful what the carpenter could do with the square. With it he could get lengths, thickness, levels, right angles, the perpendicular, and the "pitch" of rafters. How many big boys now know the uses then made of these tools?

From this experience Abraham Lincoln drew one of the best

illustrations ever used. It was when James Buchanan was president and in his message had foreshadowed the decision which the Supreme court would make in the Dred Scott case. The newspapers throughout the country wanted to know how the president could know what the decision was going to be before Chief Justice Tawney announced it. Of course, Mr. Lincoln had no positive evidence that there had been any communication on the subject between that court and the president, but in one of his speeches he said:

"Suppose that James and George and John are engaged in constructing the frame work of a building. James cuts the timbers as to length; George cuts the mortises; and John cuts the tenons; and it is found that when the frame pieces are put together, that the timbers are all of the proper length, that the tenons exactly fit the mortises; is there any escape from the conclusion that James and George and John had an understanding?"

The letter of Mary Trees, his oldest sister, to Joseph Harrison and his wife shows her strong religious character, also, her affectionate regard for him.

"Shipley Fields, April 8, 1833.

Dear Brother and Sister:

It is with pleasure I sit down to write a few lines to you. We are all well at present and hope you enjoy the same blessing. As Charles Trees is going to America I thought I would like to send you a few lines; though we are absent in body we are present in mind at many times. I believe it is my daily prayer, if we should never meet you in this world any more, that we may be prepared to meet in another and better. Dear brother and sister, I hope your happiest hours are spent in contemplation of that glorious day when we shall stand at the right hand of God and hear him say: 'Come ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of your Lord.' Dear relatives, I hope you are living very much in the spirit of prayer. There is nothing like religion for comforting and consoling us while we are passing through this vale of tears. I have now tried it above 20 years and the more religion I enjoy, the happier I am. I believe my dear husband and myself are walking in that road that will land us safe on Caanan's happy shore. which may, the Lord grant, be the happy lot of us all for our dear Redeemer's sake.

Aunt Brown is dead a few weeks since and we buried a fine lovely boy a few months since, about 8 years old, one of the twins. But he is only gone a little before, to be ready to welcome the rest of the family.

Eliza is married and lives at Leeds and has two fine children and a very good home and husband. We are living near Bradford and have 8 children. Dear Brother, we should be very glad to have a line from you. My husband and children send their love to you

all. Give our kind love to Brother McLandsborough when you see him.

So I must conclude—wishing you all happiness in this world, glory everlasting in the world to come.

I subscribe myself your affectionate sister,

Mary Trees.

N. B.—Please accept this small present for the sake of the giver, which is a cap for your dear wife."

In the letters of Joseph Reffitt and Rachel Walker, written in March, 1834, we see that "the sands of life of John Harrison were running low." The letter of Mr. Reffitt is a frank one, as well as a fine tribute to his wife, Sarah Ann, another sister, from whom we shall read later several fine letters to her brother.

In Mrs. Walker's letter we are introduced to Robert Winter, the bearer, a brother of Benjamin's wife, and who was destined to have a strange career in this country.

"Leeds, March 14, 1834.

Dear Brother:

No doubt you will be very much surprised at my addressing you by the name of brother, especially if you have not heard the news before. When I last saw you I never expected calling you by any other name, but that of friend; having, as I then thought, cut off all hope forever of making your sister, Sarah Ann, my wife, although she was then the object of my affections; but it was a forlorn hope even to encourage a thought that at some future time she would be mine, from an unfortunate occurance that happened some time before you left England, which I believe you must have heard of, but Providence had decreed that we should be united, and I trust I shall prove myself worthy of such a woman, and to make her happy shall be my constant study.

Your father's health is declining fast. It appears to me to be a regular decay of nature. I can see an alteration for the worse every time I see him, and I think ere long he will be no more. Your Mother is very lame but still I think if she gets to walk about again her constitution is such that she may be spared a little longer.

Sarah Ann joins her love with mine and all the rest of your family to you, your wife and son, and may you enjoy health and happiness and I hope the time is not far distant when we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again and believe me to be

Yours truly,

Jo. Reffit."

'March 14, 1834.

My very dear Brother:

Having such a good opportunity of sending a letter I avail myself of it for I think if I never write to you you will never write to me. When I last saw you you promised me if you ever neglected writing to me you would think of me.

I feel very much for poor Betsy. John McLandsborough seems determined to go back and Betsy is very much against it. Indeed she says she never will go. He says if she wont go he will go and take the boys with him and leave the girls with her. What she will do in the end I cannot tell. There is no comfortable prospect for Betsy whichever way she looks. To be separated from her husband and children she can never be happy; and going, she is so exceedingly averse to it I think it would almost kill my Mother if she was to go. But we don't know how it will turn out yet, we must leave it in the hands of the Supreme Being who has the hearts of all men in his hands.

My sister, Sarah, has lately been married to the object of her affections, Mr. Joseph Reffitt. She has as nice a husband as any one could wish to have and to all appearances they are very happy.

I expect some of my brothers and Mr. Reffitt are sending letters by the same hand. The person who is taking the trouble is Mr. Robert Winter, brother to my sister, Benjamin. But I must conclude as my paper is nearly filled up.

Our family all join with me in kind love to you and my sister (Joseph's wife). Wishing you every blessing this world can afford and Heaven at the last, I subscribe myself

Your ever affectionate sister,

Rachel Walker."

We turn back now to the last letter written by the father, John Harrison, to his son Joseph. His heart seemed to be full of the vexed questions which had troubled him for years. It is one of the longest letters he ever wrote, nor does he stop until he has the "large sheet filled up", and he does not like "to send much empty paper so far", although he has "leaned over a table till he has a pain in his breast". He is concerned about religion, about Joseph's new barn and about their friend, John Raymond, who was not yet "master of himself", and at times "could not find his way home in due time."

"Otley, March 26, 1833.

Dear Joseph:

It is with satisfaction and thankfulness I sit down to write to thee considering that thou art on that side of the water where I should like to be; but, alas, I am still bound down by the same stupid and inconsiderate family which has so long frustrated my

designs and kept me in purgatory to the present time, and altho things are getting worse and worse every year they are like as if they were spellbound and so I suppose they will continue until they have put it out of their power to leave this devoted country, which I consider to be upon the border of destruction. I can only console myself by the consideration that my time dwindles fast away. I cannot expect to be much longer torn on the wheel of disappointment. Death will put a period to all our schemes and we shall be as though we had not been, as it regards this world; but we shall be fixed in the next world in an unchangeable state of either consummate happiness or eternal misery. This is a weighty consideration and ought to have a considerable bearing upon our minds at all times as I hope it has upon me, and I trust that thou wilt not wholly forget it, no, not even when thou art enlarging thy barns and improving thy land. It gives me pleasure when thou tellest me of thy design of building such a barn as thou has described. I hope thou wilt find thy interest in it and I am sure thy cattle. I hope thou wilt go about it with as much economy as possible. I wish I was with thee to help thee to contrive. I might be of some use to thee but I could not do much work. I am much reduced in my body strength. I could not travel over the ground as I did when I was with you before, but I, perhaps, could put something into thy head which might be useful, but I feel glad and hope that thou wilt act discreetly and that the Divine Providence will direct and preserve thee and keep thee from danger in this performance, as I hope thou will be aware of falls and crushes by the logs and timber. But Providence is sufficient and that gives me contentment on this subject. I was very much pleased with thy letter as I think good sense has dictated it and I feel glad I have one son where he is and in circumstances which I consider hopeful. But I have many fears of my home concerns. We have been going a backward way ever since thee and me set our faces to go into America and what it will end in, God only knows, but I fear the consequences; darkness hangs over us and forebodings of great trouble and loss. Our lads have not been fortunate in their farming and I tell them they never will as long as they stop here, so contrary to their father's wishes and desire. Whether my assertion will prove correct or not it has been the case so far, for matters do not mend as yet, nor do they look any better. We have got the Reform Bill passed and sent fresh members to Parliament but they do not frame to make things any better. We get no relief in taxation, nor have we any prospects of it; the debt is so great and the government so expensive we can have no hope without a National Bankruptcy and a new molding of things, which, in my opinion, will be a greater work than the Americans had to achieve when they fought for their Liberty, and who shall live when this is executed.

Some of the people here are diverting themselves with a pros-

pect of a rupture in the United States, but I hope matters will be settled with you without bloodshed. It will be pie for some of the despots of Europe to see the United States, which has been holding a light to all the world, fall out and fight.

I see that thou hast got the desire to see the return of Jackson as President. May wisdom and prudence direct all your affairs in your land of liberty. Although I may never see it again I wish it all happiness as a country. I still love it as a land of liberty and I hope religion and piety will prevail in it for this exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

* * * * *

I wish I could say that John Raymond had got completely master of himself and could find his way home in due time.

* * * * *

I have leaned over a table till I have got a pain in my breast; this is a large sheet and it takes much filling and I have little time as the man who takes it to Liverpool is waiting for it to take it in the morning, but I do not like to send much *empty paper so far.* Thy mother got a wrench in her foot and has been confined to her room for more than two months. We live in a little house in the bay horse yard, one of them of our own.

I could like to know when thou writest again whereabouts thou will set thy barn. I think there is a place beside the little field. Thou should have a sound piece of ground for a turn out as the cattle will tread it up as they come in and go out, but I trust thy wisdom will direct thee.

* * * * *

I think it is my duty again to remind thee to secure the favor of God and then thou wilt be fit to live either in this world or the next, for godliness has the promise of this life and of that which is to come. Read thy Bible and do not forget to pray. Attend to the worship of God where His word is preached, as faith cometh by hearing and by the Word of God. Let no one laugh thee out of a good conceit of the value of true Godliness. Neither let the infidel reason thee out of a full belief of the truth and divinity of the Holy Scriptures; but fix them in thy mind as the steadfast word of God and as that which contains directions in the high way which leads to eternal life.

All thy friends join me in their best respects to thee and thy wife and little son, and also Mr. Craven and his son and daughter, and all enquiring friends, and believe us to be,

Thy sincere friends and well wishers,

John and Hannah Harrison."

In the next letter we see where the curtain has fallen. John Harrison has passed to that haven for which he had been preparing

during his whole life. "Where the land slopes to its watery bourne. The undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns."

It marks the beginning of an exchange of letters between the brothers, Joseph and Benjamin, which was to continue for more than forty years. They write about their business prospects, their children, comments upon the times, politics, religion, and leading men of the period.

"Midgley House, May 6th, 1834.

Dear Brother:

It is my painful duty to inform you that my dear father is now no more. He died on Wednesday, April 9th. He had been sinking for some time, but he went rather suddenly at the last. He suffered a good deal for the last week, or a fortnight, in his inside and was a full week and never ate anything. He was quite sensible to the last and died apparently without the least pain. He is laid in the Independent Chapel Yard, at his own request. He settled his affairs two or three months before his death and has left John and I executors of his will. Poor man, he talked of coming to America only about a fortnight or three weeks before his death.

You will probably be aware of Sarah Ann being married, as her husband, Joseph Reffitt, with whom you are acquainted, wrote to you some time since. They appear to be very happy, he is a very agreeable man, if I mistake not.

You will, most likely, know that my mother is at Stubbings with us. Father and she came soon after last harvest. She is only very poorly and lame, she has to be carried to and from bed. I fear she will not long survive my Father. She is a good age now. I expect John McLandsborough will be going to America this summer with his two sons, and as for Betsy, I think she is as near as she will come. She seems as much opposed to it as ever and certainly has a wretched opinion of that country, but I hope it is in a better state than ours is at present. Both trade and Agriculture are very much depressed here. Many people blame the high price of wool for trade being so bad, but it is coming down, if that will relieve, then, surely, the produce of the land will be low enough; you may judge for yourself, good wheat is worth 25 to 25s. per sack, good oats 1 pound to 1£-1s. per Qr., barley has been about 30s. per Qr. * * * But you know our outgoings are so heavy here. There is Tythe Poor rates, rents, taxes, direct and indirect, and other expenses run so high that it leaves very little profit for the farmer, and in many cases actual loss. I declare if things don't alter you need not be surprised to see me in America in a year or two. * * * It is reported here that you are suffering under a severe panic in America, and that you have had almost innumerable failures. * * * John McLandsborough says it will make very little difference to you farmers.

You will probably have seen my wife's brother (Robert Winter) before now. He was the bearer of Joseph Reffitt's letter and he talked of calling to see you. If he be steady I think he is a likely person for America. He was unsteady here, which was the cause of him and his father differing; but he is as strong, robust, and active a youth as ever bended. If he calls, you may be able to give him advice that will do him good. He went with a young man acquaintance of his, who has a sister living not very far from you. However, he will have to work in America, not being overloaded with money, but he will come in for his share afterwards. * * * You will most likely, ere this, have got your barn finished; it must, by your account, be a large, useful building.

* * * * *

I should like to see my nephew, John Harrison, very much. If you should come over to see us you will perhaps bring him with you. We should be most happy to see you, I do assure you, but you will talk long before you attempt such a thing.

* * * * *

Betsy (Mrs. John McLandsborough) hopes you will take a little notice of her lads. She will feel it keenly parting with them. I think if anything will induce her to go it will be parting with them; but she seems quite determined not to go, be the consequence what it may; no doubt she has a weight of trouble from that quarter and she thinks she would have nothing else if she got buried in the back-woods of America, as she calls it.

I must now conclude. With all our kind love to you and Ellen and your lovely son John, and believe me your affectionate brother,

B. Harrison."

CHAPTER VII

McLandsboroughs, Thomas Fox and Waddingtons Come to America —Slavery Agitation—President Jackson and U. S. Bank—The Tariff—Story of "Bob" Winter Begins—Death of Mrs. McLandsborough, Sister of Joseph Harrison.

WITH the passing of John Harrison at the age of seventy-five years it was evident that his widow could not long survive him. It was the old story and still true at the present day, it meant for her a short stay with first one of her children and then with another, until the final summons should come. There were visits to Leeds and to Bradford and back again with her son Benjamin to the old home at Midgley House. He wrote of her on August 27, 1834, that she "was a good deal recovered from her illness", and thought "she might be spared a few years longer, if she be not borne down with trouble, and that she had seen a great deal of trouble in her lifetime". Also:

"I consider America has caused our family more trouble than all other things put together, it may possibly pay for all of our trouble, but it has a great deal to do considering all things."

Joseph Reffitt, writing in October of the same year, to Joseph Harrison, said: "Your mother is hearty but a fixture in the corner chair, she is very lame."

She must have been greatly concerned about her daughter, Mrs. McLandsborough, whose husband had left in August, taking with him their two sons, Andrew and John, to America. No doubt the regard for her mother and her age and infirmities was one of the chief reasons why Mrs. McLandsborough would not then accompany her husband and sons to America.

While the outlook upon life on the part of Hannah Harrison must at that time have been gloomy indeed, it was otherwise with the "lads", Andrew and John, as they were fondly called by the family. John was then ten years old and his brother about two years older. Their youthful imaginations must have been stirred by what they had heard of America and what they should see upon their prospective journey. Their uncle Benjamin, in a letter about them on the eve of their departure, wrote:

"Andrew came with Mr. Geo. Foster from Leeds to Otley yesterday, and he told him about his son going a hunting and shooting and about the quantity of peaches and good things growing in America, that he seems rather elated at the prospect of enjoying so many nice things. The lads will soon begin to be useful to their father in the woods if they only take to working as they are getting fine, stout lads. But I think they must be in an uncomfortable way when they get to America without a woman to care for them. It is possible Betsy may consider to go afterwards, but it is not very probable. If she could be reconciled to go it would be far better I think it is so awkward for a family to be divided in that way, but she has taken an unaccountable dislike to that country."

The going of these two lads to America with their Scotch father has a parallel in the life of another Scotchman, John Muir, the Naturalist, with his brother and father, in 1849, which has been so well described in his "Story of my Boyhood and Youth":

"One night, when David and I were at grandfather's fireside solemnly learning our lessons as usual, my father came in with news, the most wonderful, most glorious, that wild boys ever heard. 'Bairns,' he said, 'you needna learn your lessons the nicht, for we're gan to America the morn!' No more grammar, but boundless woods full of mysterious good things; trees full of sugar, growing in ground full of gold; hawks, eagles, pigeons, filling the sky; millions of birds' nests, and no gamekeepers to stop us in all the wild, happy land. We were utterly, blindly glorious. After father left the room, grandfather gave David and me a gold coin apiece for a keepsake, and looked very serious, for he was about to be deserted in his lonely old age. And when we in fullness of young joy spoke of what we were going to do, of the wonderful birds and their nests that we should find, the sugar and gold, etc., and promised to send him a big box full of that tree sugar packed in gold from the glorious paradise over the sea, poor lonely grandfather, about to be forsaken, looked with downcast eyes on the floor and said in a low, trembling, troubled voice. 'Ah, poor laddies, poor laddies, you'll find something else over the sea forbye gold and sugar, birds' nests and freedom fra lessons and schools. You'll find plenty hard, hard work.' And so we did. But nothing he could say could cloud our joy or abate the fire of youthful, hopeful, fearless adventure. Nor could we in the midst of such measureless excitement see or feel the shadows and sorrows of his darkening old age. To my schoolmates, met that night on the street, I shouted the glorious news, 'I'm gan to Amaraka the morn!' None could believe it. I said, 'Weel, just you see if I am at the skule the morn!'

Next morning we went by rail to Glasgow and thence joyfully sailed away from beloved Scotland, flying to our fortunes on the wings of the winds, care-free as thistle seeds. We could not then

know what we were leaving, what we were to encounter in the New World, nor what our gains were likely to be. We were too young and full of hope for fear or regret, but not too young to look forward with eager enthusiasm to the wonderful schoolless, bookless American wilderness. Even the natural heart-pain of parting from grandfather and grandmother Gilrye, who loved us so well, and from mother and sisters and brother was quickly quenched in young joy. Father took with him only my sister Sarah (thirteen years of age), myself (eleven), and brother David (nine), leaving my eldest sister, Margaret, and the three youngest of the family, Daniel, Mary and Anna, with mother, to join us after a farm had been found in the wilderness and a comfortable house made to receive them.

In crossing the Atlantic before the days of steamships, or even the American clippers, the voyages made in old-fashioned sailing-vessels were very long. Ours was six weeks and three days. But because we had no lessons to get, that long voyage had not a dull moment for us boys. Father and sister Sarah, with most of the old folk, stayed below in rough weather, groaning in the miseries of seasickness, many of the passengers wishing they had never ventured in 'the auld rockin' creel', as they called our bluff-bowed, wave-beating ship, and, when the weather was moderately calm, singing songs in the evenings—'The Youthful Sailor Frank and Bold,' 'Oh, why left I my hame, why did I cross the deep', etc. But no matter how much the old tub tossed about and battered the waves, we were on deck every day, not in the least seasick, watching the sailors at their rope-hauling, and climbing work; joining in their songs, learning the names of the ropes and sails, and helping them as far as they would let us; playing games with other boys in calm weather when the deck was dry, and in stormy weather rejoicing in sympathy with the big curly-topped waves.

* * * * *

"As we neared the shore of the great new land, with what eager wonder we watched the whales and dolphins and porpoises and sea-birds, and made the good-natured sailors teach us their names and tell us stories about them!

* * * * *

"We enjoyed the first strange ten mile ride through the woods very much, wondering how the great oxen could be so strong and wise and tame as to pull so heavy a load with no other harness than a chain and a crooked piece of wood on their necks, and how they could sway so obediently to right and left past roadside trees and stumps when the driver said haw and gee."

No more fervent wish, no more loyal sentiment could have been expressed by a citizen of this country than that stated by John Harrison in his last letter, where he alludes to the friction in the

government of the United States, the attitude of the "despots" of Europe and his wishes for the welfare of our country. His statement that the United States held "a light to all the world", was prophetic of that same sentiment expressed in the late World War.

His allusion was to the slavery struggles which seriously began in the administration of John Quincy Adams in 1825, between the northern and southern states. The south thought that its prosperity depended upon negro slavery; and the north, not requiring it, opposed slavery and the extension of it into the territories. The tariff law enacted by Congress in 1828, was characterized by the south as an "abomination". It provided that home manufacturers should be protected by a heavy duty on foreign articles of the same kind. It was favored in the north and opposed in the south. The tariff law of 1832 imposed additional duties. South Carolina resisted it by force and threatened to secede from the Union. The South even then made preparations for war. John C. Calhoun, who was elected Vice-President in the second term of Andrew Jackson, resigned and became a senator from South Carolina, and was a conspicuous *nullifier*. The authority and the attempt to collect duties at Charleston was called the "Force Act". President Jackson issued a proclamation that any attempt at armed resistance to oppose the Federal Act should be deemed treason and that the offenders would be hanged. A war vessel was sent to Charleston; also, troops under General Winfield Scott. Through the influence of Henry Clay a compromise was proposed that the tariff would be modified and that a gradual reduction of the duties would be made. This appeased the nullifiers for the time being and the incident was apparently closed.

The South did not at that time realize the force of the argument for protection that the manufacturer should be alongside of the producer; that it is better for labor; that the country which depends upon the sale of its raw materials impoverishes its soil, pays a heavy freight for its transportation in bulk, and gets back the manufactured article of small bulk, at small cost for freight. Now, that the South does not depend upon the raising of cotton alone; that she has her Birmingham and other large manufacturing centers, and is doing such wonders in developing her water power, we hear very little about free trade from that quarter. The South was slow to believe that famous declaration of Henry Clay, that: "Protection has always been the mainspring of our success and the sheet anchor of our prosperity."

Another cause of irritation in 1832 was when Congress passed a law to recharter the United States Bank. President Jackson vetoed it and Congress failed to carry it over his veto by a two-thirds vote, and the charter expired by limitation in 1836. The President ordered Louis McLean, then Secretary of the Treasury, to remove the deposits from the bank, he refused and was removed from office, and Roger B. Taney was appointed in his stead and he removed the deposits. He was the same Roger B. Taney who afterwards was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and announced the Dred Scott decision.

Martin Van Buren succeeded Andrew Jackson in the election of 1836, but during his administration there was such a ferment about the bank, the tariff and slavery, that it led to the great panic of 1837. Business conditions were terrible. In a period of two months the failures in New York alone amounted to over $100,000,000. This lead to a sweeping Whig victory and the election of General William Henry Harrison in 1840.

In that same letter of August, 1834, the character and experience of Robert Winter, his brother-in-law, had become a matter of interest, and in it he writes as follows:

"I understand by your letter that Brother Robert Winter is going to you. If he frames as well to use an axe as he does at most other jobs he will down you some timber. I fancy he will be a good match for yourself for strength and action as you often meet with. I understand he does not like the country much but he can scarcely tell yet not having been long enough to know much about the country."

By this time Robert had become interested in something more than a letter from home, for his father wrote to Joseph Harrison, concerning him, that half jocular, but discreet letter from a business point of view:

"March 6, 1837.

Sir:

You will be very much surprised to receive a letter from a person, a total stranger. But being related in the female line, I had one daughter and your brother Benjamin took a fancy to her; but I warned him before he went to the Church, and when they got there that she was a bad one and so ever since he has pretended that he is satisfied with his bargain.

But to the point, I wish to know something of my son, Robert, he having expressed a want of money, but his conduct was such here

as to make money of no use to him, but I now think he has reformed. I should wish to send him some. If you have a bank near you I will get leave to draw a bill on me for not more than one hundred and fifty, payable at the Knaseboro Banking Company * * * but in that case I shall want an account before the bill arrives with a copy of it as I have spoken to our Manager about it; or, if you prefer writing to me first I can get a bill at Leeds on any principal bank in America and transmit it to you, if you would have the goodness to assist him in expending his money. I will satisfy you for your trouble when an opportunity serves. Robert's conduct was such as not to put much confidence in him when here, so that I shall not send him more than 150 at present. So if you would favour me with a line I shall follow your directions. I think your drawing a bill will be best, but being a stranger to your customs you will act as you think best. There are 3 houses (banks) in Leeds. Our bank can get bill upon American account. I shall write to Robert by the same conveyance and he will go up to you. In complying with this letter you will very much oblige your humble servant and well wisher,

Robert Winter."

We must go back now to a good pen picture of the problems which seemed, at that time, to confront a man with a family who wished to emigrate to America and engage in the business of farming. It is the letter of Joseph Reffitt making an inquiry for his friend John Waddington, who did go to the Dining Fork as one of its English settlers and who was the founder of the family of that name in Ohio.

"October 10, 1834.

Dear Joseph:

I hope this will arrive safe and find you and family well in health and as it leaves us so at present.

I was at Stubbings the other day and found all your people in pretty good health. Your mother is hearty, but is a fixture in the corner chair, she is very lame. Your sister McLandsborough desires me to look on her husband and lads and befriend them all you can without injury to yourself, for her sake.

A family for whom I have the greatest respect and bent on going to America, and I am desirous for them to have all information before starting, so beg you will not think it too much trouble to answer a few questions you will find hereinafter.

The father, John Waddington, has recently lost his wife. He is a man who has seen better days, of good abilities and sound judgment and has a very good knowledge of farming. His age is about 66 years. He is a master of about 350 lbs. and is wishful to make the most of it for his family.

He has a son about 20 who has been in a corn mill and intends leaving to make Malt this winter. Another 13 and another 11 and a daughter 15, and a cousin 23, who is a chair-maker by trade and has a knowledge of farming. I will now copy his letter he sends to me:

'I have a most ardent wish to become a resident of the State of Ohio. Mr. Jos. Reffitt assures me that any information which I may require you will very gladly give me, and if my letter should consist of a variety of questions you will not take any offense from the author.

In the first place, what Port shall I make, and from thence what will be the cheapest and most expeditious way or means of reaching our ultimate destination, and what will be the expense?

Shall I bring bedding, blankets, sheets, curtains and carpets? What earthenware should I bring? Should I bring joiners tools of all descriptions? Should I bring spades, shovels, forks, hay knives, scythes, etc? Should I bring a good assortment of wearing apparel? Should I bring an oven and range? A small iron brewing pan, tin cans and other tin articles? Should I bring an English plow, all sized nails, pins and needles, knives and forks? You will be kind enough to mention any article that I have omitted that will be necessary for me to bring? I shall prepare for coming in May next. Should you answer give me the desired encouragement. Can I meet with a ready reception among you for myself and family, which consist of three men willing to labour, two lads and a sprightly girl? After a suitable residence in your neighborhood will the sum of 350 lbs. English Sovereigns, establish me on an eligible farm, and of what numer of acres, cleared and uncleared, and what is the price of wheat per ushel, oats and barley? Should I bring any seeds? What distance should I be from a market town? If we labour hard will the products of such a farm well feed and clothe my family, and leave a profit, and to what amount yearly? What is the price of a six year old good bred mare, a cow in the third calf, a steer 3 years old? What is a good roadster worth? What is a good ewe worth, and the fleece per pound?

My dear Sir, if you will be kind enough to answer me these questions I shall ever feel obliged and return your kindness should I ever be a resident of your county.

I now subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant,

John Waddington.'

Dear Joseph, I hope the many questions we wish to know will not give you offense and that you will oblige by sending an answer as early as possible and if there is anything omitted please say what; if there is anything he can bring for you he will bring it with pleasure. Should your sister think of going next spring I am sure she will have a good protector if she takes the benefit of his company.

Mr. Forster, your neighbor, spent an evening at our house and had I known then my friend wanted to cross the Atlantic he would have answered with pleasure the many questions we desire to know.

Remember us all to John McLandsborough and sons, whom I hope have arrived safe.

All friends desire to be remembered to you and yours.

I now conclude, wishing you every blessing this world can afford, and remain

Yours very truly,
Jo. Reffitt.

Leeds, Oct. 10, 1834."

This brings us to the close of the life of Hannah Harrison. She passed away in the early spring of 1835. Her son, Benjamin, wrote of her to his brother Joseph under date of April 18, 1835:

"You will ere this have got my letter with the melancholy tidings of the death of my dear mother, which I am sure you will greatly lament; but it is what we are all sure of, and it is a chance that we shall reach her age?"

The bearer of that letter was the same "Mr. Waddington" above mentioned and which fixes the time of his coming to America and says of him:

"You must excuse me not filling my paper as I consider the bearer of this, Mr. Waddington, will be able to tell you all particulars, having seen all, and being well acquainted with the politics of the day."

In the same letter he mentions Thomas Fox a school teacher who later came to this country, married Sarah, sister of Ellen, wife of Joseph Harrison, June 28, 1838, and was one of the teachers of the Creal school between 1848 and 1853. I barely remember him. He was a quaint little man with gray hair, born April 1, 1809, wore a standing collar and black cravat and was very precise in his manner, like one would imagine the type of the old English school teacher. He died February 13, 1866. Their first home was in a small house which stood about seventy rods west of the valley road of the Dining Fork and on the south bank of the Hartley branch. Later they bought a small piece of land about seven miles east of New Philadelphia, Ohio, and when I saw their home in the fall of 1870, it was occupied by the widow and her two adult but dimunitive daughters, Mary and Emily. Sarah Fox was born September 6, 1804, and died March 26, 1887. There were flowers and trees around the dwelling and morning glories trained about the porch for

a sun screen, and appeared just like one would imagine an English cottage to be (except that it did not have a thatched roof) if picked up in that country and put down by the side of the road in this country. It brings to mind that beautiful poem of Samuel Walter Foss, founded upon the incident of the old couple in England who made it a practice to give the thirsty traveler a drink of water when he passed their house by the side of the road, and wherein are the famous lines:

"Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

I have as a souvenir of their family a copy of Cobb's spelling book, printed in 1835, which Emily gave me several years ago.

One would wish that Mrs. McLandsborough could have been spared the many great trials of her life, especially when we read in the old book written in the hand of her father in 1811:

"Betty Harrison left Grammar School on the thirtieth of May."

We fancy she was a light hearted young English girl full of the hope and the promise which seemed to be before her. She could not then have thought that in after life she would be confronted with a situation which would seem next to imperative that she should leave England with a part of her children and go to America and make her home in that unsettled country with her husband and two sons, who had gone before.

On March 5, 1837, she had apparently relented from what had seemed a fixed purpose never to come. Her mother had passed away and the situation seemed to be that she would never again see those of her family who had gone to America, if she did not go Of that situation her brother Benjamin wrote as follows:

"It is probable you will get to see our sister in America before long. Betsy has made up her mind to go to join her husband and family as soon as she can. She talks of starting in May if she can get ready. She has written to Janet to acquaint her with it, and to invite her to accompany her but has not as yet received an answer. If Janet concludes to go they might manage well enough, but if otherwise, I think they would almost require some relative or friend to advise and protect them on their long journey. However, I believe she intends to try to manage without giving John the trouble of coming to Liverpool to meet her. I think she has come to a proper conclusion. I cannot see anything to prevent them from being comfortable there and if they had remained separated there would always have been a pang when they thought of each other, and I do think it is the better side of the ocean for posterity at least, though I am apprehensive of dissensions and disputes arising between

the different states of America as their interests vary a good deal, but you must be in a glorious condition, being without National Debt. What a strange contrast between you and us, though we are reforming and reducing our taxation a little, we still have the great millstone about our necks to prevent us from rising, and for you, you may find employment for some of our loose cash in the Emancipation of your negro slaves. It is a disgrace to you but I suppose some of you are getting your eyes opened to see the abomination of slavery. Talk of freedom and liberty! Why it is a mockery so long as you continue that inhuman traffic.

Trade is rather flat here at present and it seems to be all attributed in a great measure to banks having been too liberal in their advances, having trusted thousands to persons who were scarcely worthy of credit at all, but people were going mad a short time back in railway and various other wild goose speculations and there always comes a check when they get beyond reasonable bounds. (Mentions price of grain, etc.) My father Winter had 72 bushels of wheat on an acre for 8 acres. Together it is such a produce as I never before heard of, and I could not have believed such a quantity could have been grown had I not known it to be a fact."

She set out upon that long journey in the early part of 1837, with her daughters Catherine and Elizabeth, bringing with her such household articles as she could transport, and came to Cleveland, Ohio, and from there shipped on the canal to Bolivar in Tuscarawas County, and from there they were brought in a wagon by Emanuel Hendricks to the home which her husband had provided in the Dining Fork Valley. What must have been her thoughts and her prayers on that long journey? How she must have contrasted the home she had left in England with that one she found, in what must have seemed to her, a wilderness.

As if her trials were not enough, Catherine, aged nine years, died that summer. A still greater affliction was reserved for her, as will be seen in the following, perhaps as sad a letter as was ever written:

"Leeds, Feb. 28, 1839.

My dear Brother:

It is with feelings of sorrow that I now address you. We have received a letter from America bearing the distressing intelligence that my poor dear sister is suffering under one of the most painful afflictions that can befall us, a cancer in her breast.

O, my dear brother, when we read that letter our hearts were fit to break. Poor Betsy, she has had a rough passage through this vale of tears. Her cup of sorrow and suffering has indeed been full. O, my dear brother, it adds to our sorrow that we are so far sepa-

rated. We cannot attend her sick bed and shake up her pillow or lay her poor dear head upon it, but dear Joseph, you are near and we have no doubt but you will do everything in your power for her. We were very glad to hear that she was at your house when the letter was written. I should have written sooner but we have been anxiously expecting another letter every day. We have not yet gotten one, but we have heard in an indirect way that she was exceedingly ill. A relative of Mr. Waddington's called at my sister Walkers last week and told her that they had had a letter from Mr. Waddington and he said that my sister McLandsborough was dying of cancer. Whether he meant that she was really in the article of death, or gradually sinking under the disease, we cannot tell. Do write immediately and tell us all particulars. It is the only consolation we can have. We were very glad to hear that Miss Waddington had taken the baby, James. Please give our kind love to her and tell her we shall forever feel grateful for her great kindness in taking the poor, dear infant and for all her kindness to poor Betsy. Dear Joseph, if I had been sure that my poor, dear sister was alive I should have written to her, but that being so uncertain, have addressed this letter to you. If she is still in the land of the living tell her she has our most fervent prayers that she may be graciously supported under her painful affliction, and be made fully ready for that bright world where sickness and sorrow are forever done away. It will be a great trial to leave the poor, dear children, but John has always been a good father, and I believe will always do the best he can for his children. We feel most for the poor little infant and Elizabeth. The two older boys can almost do for themselves. Give our kind love to them and tell them to be good boys and God will bless them. I hope you will always be kind to them for their mother's sake. I suppose you now have two fine boys. I sincerely hope they will be a great comfort to you.

Dear Joseph, shall we ever have the pleasure of seeing you again in England? Could you not to contrive to pay us a visit now that the voyage is so soon accomplished by these wonderful steam packets? My husband often says if he had time he would pay you a visit, he should think nothing of the voyage. All the family are well. * * * I have had four children, two boys and two girls. I have lost my youngest, a sweet babe he was, but he was not too sweet for Heaven. I have a good husband and every comfort. The Walkers' family are well. My sister (Rachel) frets very much about Betsy. My brother Trees family is well. Wm. has gotten married. Mrs. Olden has married old Mr. Winter, my brother Benjamin's wife's father.

They are all well at Stubbings. I suppose they have written to you, and no doubt would tell you that my sister Hannah is on the point of marriage to a person we think very worthy of her, but I must conclude as my paper is full.

With kind love to you and my sister and your dear children. Sister Walker desires her kind love to you all.

With best wishes for your present and everlasting welfare, I remain

Your ever affectionate sister,
Sarah A. Reffitt."

On February 14, 1839, Mrs. McLandsborough passed away at the home of her brother Joseph and wife, at the age of thirty-eight years. She had all the care which a loving family could give to her, but her malady was as fatal then as it is now; and even with all of the comforts then possible it must have been a grief with sharper accents than such a situation would be at the present day.

CHAPTER VIII

Great Wheat Crop in England—Epidemic Among Cattle—Baildon Mill Catastrophe—Corn Laws—Christening of Prince of Wales —Lord Morpell—John Raymond's Struggle with "John Barleycorn"—Joseph Harrison Builds Brick Residence—Ohio Canals—Mystery of "Bob" Winter—Baildon Mill Failure—Corn Laws—Oregon Boundary—Benjamin's Children—The Trees Family—Germantown Farm.

IT will occasion surprise among some of the farmers of this country to have read in the letter of March 5, 1837, from Benjamin Harrison that "Father Winter had 72 bushels of wheat on an acre for 8 acres". That would be an extraordinary yield for this country. The only comparative yield of grain I can call to mind is that of oats grown in the state of Washington. In 1904, when I visited my brother in that state he told me of a crop which he had, which yielded 150 bushels per acre for several acres; that the stalks were so thick and strong one could throw his coat upon the ripened grain and its weight would not bear them down. That, however, was the result of the accumulation of leaves and forest vegetation which, for centuries, had rotted and made the soil exceedingly rich. Indeed, this accumulation is so great in that country that the mass has not time to rot and one can stand upon patches of it, and by jumping up and down, make the surrounding area shake, as if the same thing were a bed mattress.

The intensive cultivation of the soil in England has, no doubt, produced some wonderful results. I have heard Grandfather say that the sod is often of such a matted growth of grass roots that frequently when turned over by the plow, that a chain might be placed around a long section of it, and with horses, could be dragged out of the field. The close texture of some English lawns must be of this character, for are we not familiar with the answer of the English caretaker when once asked by an American, "how long does it take to make a lawn like yours?" and his answer was, "About one hundred years."

The condition of affairs in 1840, is reflected in extracts from a letter of Benjamin Harrison, dated August 16th.

"There are many of the manufacturing class making a great noise about the repeal of the Corn Law, thinking that it would cause trade to flourish more than ever it did, but I think they are too sanguine in their expectations. If making railroads was an indication of a revival of trade we should soon go on swimmingly for we are getting them in all directions nearly, but there is a great deal more than will every pay the speculators interest for their money. I look upon these to be eventful times. I suppose trade has never been worse than it has been for some time and nothing but a good harvest will bring things about."

"We are within about a week of harvest and we have a middling crop, but our cattle have done badly. There has been an epidemic prevailing among them, by some people called Influenza, which has reduced them very low in condition and consequently thrown them back very much in getting fat. We have had near a dozen in it. Wm. Trees had seen Robert Craven, Junior, and he was telling him that you had some splendid buildings on your place. He said he had not seen anything like so good a barn in England. It appears things have not always been bad with you when you could put up such buildings as them and buy a thousand acres of land at a slap."

Also, from his letter of January 26, 1842, wherein he wrote:

"This country is not in a good state at present. We will soon see what our Tory Rules will do for us, but I don't expect they will do much. I think they possess neither the disposition nor the power to do much for the permanent benefit of the great mass of the Community. We had yesterday a great Tea Party at Otley in honor of the Prince of Wales, on occasion of his christening, and I suppose there would be doings throughout the country. * * * In the Baildon Mill Catastrophe, the share holders lost all the money they put in and will likely have to sacrifice a great deal besides before they can get extricated. Joseph Reffitt was a great shareholder and is likely to be a great sufferer by it, I believe to the amount of upwards of £2,000; and poor James Trees has lost his all, having had furniture and all sold up and has to begin the world again; and this is not the worst, he has been unfit for business for perhaps 12 months back, I believe brought on by extreme anxiety and it is very hazardous whether he will ever be fit for business again, his eyesight being so much affected. If it was not for that he would be quite competent to fill a situation. But they bear very well under their misfortunes considering the extent of them. As for Mary she is a good one for getting over troubles."

"We have a great stagnation in our corn, wheat oats, etc., market now, which is attributed to the proposed alteration of the Corn Laws, as trade consists in only purchasing from hand to mouth, etc. * * *

Parliament is to act on the 3rd of February. Corn and wheat a poor yield."

"I perceive from the newspapers you have been almost worshiping our worthy countryman Lord Morpell in the various places he has visited in the United States. I believe he is a very worthy Nobleman. It was thought his visit would be the means of cooling some of those hot-brained Politicians you have in America by his peaceful and conciliating addresses. He is a beautiful speaker and in all probability there will be a seat provided for him on his return as member of Parliament for Dublin. It would be a pity for such a man to be long out of Parliament as there are so few like him in it."

The historian says that Lord Morpell was an English statesman, born in 1802, and died in 1864. That he was known as George William Frederick Carlisle, the seventh Earl of Carlisle, afterwards Lord Morpeth, and resided at Castle Howard, near the border of Scotland, the site of an old Roman station, one of the oldest in England.

From 1835 to 1841, he was chief Secretary for Ireland and a few years later traveled extensively in the United States. He was the first Nobleman to accede to the views of the Anti-Corn-Law-League. Upon his return he delivered lectures on the United States. A statue to his memory was erected in Phoenix Park, Dublin, in 1870.

Time was also working changes in the lives of Robert Winter and John Raymond. Of the former Benjamin wrote in 1840:

"My father Winter has lately received a letter from Robert in which he mentions having got married to a Yankee, and also having commenced storekeeping in Pittsburgh. It appears he thinks of settling in America. If you see him please give our love to him. I always respected him ever since I knew him, although he was such a miraculous chap. * * * If you know anything about brother Robert Winter please send us word what he is doing, and if he be steady and if he is married and all particulars about him."

The prayers and the entreaties on behalf of John Raymond seem to have had no effect upon him. He was unable to break away from his beloved gin. About him and upon the general subject of intemperance Benjamin wrote under date of January 2, 1849:

"I am sorry that I can give no better account of him. He still goes on his old course. He sometimes stops at Otley three or four days and sometimes for a week. I am afraid he will live and die a drunkard. I sometimes give him a *Teetotal* lecture, but I never do any good by it; I think it makes him worse if it alters him at all."

"There is not a man in England or America than I who has a greater dislike for that habit. I believe there is no danger of me falling into that sin, at any rate. I have a catalogue long enough without that, but I am thoroughly disgusted with it. It would be well if I had a hatred for all other sins. I frequently wish I could get into a better way, but I still go on in the old way. It may be necessary for me to have some severe trial or bereavement to bring me to my senses. I have no doubt been the subject of many prayers. I dare say sister Mary never forgets me on those occasions. I believe my experience corresponds pretty much with your own in not being able to find happiness in worldly pursuits. I believe solid happiness cannot be found there, so that we might as well give up the pursuit of it at once and try another course."

"We have found out an excellent way of keeping folks sober and making those become so who are not, in this country, and which plan you have heard of in America, I dare say, and that is *not to touch nor taste nor handle that stuff that intoxicates.* I have been trying it myself and I am a convert to the plan, but I cannot say the same of John Raymond. He has a great aversion to what is termed tetotalism. The principle is making its way slowly in this country, but I believe surely, and I believe it is calculated to be the greatest benefit to this or any other country where drinking customs prevail, if properly carried out. And I believe if it met with the support, instead of opposition, by what is termed the Christian public, it would go right ahead; but interest is so very powerful, many religious bodies have brandy spinners, malsters, brewers, landlords, etc., great supporters, they dare not name the thing scarcely.

You may say I need not have troubled you with this stuff, but it is an interesting subject to me, and you must excuse me if it happens not to be agreeable to your way of thinking."

One would think that the year 1840 was a hard one to undertake the building of a permanent brick dwelling upon the farm, but that was what Joseph Harrison did notwithstanding the panic of 1837, and the consequent unsettled state of business conditions in the country. It meant that stones were to be quarried for the foundation; brick were to be made and burned; doors, moulding, sills, plates, shingles, and window-sash were to be made by hand; labor was to be hired, housed and fed, and material to be purchased with ready cash. There were no planing mills available to him in those days.

The bricks were made and burned on the opposite side of the valley from the location of the residence in the corner of the field at the top of the first rise in the road going north-east, after crossing the Hartley branch. The plow will to this day turn out pieces of the waste brick which mark the spot. The same location produced for

me a fine crop of broomcorn a half a century ago, when I was getting my first experience, as a boy, in raising a crop on my own account.

I have fancied I saw the oxen tramping the mortar for the brick and what a slow process it must have been to make them one by one, dry them, burn them, and haul them to the building site.

The house still standing, and occupied by Thaddeus and Milton, grandsons, is two stories with an attic over the main part, and originally a one story "L" for a kitchen, with bedroom above and extending against the hillside, which faced the porch, which also conformed to the "L". There was a chimney at each end of the main building for the accommodation of wood fires and the sides of the chimney breasts were utilized for closets for clothes. The traditional hall with a room on each side and a stairway leading to the second story, with steps underneath leading to the cellar, was in the center, and a stone wall on the upper side kept back the invasion of an encroaching enbankment.

Stone steps pierced the wall about midway opposite the porch entrance and connected with a path which led up hill to the spring and the spring house, and its basement was the repository of butter, cream and milk in the stone troughs which caught the water in its first dash after leaving the stone bowl which held the water issuing from the spring.

Just above the porch a fine old pear tree grew hard by the path and in its declining years a bluebird, the harbinger of spring, nested in its top, and a gigantic willow spread its roots a little farther away in a little depression and in the run-a-way water from the spring. Underneath the willow was that institution for boyish correction, the woodshed. In it was also a grindstone which we turned and *turned* wondering whether or not the axe and the knives would ever sharpen.

The interior woodwork in the residence is of white pine and how pretty shavings must have curled and dropped away when all that work was done by hand! The main panels of the doors were painted a cherry color, and the smaller panels to resemble cream on the borders, with pretty red dots here and there in the center. The paint must have been of a superior quality for it has never been renewed and looks now almost as bright as new. The lifting latches of the interior doors made a sound in my boyhood which has echoed through all the intervening years.

The sound of moving trains of cars upon the Pennsylvania Rail-

road came up the valley and rolled and reverberated between the hills with a distinctive charm and rumble I have never heard elsewhere.

The attic was redolent with the odor of catnip, a provisional remedy for sickness. And there were wasp nests up there, and care had to be taken that one did not come in contact with their rear means of defense. There was also a large pile of old newspapers, copies of the "Old Countryman", which had been carefully filed away. And then that attic was the repository of all the unused and broken furniture, the old reel and the spinning wheel. The latter, in my daughter's possession, is the sole relic we have of "ye olden time".

The interest in the building of canals in Ohio which was begun in 1825 is shown in the fact that the entire grant to the state for that purpose amounted to 1,230,521.95 acres. The reservoirs cover over 30,000 acres, viz.: St. Mary's in Mercer and Auglaze counties, 15,749 acres; Indian Lake, Logan county, 6,300; Buckeye Lake, Licking county, 4,000; Portage Lake, Stark county, 2,250; and Laramie Reservoir, Shelby county, 1,950 acres.

The Cincinnati Times-Star under date of July 4, 1925, printed a map of the State showing their courses and distances, those existing, those proposed and those abandoned, as well as an interesting account of their centenary:

"DEWITT CLINTON, FATHER OF ERIE WATERWAY,
OFFICIATED AT CEREMONY

One hundred years ago—July 4, 1825—was started Ohio's first general system of transportation superseding the mud roads, the canals, says an Associated Press dispatch from Columbus.

A group of State officials and citizens, some enthusiastic, others skeptical, and several hostile, gathered at "Licking Summit", near Newark and watched the first turning of earth for the Ohio and Erie canal. Governor De Witt Clinton of New York, which was setting the pace in canal building, and his staff were the guests of honor. Clinton and Governor Jeremiah Morrow of Ohio alternated in lifting the first spadefuls of earth.

At the same time the Miami and Erie canal was started. The two constituted the major parts of the public works system.

The romance and pathos of the building of the waterways, which were expected to bring prosperity to poverty-stricken, mudbound Ohio, has been brought to the fore by the hundredth anniversary. That ramified system of connecting canals is forgotten today. Close to where the towpaths were, where straining beasts at a comparative

snail's pace hauled the clumsy canal boats, automobiles whiz by, freighted with humans and their goods; overhead airplanes hurtle through the skies, and in the distance locomotives pull their cargoes.

Father, mother and the children, out for a picnic, alight from the family car and spread their lunch beside a slit in the earth that might be a ditch or a hazard on a golf course. Brother advances this opinion, but sister remembers from her Ohio History that the funny-looking ditch was once a link in the great chain of canals.

Historians credit the Ohio canals with "converting a wide, unimproved State into a profusion of wealth, prosperity and greatness." The Miami and Erie canal was one of the most important factors in opening up Western Ohio. The reservoirs and feeders built to help supply water for the canals are in use today as pleasure resorts.

The canal beds themselves are impotent stretches of weeds, crumbling locks and, in some instances, foul water. The State, through the years, has leased various stretches to municipalities and other political subdivisions, usually for public improvements. In Cincinnati the canal bed is a subway.

From 1820 to 1825 the population of Ohio grew from 45,365 to 581,295. The only means of transportation was by land, and the roads, virtually impassable, constituted an almost unsurmountable barrier to commerce. The State was poor. Its population consisted of farmers mainly. In 1825 the entire revenue derived from taxation was only $131,733 annually. In 1822 wheat was selling for 25 cents a bushel, corn for 12½ cents a bushel, potatoes 18¾ cents a bushel, and butter brought 6 cents a pound.

A Cincinnati man, Ethan Allen Brown, who was governor of Ohio in 1818, was the first to inquire into the possibilities of canal building in this State. He corresponded with Clinton and became so enthusiastic on the subject that the entire project soon was jibed at as "Brown's Folly." But to Alfred Kelley, a Cleveland lawyer and chairman of the Board of Canal Commissioners, however, is given the credit for being the "father of Ohio canals."

After a great deal of preliminary discussions and investigations, usually marked by heated and personal debate, the necessary legislation was enacted to permit the start on July 21, 1825. The canals were estimated to cost $5,715,203, but before the system was finished it cost the State $15,967,562, a sum to stagger the imagination of those days.

The Ohio and Erie canal was finished in 1833, but the Miami and Erie was not completed until 1845.

Both connected Lake Erie and the Ohio river, but the former linked up Portsmouth and Cleveland and the latter ran through the Big Miami valley.

To feed the canals, five reservoirs were constructed, and the Celina reservoir, now known as Lake St. Marys, built in Mercer and Auglaize counties, near the watershed of the State, is the largest

artificial body of water in the world. It covers 15,749 acres and cost $582,222. The Lewiston reservoir, now Indian lake, is in Logan county. The Licking reservoir was constructed in Licking, Perry and Fairfield counties, and the Portage in Summit county. The Laramie reservoir is in Shelby.

Canal building ended in 1847, when the railroads started to come in, and at that time there were 813 miles of the waterways. For 30 years they served as carriers of freight and in 35 years their receipts exceeded expenditures by $7,073,111. The total cost of the system was $29,023,663, and the gross receipts up to the present time, it is estimated will total around eighteen or nineteen million."

In William H. Seward's Life of John Quincy Adams is given an interesting incident of the opening ceremonies of the Erie Canal from Lake Erie to Albany, a distance of 363 miles, at a cost of $7,602,000.-00. When the president attempted to throw the first bit of earth he was foiled by a root which would not allow the spade to go down. He removed his coat, put his foot upon the spade and threw his whole weight upon it, and then lifted the earth amid the plaudits of the many thousands who witnessed the ceremony.

The affairs of Robert Winter in 1843, had gotten to the point when little was known of him outside of rumor, and communication between him and his relatives in England had almost ceased. He had visited Joseph Harrison shortly prior to that year, but not liking the life of a farmer, had gone back to Pittsburgh. Grandfather never knew what became of him, and the subject, "What had become of 'Bob' Winter?" was a family mystery for nearly forty years. His relatives in England, if any survive him, do not know the fate which overtook him. Like others who had gone to strange lands, he became a derelict on the sea of human life, and, like many of them, oblivion seemed to have engulfed him.

Under date of October 6, 1843, we find a letter in the hand of Joseph Harrison addressed to one Thomas Lonsdale, Grocer, at Allegheny, Pa., as follows:

"Harrison County, Ohio.
Oct. 6th, 1843.

Dear Sir:

I take this opportunity to write you by this Drover. I wrote some time ago to Robert Winter directed to your care, but as yet have got no answer. I have understood by this man that Robert left Pittsburgh a year ago and has made out to get through his money. I was afraid that something was wrong being that he never wrote or came out to see us—it was partly through me that he got

that money—the old man Winter wrote to me to be informed respecting him and I thought at that time he was middling steady and I further considered that he was entitled to his share if he had not had it, but I can assure you he will get no more, at least through me; a man that does not know the value of money better than he does is not fit to be trusted with it. I suppose he has left a wife and two children in Pittsburgh, or neighborhood, and most likely she don't care any more for him than he does for her.

I did think he would have done better—having had to earn his money by quarrying stone before he got it—one would have thought he would certainly have made a better use of it, but there are some people who will never have any excuse either in adversity nor prosperity. This man said he lived, I understood, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. If you could get the particulars of his situation and send me word I would be obliged to you. Perhaps I may come up to Pittsburgh through the course of the winter, but of that I am not certain. Please to write to me as soon as convenient.

Yours very respectfully,
Joseph Harrison."

As late as January 2, 1849, Benjamin wrote:

"I suppose you will not know much about Robert Winter. The last account we had of him he was in the neighborhood of Cincinnati keeping a market garden."

Again on June 25, 1850, he wrote:

"We heard lately from Robert Winter, that he was still in Cincinnati and that he still kept up his drunken habit. Oh cursed drink!"

The final chapter in his career is contained in the following note which I made of his discovery in later years:

"In October, 1877, when I came to the Law School in Cincinnati, Grandfather said: 'Joseph, you may hear something of Bob Winter when you are in Cincinnati.' One Saturday, late in that year, I looked in the City Directory and found that a 'Robert Winter' lived at No. 121 Mound street and I went there and inquired. A colored woman came to the door and said 'yes', that he was her husband. I then retired not wishing to pursue the matter further at that place.

I wrote Grandfather about the episode and in his reply was much amused, and said he thought I was quite right, that he was sure he was not of our acquaintance.

Grandfather died the following April and never knew the sequel I am about to relate.

In the fall of 1880 I was ambitious to make speeches for James A. Garfield, then the Republican candidate for President of the United States, and was invited so to do at Mt. Airy, Hamilton County, Ohio, by Mr. James P. Coates of English descent, and stayed all night with him. During our conversation I happened to mention

Robert Winter, and what had been a tradition in our family ever since I could re member, and he said he thought he remembered a man of that name, that he lived with an old Englishman named Mortimer, who was his neighbor, and that we would go over and see him in the morning. We did so, and Mr. Mortimer described him so that I had no doubt of his identity; that he had lived and worked for him in the harvest field, that he died of the Cholera in 1849, and was buried in an unmarked grave in Cincinnati."

From 1843 to 1847, the fortunes of the family, their "ups and downs", the craze in railroad building, etc., take up much of the letters of Benjamin to his brother Joseph. The echoes of the failure of the Baildon Mill are noted in his letter of July 13, 1844:

"You will probably have heard that James Trees is dead, he died sometime last winter and I believe broken-hearted in consequence of the failure of the Baildon Mill, and Joseph Reffitt is laboring under a very dangerous disease, a disease of the heart, and supposed by some to have been brought on by the same cause, having lost somewhere about £4,000, by that most unfortunate concern, but he has a good trade at present and can soon redeem it if trade continues good but he was not expected to live a short time ago, but is now a little better. It would be a bad job if anything was to happen to him. He is the support of many a family."

The subject of the Corn Laws and the Oregon boundary question (which latter gave rise to the slogan ("54-40 or fight"), are noted as real live questions in his letter of April 27, 1845:

"There is tremendous agitation going on for the repeal of the Corn Laws. (Thinks they will, and that the same will be to your advantage.) They are unjust laws. Repeal will be better for the landed and manufacturing interests. Perceives you are extending your territory with regard to Oregon, but you may carry bullying too far and if I understand you have no reasonable claim to it. If America does attempt to take possession of it, as your President intimates. John Bull and Jonathan will have a tug for it. It may not be worth while but it will not be submitted to on the part of our Government."

"I can inform you that Sir Robert Peel's measures have passed triumphant through both houses of Parliament and received the Royal assent. You will know about it before this arrives. I think free trade in corn will be a benefit to America. It will cause a reduction in our poor rates, the working classes will eat the best, the inferior sorts will be left for the pigs and cattle. Any law which has the effect of making provisions scarce and dear is abominable. The Anti-Corn-Law League did nearly all of it. They are now

proposing to raise £100,000 as a testimonial to Mr. Cobden, he having taken the most active and prominent part in bringing these things about of any individual in the League."

[When he writes of his children he shows the deep concern he had for them. It was upon that subject that he warmed up and showed some real enthusiasm:]

"Some of our children are beginning to be very useful now, but we have had them at school a good deal. I was anxious to give them a tolerable education being apprehensive it would be all we would be able to give them, and I always consider it a great let down to a person (to use a common phrase) to be short of education. Our oldest girl is now sixteen this month, and she is a tolerable fine girl, at any rate she is very useful. We are doing without a girl at present, and she does sometimes say 'Father when are you going to hire a servant'. Her mother and she certainly have tolerable of exercise, but it is said to be conducive to health. * * * I often think I should just like to have a peep at you and yours and when one looks at the facilities for traveling, one is inclined to think it quite practicable; but somehow the convenient time never arrives, and whether it ever will or not God only knows. There is always something wants doing or looking after." [Later he wrote:]

"I am not sure I have written since our last son was born, but we have one about 7 months old. We now count nine, all enjoying good health at present. We have one daughter 18 and two boys 16 years old nearly and scarcely know what to make of them, and it is time they went to something. They are now very useful on the farm, but I should like some of them to have an easier calling, if I knew what to choose, but I am at a loss to know what to put them to. I believe they would be less likely to have their morals corrupted in the country than in the town. There is always those nasty drinking practices to contend against. If I had as great a hatred for sin of all other kinds as I have for the sin of drunkenness my prospects for futurity would be better than they are."

"I do not know which of us could better leave home. I have more Bairns than you and you have more extensive possessions than I have. Our sisters are all going to write to you but they never get at it. John Raymond is a degree steadier than he was but he does not yet abhor drinking poison.

My wife has just reminded me that I have not yet given you the name of our youngest son. We call him Michael and a fine fellow he is."

"Our family are getting up fast. Ann is very stout. The twins are pretty stout to be twins, and John is hard after them, but our youngest boy is the finest of the lot, we call him Michael, as you are aware. I dare say he is nearly two years old and I do assure you he can get into mischief as quick as any one. I sometimes think that if they were

in America their chances would be better than they are here. I believe the lads would have no objections to go and if after they get to years of maturity they should be so inclined I would not oppose it. It is a painful thing to part, but if it is likely to be to their advantage to do so we ought not to prevent it."

Their experience with railroads is shown under date of July 6, 1846:

"Great numbers here have got their fingers dreadfully burnt by railway speculation. Persons, who perhaps had scarcely capital enough to carry on their business embarked and some made money tremendously fast, the temptation to embark in it was almost irresistible. I was anxious to be in myself and should have been if I had had some spare cash, indeed, I did apply for some shares in this line, but through some fortunate mistake they granted me none, but the panic came and a tremendous crash there was. It is said that as much at £30,000 have been lost in Otley. In fact nearly everybody was daffy on railways."

The Trees nephews, John and Thomas, landed in America in January, 1848.

Under date of October 1, 1847, he wrote:

"John and Thomas Trees talk of going to America next month to follow the dyeing business. I wish it may answer well for them. They are steady lads and if they continue so their chances will be better in your country."

Later he wrote:

"I am not quite sure whether I informed you of two of your nephews being in America, viz.: John and Thomas Trees. They are at Lowell where there are some extensive manufacturies. They are doing very well, I believe, as regards this life."

Mrs. Sophia T. Watson, daughter of John Trees, residing in Lawrence, Mass., in August, 1925, wrote to me concerning the family, that her father and mother were married in Baildon, Yorkshire, England, in 1840.

Also, that the married names of her father's sisters, Mary, Elizabeth, Sarah and Sophia, were Hepper, Grayson, Stevenson and Walker, respectively, and that his brother William and all his sisters lived and died in England. The brothers, John and Thomas, left England in November or December, 1847, had a long tedious voyage, and first located in Lowell, Mass., in January, 1848, and engaged in the dyeing business. Later they moved some ten miles

north to the then new city of Lawrence, where her father continued the same business until his death in 1899. The death of her uncle Thomas occurred in 1873, in Fitchburg, Mass., where he had gone some years previously to continue in the same business. His widow and daughter, some years later, went to California and nothing has been heard from them for a long time.

Of her own immediate family she mentions that her mother passed away in February, 1910; that her oldest brother Fred died in August of the same year. Mrs. Watson, being a widow, together with the widow of her brother John, continued to occupy the old home in Lawrence until 1912, when they disposed of it and removed to another part of the city, where they remained until November, 1924, when her sister-in-law died. She mentions that in 1911, she and her sister Lillie, Mrs. Fred Agnew of Fall River, Mass., went abroad and visited England, Scotland, Ireland, and France. They found very few relatives living, except cousins and nephews, and the principal part of their time was spent with their aunt, a sister of their mother. Mrs. Watson and her brother Harry, living in Lawrence, and Mrs. Agnew in Fall River, are the only surviving children.

In 1874, Mr. and Mrs. John Trees made their first and only visit to the home of grandfather Joseph Harrison and his other relatives on the Dining Fork. I remember him as a stout stockily built man of the English type, and very much interested in what was to him the "western country". He had the alert habit of quick observation, no doubt imbibed in part from his contact with the "Yankees" of Massachusetts for more than a quarter of a century. They and grandfather had a most delightful exchange of observations on this country and their recollections of persons and events during that part of their lives spent in England.

This event led to a correspondence between the writer and their daughter, Mrs. Sophia T. Watson, which has continued in the occasional exchange of letters to the present time, but it was not until 1895, that I first met her when my wife and I visited the city of Boston upon the occasion of the Knights Templars Conclave in that city.

We had gone with a party by way of Cleveland, and Buffalo, down the St. Lawrence, the Thousand Islands, and the city of Montreal. Our pilgrimage was accompanied by the First Regiment band of Cincinnati, and on the evening when we reached the latter city, it was late at night, and our march through the streets of the

city was punctuated by the band playing the airs, "Onward Christian Soldier", "Marching through Georgia", and "America", and as we saw the shutters opened and windows go up, we guessed the query was in the minds of the occupants of the houses, "What invading host is this?" Those were airs which were to have a more welcome significance nearly a quarter of a century later in the World War.

The after part of our journey through the White Mountains, our views of Mt. Washington, and down the Merrimac River were no less interesting.

It had been prearranged that we should meet at our hotel, but how should we be known one to the other? The event is distinctly remembered. There they were, two ladies sitting in the ladies waiting room. Sophia and her sister, Lillie—Mrs. Agnew.

It was like meeting friends and relatives from home for they and their immediate families were the only relatives I had in that part of the United States. Lillie was the smaller and younger of the two, and the quick and ready answers of both, soon put us at ease and it was arranged that we should visit them at Lawrence, some twenty-two miles to the north. And there at No. 133 Lawrence street, where all my letters for years had gone, we found the home of the family, and were accorded a cordial welcome. Our visit extended over a few days, and in that time we met the different members of the family. Mr. Trees by that time had begun to take life easily and business cares had been shifted to the shoulders of the boys. He had in the side yard a summer house of octagonal shape, all screened to keep out the mosquitoes and other flying insects, and there in the evening we smoked and talked. I thought how many times before had he sat there and lived over again the years he had known in both England and America. He told me much that was interesting of both countries, and I have often wished since that I had known more about many interesting subjects which have come to my attention in recent years. He was portly and gracious in his bearing, and was just such a grandfather as his descendants would delight to remember.

The girls took us to church and through the large cotton and woolen mills of the city, where we saw an army of operatives and a forest of whirling spindles.

One incident I remember of especial interest. It was a drive in a buggy behind a spirited horse which Mrs. Trees drove and it extended through that seat of learning, Andover, Mass. She pointed

out the old Phillips Academy, founded in 1780: also, the home of that best loved clergyman of his time, Bishop Phillips Brooks, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. I had learned of his fame as a traveler and orator and especially of his wonderful magnetism in interesting children. I came afterwards to know that he was the first American clergyman (1874) to receive an invitation to preach in Westminster Abbey, and that in 1880, he preached in Windsor Castle to an audience which included Queen Victoria. This great man, born in 1835, was at the time of his death in 1893, the representative man of the city of Boston.

Mrs. Trees at that time told me many incidents of the Harrison family history and particularly of grandfather, of whose memory she spoke with an affectionate regard. She was active and alert for one of her age, and it would not have been too much to have reckoned that her life would have extended beyond the year 1910, when she passed away.

What was known as the Germantown Farm loomed large in the lives of Joseph Harrison and his family. It was a bone of contention for a score of years and caused him to make many trips to Cadiz and Steubenville, besides a considerable outlay for expenses. It became so involved in trials and retrials and intricate questions of law, that as a boy I never understood it, and only afer I came to the law, and read and reread the reported case in the 11th volume, page 339, of the Ohio State Reports, was it made clear to me.

It grew out of his purchase on November 1, 1845, of 172 acres of land lying next north of the "Home" farm, the first one to be purchased by him in that locality. It was good land, heavily timbered, mostly bottom and second bottom, lying for the most part at the delta, or junction of the Calcott, and the two main branches of the Dining Fork. At the time of purchase it was all woods except a little around a two story hewn log house, the one in which I was born. He paid $500.00 for it; and in the intervening time, until November 4, 1854, when the litigation started, a large portion of the farm had been cleared by him. The portion just north of the intersection of the two roads, one leading south-west down the valley, and the other leading east across the valley, and follows south over the ridge to New Market (now Scio), was an elevated plateau, which had been selected as a site for a town, and to which the name "Germantown" was given. The town never got further than the name,

for the one solitary house, above mentioned, was the only one ever built upon it.

The farm was purchased from the executors of the last will and testament of one Michael Castner, a resident of Jefferson county, Ohio, the purchase money paid, and no thought was taken but what it was all right. The complainant who brought the suit was Rasselas Castner, son of Michael, who died April 20, 1844, and who set up the claim that his father, in his lifetime, about May 10, 1843, had deeded the Germantown farm to him. That deed was not recorded, the law then not requiring deeds to be recorded immediately after execution, for the protection of the rights of innocent purchasers.

The effect of the making and delivery of such a deed was what Grandfather had to meet. There could not be any doubt about the proposition that the execution and delivery of a deed for a consideration would carry the title to the grantee, and it would take *another deed* back from the grantee to dislodge him of the title when it had once vested in him.

It being conceded that there had been a deed made and delivered by the father to the son of the Germantown farm, grandfather's only defense as to title was to establish another transaction between the same father and son, wherein the evidence tended to prove that the father and Rasselas, the son, had made a *parol agreement* wherein it was agreed that in a certain deed for a farm in Jefferson county, made by Michael to Rasselas, for an expressed consideration of $2,000.00 on May 24, 1843, it was agreed by the son to reconvey to the father the Germantown farm. The father remained in possession of the Germantown farm until his death, and the son Rasselas never reconveyed to his father the title to the Germantown farm which he had agreed to do and which he had previously acquired.

When it came to the trial the son Rasselas claimed he had made no such verbal agreement; that the consideration for the Jefferson county deed was "love and affection", and not $2,000.00; that it, and the Germantown farm, were a part only of the share of the father's estate which he intended him to have; that it was deeded to him to pay his, the son's, debts, etc.

The two questions, therefore, in the case were:

1. Was there such an oral agreement?
2. If, when the legal title was found to be in the son, Rasselas, was grandfather entitled, as an innocent occupying claimant, to be paid for his improvements made on the farm?

The case was tried in March, 1855, and resulted in a verdict for Rasselas Castner.

A second trial was demanded under the statute, and under an amended answer filed by grandfather, wherein the legal title was admitted to be in Rasselas Castner, grandfather denied that said Castner was entitled to the *possession* of the farm; that he (grandfather) was the equitable owner; also, that Castner was not entitled to be reimbursed, as he had claimed in his petition, for the rents and profits, because the same were barred by the statute of limitations. Upon the question of the oral agreement the jury *failed to agree.*

The issue was again presented to a jury in November, 1855, and a verdict was returned for Castner.

The case was appealed to the District Court and the jury in that court failed to agree.

At the October term, 1858, the case was again tried in the District Court and the verdict was for Castner.

Castner also claimed that grandfather had notice of his (Castner's) claim before he (grandfather) bought the Germantown farm; that the same would defeat any claim he could make as an occupying claimant, for the reason that if he bought with notice of the outstanding claim he would, technically, be guilty of collusion and constructive fraud, and would not be entitled to compensation for improvements, and the District Court took that view, and so decided.

There was now nothing left but to go to the Supreme Court. That court decided that as to the question of fact, the oral agreement, having been decided in favor of Castner by a jury, there was just one other question, and that of law, as to the effect of the *notice* above mentioned and this they decided in grandfather's favor, holding that:

"The mere fact that the occupant has notice of the claim, which is successfully asserted, is not conclusive evidence of fraud and collusion on the part of the purchaser, but he may show, notwithstanding such notice, that he purchased in actual good faith, and made his improvements in the honest belief that the land was his own."

It is my recollection that I also heard that it was in evidence that when Castner and son made the oral agreement in reference to the Jefferson County farm, that the son as a part consideration for the same, agreed to reconvey to the father the Germantown farm; and as evidence of his relinquishing it, the deeed to the same, in favor of the son, was burned in the presence of both of them. But

even so, that would not have divested the son of the title, it would still have required a deed of the son to the father or executors to do it.

When the case came back to the Common Pleas court at Cadiz, there was the question of the appraisal of the occupying claimant's damages, and of the farm and its sale, and it was purchased by one Daniel Ammon, and from him father bought it for forty dollars per acre, on May 25th, 1866, and thus ended the purchase of the *same farm a second time.*

Father deeded fifty-three acres of it to his brother, William C. Harrison, retained one hundred and nine acres of it, and it has remained in the two families ever since.

Grandfather's lawyers in the case were R. S. Moody of Steubenville, Stuart B. Showell of Cadiz, also John A. Bingham of the same place, afterwards Congressman from our district for sixteen years, Judge Advocate in the trial of the assassins of Lincoln and Minister to Japan for twelve years.

What the attitude of Rasselas Castner was in the case, if he did make the oral agreement with his father to reconvey the Germantown farm when he got the Jefferson county farm and sold it for his own account, may be judged from what he unquestionably did in other particulars, viz.:

1. As one of his father's legatees he got his share of the $500.00 which grandfather originally paid for the farm when it was in the woods.
2. Knowing that the farm had been once paid for he refused to convey the same to his father or his executors and make good that which he had promised his father.
3. He also must have known that in an Executor's deed there is no warranty, and that with the legal title in himself grandfather had no protection, and that he was taking advantage of him and his family in a matter wherein he had failed to do his duty, and grandfather had done his full duty by the father in paying his executors all they agreed to take for the farm in 1845.
4. Then added to this he had the *nerve,* in an attempt to deprive grandfather of *anything,* to charge that he had notice of his claim, and that he was guilty of "collusion and fraud", in order to prevent him from being compensated for the improvements which had been made on the farm. Luckily the Supreme Court saw "the light", and did all that could have been done under the circumstances.

CHAPTER IX

1849 *California Gold Excitement—Joseph Harrison's John Harrison Anxious to Go—Death of Joseph Harrison's Youngest Son—Religious Views of Joseph and Benjamin—Death of John Raymond —London Exposition of* 1851*—John Harrison expected to Go, but Instead Got Married—Death of Mrs. Joseph Harrison—Russia Threatens War.*

JUST prior to the year 1849, and during the four years which followed, occurred events of absorbing interest to Joseph Harrison. That was the year of the great gold excitement in California. His son John was then 19 years of age, a strong and vigorous lad, and ambitious to go West in quest of the precious metal. It was a long, hazardous trail of about 3,000 miles, and, from the Missouri River, had to be made on foot and by ox-team. His father dissuaded him from his purpose and it was a good thing he did. Valentine Calcott, a young Englishman in the neighorhood, joined the gold-seekers and endured all the hardships of that long journey through the mountains and over the desert beset with hostile Indians. He lived to return and make his future home in Iowa. I have heard his description of that adventure, his account of the many men who perished and whose remains were buried by the wayside; of the bleaching bones of oxen and of abandoned property strewn along the trail. He stated that his estimate was, that if the castaway log chains strewn between the Missouri River and the State of California had been hooked together they would have made a continuous chain between the two places.

The death of Joseph Harrison, Jr., which occurred on January 7, 1847, when at the age of 7 years, was a great blow to his father, and added to his grief was the recollection of a weather condition to which the little fellow had been thoughtlessly exposed. He had accompanied his father and Mr. John Patterson upon a walk upon a cold day, and when the men were about to separate their conversation lasted sufficiently long for the little boy to get chilled and from that cold he never recovered.

That the event deeply affected his father is shown in the matter of his religious convictions. He joined the Methodist Church and was a member of that denomination until his death. He never did any work on Sunday that he could have done the day before. He always shaved on Saturday. In that connection I have heard him quote Robert Burns, of whose poety he was very fond: "Better never be born than Sunday shorn."

His feelings upon the subject of religion must have been set forth in a letter to his sister Sarah Ann Reffitt, for in her letter of March 27, 1851, she wrote:

"I shall never forget the feelings of gratitude to God that thrilled my soul when I read the letter that brought the word of your dear boy's death, and that it had been the means of spiritual life to you and your dear partner. Oh, how often, my dear brother has our Heavenly Father to touch us in the very tenderest part to bring us to himself.

He takes away a beloved husband or a darling child, that we may place our affections supremely on him. I have sustained a heavy loss in the death of my beloved husand, though it was attended with much mercy. We were not like many who have been thrown upon the wide world without a provision for their wants. God has prospered my dear Joseph in his business. It was no small comfort to my dear departed husband that he was able to leave us in comfortable circumstances. I have a great charge left with six children without a father's authority or counsel; but I must put my trust in Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless and a husband to the widow. I may bless his name for goodness and mercy have followed me all my lifelong.

* * * * *

"I am sure, my dear Brother, you will often think of our sainted Mother. I shall never forget while memory lasts, the morning you left us. My dear Mother, like herself, to spare your feelings, bore up with the greatest fortitude until you had gone, but oh! what a scene did I witness when you had gone. It was like as if her pent up feelings would burst her tender, gushing heart; but soon I saw her enter her bedroom and there she knelt down and poured out her full soul into the ear of her convenient God. No doubt she prayed for temporal blessings to rest upon you, but above all that you might become a child of God, and then, if she never saw you again in this world, you would meet her in Heaven. How those prayers have been answered you, my dear brother, are a living witness. I consider it one of the greatest blessings to have had praying parents. It is a better legacy than silver or gold."

In the same letter she wrote:

"We have never seen your wife but we owe her a debt of gratitude; we can never repay her for her kind attention to our dear sister McLandsborough in her long and painful affliction. Oh, my dear Brother, it was a mercy for us that we did not know her distressing sufferings until they were all over, and she was safely landed on Caanan's happy shore. Oh, what a joyful meeting it will be if we all meet in Heaven after all our painful separations here. Had intended to write and thank you both for your kind attentions to her before this, but was waiting for a letter from you. Your letter was at Stubbings. They neglected sending it. * * * It was a great consolation that our poor, dear, sister ended her days at your house where she could have more comfort than she could have at her own home."

He must have exchanged observations upon the same subject in letters to his brother, Benjamin, who wrote:

"You may ask, after being so explicit about the habits and attainments of others, how I am coming on. I must tell you that I have a good deal of anxiety about my future well being, and I am frequently told how easy it is to get religion, but somehow I have not been able to grasp it. What it is that hinders I cannot tell, whether it is self-righteousness, or if it is not properly estimating the blessings I already enjoy, or if it is a want of humility, I cannot tell.

"You may be able to throw some light on the subject. It is a subject that is discussed daily at our house—there is no lack of exhorters at our house. I forgot to tell you what persuasion our family have joined. My wife has joined rather a new body of Christians called Christian Brethren, who believe that Christ will come to reign personally on the earth during the Millennium and those that have died in that faith will rise to reign with him on the Earth, and those Christians who are living at the time of his coming will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air and the wicked will be cut off. They also believe that if they are once converted they cannot be lost. They believe that a person may fall into sin but that he will be, assuredly, brought back again. I do not agree with them at all on that point. I tell my wife it is dangerous doctrine. They also object to paid parsons, they have preachers but they have no fixed income, they depend entirely on what the Lord may send or dispose their followers to give. It will certainly prevent any taking it up for the sake of the income, which is too much the case with other denominations.

"Our children have, like you, joined the Wesleyans, and so you see we are not all of one mind exactly. That body is at present distracted by dissensions. No doubt you will have heard of the expulsion of three eminent preachers on suspicion of being concerned

in writing some Fly Sheets exposing the doings of some of the leading preachers in the connection and it has caused such a hub-bub as never was amongst them. Great numbers have taken part with the expelled, contending for a reform of many things which have crept into that body, and the party in power not being disposed to make any concessions, there is almost sure to be a split among them and that will cause a great number, of what I consider the best part, to leave the body; and wealthy people are coming forward to support the powers that be, so that the Church will, perhaps, be more powerful than ever, as regards pecuniary matters, and that is a great thing with them, no doubt. I don't think they are very scrupulous about admitting members if they are wealthy."

"I know there is a great difference betwixt your views and mine on religious matters. It is a subject on which I must confess my entire ignorance. I frequently feel a good deal of anxiety about it, but I make no progress at all in the acquisition of that kind of knowledge. This unbelief bothers me sadly and whether it will ever be removed or not I cannot tell. I see so much inconsistency—among professors—it makes me so that I scarcely know what to think about it. At the same time I am aware it will be no excuse for me. Yet, I see some very consistent in their deportment, and whose religion apparently makes them very happy, much happier than I am."

A few years later letters from England, contained in the significant black bordered envelope, began to arrive with greater frequency, and they continued well into my boyhood years, for I remember handing him one when he made the remark before he opened it: "They are about the only kind that come to me now from across the water."

January 2, 1849, Benjamin wrote:

"I seldom write without having to announce a death in the family. Sister Hannah has lost her husband after a very short illness. The cause of his death was water on the heart. He was within a very short time of his death apparently a vigorous active man. He has left her the interest of what he had, so long as she remains his widow, and at her decease our children are to have £500 amongst them. Hannah was living in furnished lodgings in the neighborhood of Yeadon. At present our three sisters are all widows. It seems to be something peculiar that they should be so situated."

In the same letter he states:

"Your old friend, Thomas Rhodes, died suddenly in an Asylum a short time ago. He perished from taking alcohol, it unsettled his reason. He was sent to York and died soon afterwards. Human constitutions, as well as National, may be upset, but one can be re-

newed, the other cannot. You see they are getting new ones on the Continent almost every week. Louis Napoleon has been made President of the French Republic, and the Pope at Rome has lost his throne, perhaps, only temporarily. There has been such a shaking of earthly thrones as there never was before."

And so with John Raymond:

"John still follows his old practices and appears to be fond of them as ever, and as selfrighteous. I fear he will never abandon them as long as he has the strength and means to indulge in them. But he can't stand it as he used to, it makes him very feeble sometimes. It is very bad to shake off when it is once acquired, but the fact is he has no wish to forget it."

He came to his end in 1852. Benjamin wrote of him in September of that year, saying:

"It is my painful duty to inform you of the death of John Raymond. He departed this life on Sunday last, the 19th of September, in an awfully sudden manner. He went to Otley last Friday week, and, as usual, got fresh in liquor and stayed all night. He left the Bay House on Saturday afternoon and went to the Swan, after being laid asleep in a barn in the back lane for an hour or two, with a man who was threshing. He laid on the long settee there asleep until 10 or 11 o'clock and when he awoke he had a glass of Gin and water, and requested to have a bed and he was put to bed by a nephew of Edwin Carwoods (who is now the landlord there) and when he had got into bed he said to this man: "There, I shall do now, God bless you", and the next morning about 8 o'clock he was found speechless and quite unconscious, by Joseph Myers of Darby, who had been staying all night at the Swan. Myers having been told that John was in bed there, and being acquainted with him, he expressed a wish to see him before he set off home to Darby, and he found him in that condition. Edwin immediately went for a Doctor and sent Jim Robinson to tell me, and as soon as I saw him I was horror struck by the thought that something had happened to John. He lived for six or seven hours after we got there, but never spoke or took the least notice of anything. The Doctor bled him and applied blisters but it was all of no use. He sunk quickly into the sleep of Death.

"I cannot get on with writing. I never had such a stroke in my life. I suppose they were under no apprehension about him when he went to bed, not observing anything particular about him more than usual. Old Bailey, late of Pool Walk Mills, remarked to some one as John went past his house, which is just below the Swan, 'that John Raymond was struck with death, and that he would never get home alive.'

"There was an inquest held over him last Tuesday and their verdict was that he died by the Will of God. It was quite unnecessary to hold an inquest, but a certain busy Constable wanting the allowance for such, went for the Coroner and I went all the way to Shipton to try to prevent it, but it could not be done, the Coroner having issued his warrant for the inquest on the strength of what the Constable had stated."

* * * * *

"I have been informed that many of the jurymen wept bitterly at the inquest over him. Poor man, he was very much respected—a man better disposed never lived, but with one exception."

In the year 1851, if the cloud of sorrow still hung low for Joseph Harrison, it was not so for his son John. He was then hopeful of making a visit to England and his father had written to his sister, Mrs. Reffitt, that he expected to go and visit them, also the great Exposition held in London during that year. But it was not to be. It was the old story. John had become interested in one of the Scotch daughters (Euphemia) of John Patterson, the neighbor adjoining on the north, and the prospect of an ocean voyage was not to be thought of where an affair of the heart was to be considered.

This, like the decision, not to go to California, was another which had to do with his destiny and that of his descendants.

"I must now, my dear brother, turn from speaking of our families to speak of yours. We are all delighted at the information you give us, that it is likely that your eldest son may pay us a visit. I need not say how glad we should be to see him. Nothing could give us greater pleasure than to see a son of yours. I hope you will not disappoint us. Do not let buying the railway shares prevent his coming. I think you can manage both and may we hope, my dear brother, that at no distant period we may have the unspeakable pleasure of seeing your face again. It is not such a formidable thing to cross the Atlantic now as it was when you crossed last. Now that they have got Steamships to such perfection and the voyage is accomplished in so short a time. I do hope that now your sons have got up, you and my sister will come to England when your son John comes."

Benjamin, under date of April 11, 1852, wrote concerning the visit as follows:

"You may tell your son John that he need not let the wedding prevent him from coming to see us. Tell him to come and bring his wife with him. We were all considerably elated at the prospect of seeing him and disappointed when we found that he was not coming;

and we should be glad to see your younger son, tell him not to do as his brother has done, viz.: get married instead of coming, tell him when he begins to think about changing his situation to have a look around in England, and if he be at all like his father, he will not object to an English girl."

* * * * *

"If you have not received Sarah Ann's letter you will think it strange that I have not written, especially as you announced your son's intention to come over to England. I need not tell you, perhaps, that he has lots of relations very anxious to see him on this side of the water. I can assure you there was a good deal of talk about it when he was expected to come and I hope the cause of his delay may not prove as disastrous as some railway speculations in this country."

And so soon does the night follow the day, there came to Joseph Harrison another sorrow which was to mark an event, to have a great influence upon his life. On April 29, 1853, his wife, Ellen Hartley Harrison died, at the age of 47 years.

Benjamin wrote of it under date of June 30, 1853:

"I duly received your letter announcing the death, the awfully sudden death of your beloved wife. We all most sincerely condole with you on account of the truly painful bereavement you have sustained. It is no very light matter to lose a good wife, but I believe no one can properly estimate such a loss but those who have experienced it. It has been suggested by some of our sisters, and my wife, that this would be a favorable opportunity for you to visit this country. That it would be a change for you and might be the means of helping you over your troubles. If you should consider to do it, it would afford great pleasure to many of your friends in England and it would be likely to have that effect. It may be worth your while to come and I believe you have two steady managing sons to leave. Therefore, request that you will weigh the matter over."

Of the farming industry he wrote in January, 1852:

"You want to know how we are getting on. We are not likely to get suddenly rich by farming in this country. Still when a farm is to let there are numbers for it. People cling to the old sod, many don't believe in emigrating. There are a few going over to Ireland to farm, both Scotch and English, and more would go if they durst venture their lives and property there. It is represented as a fine country, but great numbers have left it for all parts of the World, through povertv, I suppose. We have an immense number of Irish in Otley. I suppose five or six hundred at least.

"Mr. Ferguson is leaving his farm at Throstle next and he is looking out for another. He did make some little inquiry about

some Irish farms, but I think he will hardly venture on one. He is about one near Liverpool at present. Of course you know who I mean—that is Janet McLandsborough's husband. I suppose they are offering many of the Irish farms at very low rent and, no doubt, after awhile they will be taken both by Scotch and English farmers as both the land and climate are very good."

In April, 1853:

"There is a good number of both Scotch and English farmers finding their way into Ireland. I suppose it is no bad place to go if they will allow them and their stock to live."

There have been some disastrous Railway speculations:

"I will give you an instance of one in our neighborhood. At Leeds, where they are £50 a share, paid up, and the shareholders are not receiving one farthing of interest, and perhaps never will, and there are many other cases quite as bad."

Of political changes Benjamin wrote in January, 1852:

"You will be astonished with the turnup in France—the sudden change from Liberty to Despotism. They are a fickle race of beings. * * * The Speeches of the great Kossuth. I fancy he will meet with substantial sympathy in America. He is a fine fellow. I think we shall have enough to do to keep out of war these times. It seems to me to be unfortunate for this country, Lord Palmerton leaving the Ministry at the present time. I do not think we have another man so well qualified to manage foreign affairs as himself, but there are always some changes taking place in this changing world of ours, but seldom for the better."

Also, in June, 1853, Benjamin wrote:

"There is, at present, considerable apprehension over preparations for war, the great Autocrat of Russia threatening to make an aggression upon the Turks, and if he should, it is quite clear that England and France have determined to take up for Turkey, they having ordered their respective Fleets to be in readiness for such an event. They seem to think that the great Emperor already has power enough in Europe, so there is no telling where it may end. Some think he will scarcely dare to strike the blow, seeing those two formidable Powers determined to oppose him in concert with Turkey, and Barnes says (may be Baines) 'it is all about a Key of a Church in the town of Bethlehem'. What a world this is, to be sure. My father's predictions have just crossed my mind and don't appear to be very likely to be verified at present respecting this country, viz.: revolution in England. I believe people in general, I mean the working classes, were never better off nor able to com-

mand more of the necessities and luxuries of life, than they are at the present time in England, nor generally more contented; but there are too many sadly disposed to abuse their privileges in the indulgence of that cursed thing called drink,—instead of providing for a panic which may overtake us, notwithstanding the great benefit resulting from the adoption of free trade."

CHAPTER X

Joseph Harrison Visits England and Scotland (1854)—*Visits John Trees* (*Lawrence, Mass.*) *on the Way—Letters from England—Incidents of Travel—Letters from Home—Steam Railroad Reaches New Market, Ohio—Food Prices* (1831)—*Letter of Sarah Hartley—Joseph Harrison's Diary, Notes on England and Scotland—His Return via New York, Hudson River and Niagara Falls.*

IT was natural that the thoughts of Joseph Harrison, after the passing of his wife, of whom he always spoke and wrote with an affectionate regard, should turn to England. That he might go and look once more upon the scenes of his youth and gladden the hearts of his brother, sisters, and relatives who had so often importuned him to come.

As often happens in American life, when the modern home is built and all the family are in high hopes of enjoying more of its comforts, death invades the family and all seems lost. His two-story brick dwelling with ample porch, which he had only occupied a few years, was in finish and style one of the best in that part of the country. His barn was large and substantial and his other out buildings answered every need. Even the saw-mill did a thriving business for there was still much timber in the neighborhood to be cut and sawed. His interest in the affairs of his adopted country had caused him to furnish the "parlor" with the portraits of all the American Presidents up to that time. They were still there in my boyhood days when my parents came to occupy it, as mentioned in the statement which is to follow.

He was all alone and he must have had a feeling that it would be well to get away from associations which must have been so painful. In this extremity he entered into an agreement with his son, John, to take the home farm, and he would take another about half the size on which he later erected a new dwelling which he continued to occupy until his death.

Prior to that time we had lived on the "Germantown" farm,

about one-half mile to the north, in the two-story log house, previously mentioned. The stairway to the second story was built on the outside of the structure and, likewise, the chimney of huge dimensions for the great wood fire-place within. The spring was just a few rods to the east at the foot of a little ledge or hill, and a great hickory tree, famous for its large nuts and hick shells, now all gone except the spring which, with the clearing of the forest, only shows in a feeble way.

At the end of one year after our removal to the old homestead, which he occupied with us, he had fully resolved to revisit England. The "Home Thoughts" of Browning must have filled his soul:

> "Oh to be in England
> Now that April's there,
> And whoever wakes in England
> Sees, some morning, unaware
> That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
> Round the Elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
> While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
> in England—now!"

His enthusiasm and outlook upon this trip are shown in his first letter written to his "Dear Boys" from Pittsburgh, under date of April 18th, 1854, wherein he states:

"We arrived safely in Pittsburgh after a stormy day. Our journey began at Carrollton and we traveled from there to Bayard Station without accident, although I must say that I felt some timidity traveling on that flat car rail. On our way to Wellsville we went through some deep cuts where there did not seem to be a foot to spare on either side, but *we went through like a dart.* We got to Wellsville about 2 o'clock and went aboard a steamboat and landed in Pittsburgh about 10 o'clock in the evening.

We are in pretty good health and spirits. Martin Workman is not so well this morning. I am in haste—we start in half an hour for Philadelphia. Excuse me for the present, more particulars next time.

Joseph Harrison."

"I now sit down to finish my letter. I did not get a chance to put it in the post office at Pittsburgh and we are now in New York.

We arrived here about 1 o'clock Wednesday and will take a steamer for Boston and travel all night. I expect to get to Lawrence tomorrow.

We have passed through some wonderful scenery the last few

days, such as I never saw before. The present age says, 'go ahead'. Here is a mighty place. It takes money pretty fast. Every fellow is after his gain. They follow us about like dogs, all for the dollars and cents. It is only once in a while that one can get correct information. This is a queer world of people. I have not been on board of an ocean steamer yet, but I have seen several lying alongside of the wharf. They are monsters.

I will write again when I get to Lawrence and give you more particulars. Mr. Workman wishes you to acquaint his friends that he is well and will write from Boston.

I hope the Almighty will preserve us to meet again on this side of the grave.

Your affectionate father,

Joseph Harrison."

I have heard Grandfather tell a story about that trip which amused him very much. When they were in a hotel in Boston, on one side of the office there was a large mirror and Mr. Workman, a neighbor, who had gone with him to visit near Boston, not realizing what he was doing, stepped up and asked *himself* what time it was. Grandfather said some guests in the place had a most hearty laugh over the incident.

The "Lawrence" mentioned was the home of his nephew, John Trees, son of Mary, his sister, and that he received a most cordial welcome was forecast in the letter which follows:

"Lawrence, Feb. 4th, '54.

Dear Uncle:

I am duly in receipt of yours of the 20th ult. I am sorry to hear of your irreparable loss in the death of my aunt. I hope you are able to bear the loss with fortitude and look on it as the lot of all. I am glad to hear that you have made up your mind to go to England. I am sure that all our relations will be glad to see you. You will, no doubt, know that my aunt Walker and uncle John are both dead. My mother, I hope, will be alive to see you once more. I know she will be most truly happy. I have heard her speak of you hundreds of times with the greatest of feeling. For my own part I shall take it as a favor, you doing me the honor of calling to see us. We will do all that lays in our power to make your stay pleasant.

When you get to Philadelphia you can take the car for Boston and come right through in one day. When you arrive in Boston you must inquire for the Haymarket Square Depot, and take your fare for Lawrence, any of the cab men know my place and will bring you right along.

The steamer leaves Boston on the 12th and 26th of April, for England. They are punctual to the hour. * * * Please to give our kind regards to your family and all relations.

I remain, dear uncle,

Yours,
John Trees."

To those who are familiar with the locality it must be said that the rumble of the fast flying trains which now echo between the hills of the Dining Fork had not then reached our nearest town, old New Market (now Scio), on the great Pennsylvania railroad hence his best way to make his journey to the sea coast was to go from his home to Carrollton, the county seat of Carroll County, which was some 12 miles north of his home. The little road which ran from that place with its "flat rail" to Bayard Station, must have been a very primitive affair, most likely wooden rails with thin "strap-iron" rails fastened on the surface.

One can easily imagine that upon that trip, as well as the one to Wellsville on the Ohio River, the locomotives with their bell-crowned smoke stacks made a great demonstration, and in comparison with horse travel they did go "like a dart". That exhibition must have been something like Mark Twain says of a town, "the smaller the town the more important the Mayor." One thing saved him from much discomfort, the distance could not have been very great, for on the first, the fare was only *fifty cents*, and on the second, it was *one dollar and a half*.

Of his ocean trip and his first impression of England, let it be told in his own words:

"Otley, May 11, 1854.

Dear Boys:

I arrived safely in England on the 8th day of May after a passage of twelve days and a half and that very foggy and cold. I came in the Steamship America for Fifty-five dollars. I got over far cheaper than I expected. We landed in the night about eleven or twelve o'clock. I staid on board till morning then went ashore and took breakfast and started for Yorkshire about ten o'clock. I arrived at Leeds about two in the afternoon. I have three sisters living there but did not enquire them out. I thought I would go to my father's house first. I then started to Otley on the cars and was taken six miles too far, the first blunder I made. I stayed a few hours till a return train came, I then got back to Arthington, which is about four miles from where I was born. I could have gone

home that night, but stayed at Pool, which is one mile from where I first drew breath. All this was accomplished in a piece of a day. I left Pool the next morning for home. I took my little trunk and sauntered along very easily, scarcely able to recognize my old haunts, still once in a while something would hove in view that I could trace out; but I never was so near lost in my life. This country is a garden and far surpasses anything I had conceived of it, everything is bursting into bloom and it has a green sward of which no country in the world can boast of a prettier.

I have not seen any of our people but Benjamin's family, they were pleased to see me; it is a long absence, twenty-eight years.

I have been up to Otley two or three times and as soon as I became known they were after me on all sides. There were a great many people who knew me I suppose, likely, by the rest of the family.

This Otley has not improved in a ratio with other towns, yet there has been something done here in the building line, but it is one of the richest and prettiest countries, surely, under the sun. I yesterday heard the cuckoo for the first time in twenty-eight years. You have often heard me talk about the Cuckoo.

My brother has a fine farm, it is all as level as that field below our barn, but how he stands in the world I don't know. He is now farming more land than belongs to the old place, he is buying fertilizer to put on another person's land, and you know I would not do that, perhaps it may pay.

I have not fully determined whether I shall go to Scotland or not, perhaps I may, if I do I will keep Mr. Patterson's money and deliver it to them myself. I shall also go to Mr. Ferguson's. I have not determined yet. I should have written from Liverpool but I had no chance. Liverpool is a mighty place. There is more shipping to and from its port than any port in the known world; but if I had to come twenty times, I would not come by Boston and Halifax, it is a dangerous route. We had foggy weather into Halifax and were detained there a full day; then on the banks it was foggy again; and I saw icebergs as big as a five acre field, and had we run afoul of one we should perhaps, have been launched into Eternity. There is a steamship called the City of Glasgow that has been absent sixty or seventy days. She is an iron ship and most likely has run against one of these dangers of the deep. She had four hundred souls on board and most likely not a human being is left to tell the story It is an awful thing to be launched into Eternity in a moment. I hope the Almighty will spare me to return to you. I cannot say now how long I shall stay, but not so very long.

I shall write again before long and I want you to write to me. You four persons (he must have meant father, mother, myself and uncle William C. Harrison) are the nearest to my heart of anything I have left in the world.

You will give my respects to all inquiring friends, and you can tell them that I arrived safely in the Old World. No more at present.

From your affectionate father,

Joseph Harrison."

At about the same period Emerson gave a picture of England as he then saw it:

"England is a garden. Under an ash-colored sky, the fields have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plough. The solidity of the structures that compose the towns speaks the industry of ages. Nothing is left as it was made. Rivers, hills, valleys, the sea itself feel the hand of a master. The long habitation of a powerful and ingenious race has turned every rood of land to its best use, has found all the capabilities, the arable soil, the quarriable rock, the highways, the byways, the fords, the navigable waters; and the new arts of intercourse meet you everywhere, so that England is a huge phalanstery (community) where all that man wants is provided within the precinct. Cushioned and comforted in every manner, the traveler rides as on a cannon-ball, high and low, over rivers and towns, through mountains in tunnels of three or four miles, at near twice the speed of our trains; and reads quietly the Times newspaper, which by its immense correspondence and reporting, seems to have machinized the rest of the world for his occasion."

A present day picture of landing at Liverpool and the trip to London is given by Hamlin Garland:

"Lush meadows, flecked with fat red cattle feeding beside slow streams; broad lawns rising to wooded hills, on which many-towered gray buildings rose; sudden thick walled towns; factories, winding streams, noble trees, and finally a yellow mist, and London!"

One can easily imagine that during the month following the arrival of Joseph Harrison in England the time was busily occupied with relatives and friends whom he had not seen for twenty-eight years.

It brings to mind his sitting in the arm chair in the old homestead, so affectionately referred to in subsequent letters from England alluding to his visit.

There were changes in the family life of his relatives, old acquaintances dropping in to see him, their inquiries about that strange America beyond the ocean, all to be gone over, and what was forgotten in one visit would be sure to come up in the next, until time ran away before they realized it.

Then there was that trip into Scotland to be made, and how he

and his brother Benjamin made it is set forth in his letter, from that country, which follows:

"Castle Douglas, Scotland.
June 14, 1854.

Dear Boys:

I sit down to address you from the land of rocks and heather. I left Yorkshire with my brother Benjamin the 5th day of June. We started from Harrogate about noon on Monday of that day and arrived in Edinburgh the same night. We stayed there two nights and one day. It is the most romantic place I ever saw, the buildings are from four to seven stories, all of stone, and then the natural scenery is grand beyond description. We were on the top of King Arthur's seat, which overlooks the whole city. We left there for Glasgow but did not stay long in that place. From there we went to where John Mc's (John McLandsborough) daughter lives and staid several days in the neighborhood. They are very hospitable people. We rode about in their buggies from one place to another and had wine and nice things. They appear to me to live very comfortably.

I came to Castle Douglas on the 13th of June and went to the Misses Patterson and found only the young one at home, the older was gone to a place about sixteen miles distant. I gave the money to Margaret but could not be satisfied without seeing them both so I started to a place called Molock.

The farms here have a name and they call the occupant by the same, and they all seem to understand the phraseology.

I have been trying to persuade these women to go to America but it seems to them to be a great job to cross the sea, they would like to go if they could see no danger in it, but it seems a trouble to the older one to think about it. I have given them all the encouragement I could and would assist them on the water as well as I could. They have nothing but themselves and, of course, it doesn't take much to maintain them. I leave here tomorrow for England and will leave them my address so that we can correspond. I don't intend to stay longer than the first of August so that there is not longer than six weeks to consider about it. I have to go to London yet and have a sight of the village. I have seen some strange sights already in the old land.

The place where I stayed last night was close to the sea. I took a walk this morning down amongst the rocks along the shore and saw where they had been worn by the dashing of the surf, perhaps for thousands of years. It is now cold and rainy, it appears to me no summer at all. There is not much sweating in this country.

In Scotland they drink plenty of whiskey. It is not an uncommon thing to see a man have business on both sides of the road. They don't drink whiskey in England, but they drink plenty of ale

and other spirits. They are great folks for their bellies, eat five times a day. The Masters, as they are called, do nothing much but go to market and eat.

I have not heard from you up to this date, but I hope there will be a letter for me when I get into England again. I shall go from here to Dumfries tomorrow and then take the rail for Shipley, and will stay awhile there and at Bradford.

You may tell Mr. Craven that I got the money without any bother. I went to see his uncle but he was not at home. His uncle Edward had been over to Shipley with his gig and they had gone to Horberry together. His health was not good and he was taking an outing. I got my tea with the old lady but did not stay all night, there was no person there who knew me. I am writing down some things as I pass along, you will have to dispense with me this summer. Try and get hands and save the harvest and take things as comfortably as you can. I hope we may be spared to meet again. Take care of the little boy. (It gives me pleasure to note that the "boy" referred to is the writer of this book.)

No more at present, but remain your

Affectionate father,
Joseph Harrison."

If we turn now to the news from home, the first he had received, being a letter from his son John, we can imagine with what interest he read it. There were no cables then, and nearly two months had elapsed since he had left his home on the Dining Fork.

A still greater contrast was that of March 8, 1926, when New York said, "Hello London"! and the voices of newspaper men were exchanged over the Telephone and the Radio.

June 4, 1854.

Dear Father:

It is with pleasure that I take up my pen to hold correspondence with you, though deep and wide waters are between us. We are all well at present, hoping that these few lines find you enjoying the same state of health.

We received your letter on the 2nd of June and were rejoiced to hear from you again; we also received your letters from Lawrence and New York. We are happy to hear that you enjoy yourself so well and that the old home of your childhood should be so much pleasure to you. I should like to view the old ground myself, and if spared I hope to see it some time. I should like to view the old castles and hedges dressed in living green, I am sure they would be a beautiful sight to me. I love anything beautiful in nature. You gave us rather a short letter when you wrote but you had been there but a short time then, but when you write again give us more particulars.

You did not say whether you were sick on board, or whether you were in a storm.

We had a desperate storm here and if a storm is as much harder, accordingly, on the sea as it was here I would suppose it must be terrific. It blew down the Wheeling bridge and threw it across the river. It got to swinging and still went further every time until at last the wind got under it and turned it right over and twisted the cables off. For several hours nobody would cross it because it swung so. It is a great loss; it cost two hundred thousand dollars, but they are going to put it up again. The storm also blew down timber and barns and everything that came in its way. It did not do us much damage. It blew down some timber on our farm.

It appears that it gets worse every year. You will recollect what a storm we had some years ago in Perry Township and the destruction to barns, houses and timber.

They are paying one dollar sixty-two for good wheat in New Market and it has been as high as $2.25 on the canal, which puts me in the notion of raising grain again.

The cars, [then known as the Steubenville and Indiana Railway,] ran to New Market on the first of June for the first time. There were three locomotives in town at once. I am going to Steubenville this week. We are rather lonesome this summer, but we are doing the best we know. We had a hard time to get a maid servant but we have a very good one now.

We have an abundance of pasture. We raised one hundred and forty-three lambs this spring and they are good ones. Our sheep are all in better order now than I ever saw them at this time of the year. They are making a considerable fuss about the Castner Estate. They broke Hans Wilson's will last court and from what I can learn they are going to try Castner's pretty hard; they say, if they get it done that this place of ours will have to be sold again. When I heard it I did not think about it but they say it can be broken. I was looking over the deeds. I want to know who made you the deed, but I could not find the one for that piece of land. I never pried into such things very much but I feel uneasy about it. William says you told him that all the deeds were in one drawer and you showed him the drawer but we both looked at every deed in the drawer and could not find it.

I saw John Smith yesterday at his uncles, on his road from California home to Iowa. He came by way of New York and was at sea twenty-four days. He says that there were twelve hundred passengers on board the ship and they only reported seven hundred. He says the tide of immigration has turned from California, instead of to it. He says he saw men from every country but Greenland. He says things are coming down there very fast now; he was sick last fall and had to pay a doctor $25.00 for coming two miles to see him and that it cost him one thousand dollars before he got well.

He says a man can make money very fast there, but he can spend it just as fast. I am inclined to think that he did not do so well, though he looked well and was dressed well. It is two years last May since he saw his wife and family.

Grandfather Hartley is getting better. He was over in the field where I was ploughing last week, and is pretty near as well as ever.

Thomas Fox wishes you to inquire about his brother. If you live to get back you can tell him something about them. Travel all you can and enjoy yourself. If I were in your place I would see all I could. That is what you went for, and do not lay out your money in clothes for us to rob yourself of pleasure, they will only be a bother to you coming home.

Mr. Workman's family are looking for him home every day. They got a letter from him stating that he arrived safely.

Write as soon as this comes to hand.

Your affectionate children,
William, John and Euphemia Harrison and little Joe.

P. S.—Little Joseph has got to running all around and he is company for any person who is fond of children."

By the end of June he was back in Old England again and of his experience we have a graphic account in the following letter:

"London, June 30, 1854.

Dear Boys:

I received your letter of June 4th and was glad to hear from you. I have been in some suspense on account of not hearing from you. I am now in this mighty city, such another one does not exist on the face of the Earth. Yesterday I went to see the Crystal Palace, which for magnitude and grandeur exceeds anything that I had conceived. I was lost in wonder and surprise. There is everything in miniature that the World contains, and scenery to represent it in its natural state, even in Zoology there were tigers looking out of their dens and lions looking out of their jungles. Indians of different nations, as large as life, standing in the bush and holding in their hands the weapons of war. There was statuary, as large as life, of celebrated men; two men I saw opposite each other that were as big as Brobdingnags. It was, upon the whole, the strangest sight that I ever beheld, or ever will see again. I do not know how to describe it for it is next to impossible to know how or where to begin or end, therefore, I might as well be quiet. I will bring a description of it. London altogether is on the most gigantic plan. Here are some of the mightiest fabrics surely that were ever reared.

Today I visited Westminster Abbey, a very ancient building, perhaps one thousand years at least since its erection. I walked over the Tomb of the Dead that has been there for ages. We also visited the Parliament House, met with a policeman who showed us

the interior of the building, saw the wool-sack and touched it; the whole place shines like gold, you would have no idea of the giant plan on which it is built, the magnitude and grandeur exceeds, by far, my most sanguine expectations.

There is a young man, a nephew of mine, came with me from Leeds, called John Reffitt. He is a smart boy, still he don't know as much as he thinks he does. He would like to be the whole and sole dictator if I would let him, but I know a little matter for myself, and will have a little of my own way.

I shall not stop very long in London, at any rate not more than a week. I was in the Bank of England and saw them shoveling gold and silver and groups of men around large tables counting paper money, piles upon piles, and there was nothing less than five pounds. They were placing the fives, tens, twenties and to one thousand to suit the high and low. There is everything here from the most abject poverty to the highest life you could suppose: a hum from morning to night. The quantity of carriages in the streets would amaze any man, going as hard as they can, and the sidewalks lined with men and women of all sorts and sizes and appearances, that make their living in various ways. Some boys, say ten years old, will have blocks at the corners of the streets where they will clean your boots for one penny without taking them off. You get the worth of your money here. You can call for what you like beef, mutton, ham; I can get a good dinner for 16 cents, good enough for any man.

I have not made away with very much money yet. I shall have sixty pounds left when I get home, but it will cost me five pound more to go back than to come. I think I shall have something left to buy cloth to take back with me. I don't think I shall stay longer than the first of August. They use me very well at Otley. I could not be better treated.

The Railroad is going to make our country. I am very glad it was made in this country. I think they have reached their zenith. It is wonderful to see them dashing past with the velocity of lightning, roads turning off to the right and left and sometimes ten or fifteen tracks side and side together. Upon the whole it is far beyond what I expected but I think they have carried railroading to perfection here.

We started from Leeds at 7 o'clock in the morning and got into London at half past six, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. They don't travel much faster than in America, except some of the Express trains.

You mention in your letter that you have fears concerning the Germantown tract. For my part I am not the least afraid. If he should succeed in breaking the will he could not come on our property, it will be their own property that must suffer. I got a regular deed from his Executors, whom he had appointed, and if there is any loss they will have to bear it themselves. The deed is in

some of the drawers and it is also recorded, and if you go to Cadiz you will find it so. I got the deed long before the place was paid out. I do not see what they can do with us. If there has been anything they must make it good out of their own pockets, neither would I give it up for a trifle, it would take a few thousands. It is a good place and it is not in half a state of cultivation. It is capable of vast improvements. We know nothing about farming yet in America. If you were to see how they farm here you would wonder; but again, the wages here are not half what they are in America. I intend to take back with me some seeds of different kinds, sweed, turnip seed, a little oats and barley. It is the green crops that enables them to keep so much stock. My brother has ten acres which he has dunged and limed and they yield an immense quantity to the acre. I think they will answer our sheep through the winter if we could keep them (the crops) in the barn cellar.

I went to see Mrs. Hartley's brothers at Raveden and found them well. One of them farms about 20 acres of land and makes a fair living, at least, I should not think them ill off. He is a clever, hard-working man. This man, I think, is Thomas. John does not live very far off. They were glad to see me and they told me that they had lost directions and I gave them the correct address. I have as much pleasure in visiting honest, poor folks, and more, than I have the Nabobs.

There is a vast pride in England and our own family has some considerable share in these matters, more than I had anticipated.

* * * * *

I am nearly at the bottom of my paper and I have said next to nothing but I will have to quit. Do the best you can with the wool and sheep and everything else. Farm as you like, do as you please. Don't write letters to arrive later than the first of August. I hope the Almighty will enable me to arrive safe in my adopted country.

Joseph Harrison."

At the expense of a little repetition we now turn to the diary kept by Joseph Harrison, notes of his trip through parts of England and Scotland, and although the same was not known to exist by his grandchildren when he passed away, there is such a vigor and enthusiasm in his descriptions, that one almost feels that he could reach out and with a touch of his garments share the joy he must have felt nearly three quarters of a century ago:

"June 1, 1854.

Took a view of a fountain near Ripon, the finest ruin in England. I saw the secret hells of Catholicism, here and there staples in the wall to chain men to. Away with the dark ages for me, but though we have toleration there is plenty of darkness yet.

This Park contains four hundred acres, the whole premises one thousand, with great trees from two to six feet in diameter growing in beautiful avenues and four hundred deer in the Park. The ground is beautifully undulating and grand."

"June 3—and as cold as the latter end of October in Ohio. No Indian corn grows here.

Arrived at Edenboro from Harrogate by rail on the 6th of June. The place is grand beyond description, principally stone buildings on the most gigantic plan. It is a place of resort for gentlemen.

At half past eight we ascended one of the mighty hills nearby, of which there are many, where we had a view of all Edenboro, perhaps the finest scenery in the world, with the Firth of Forth in sight. It is frightful to look down some of these precipices. There is an old Castle built that overlooks the whole city and so close to the steep sides that one would think it was dangerous to live in. This tops the climax of anything I have yet seen for monuments and statuary.

Went onto King Arthur's Seat from which, on a clear day, can be seen Ben Lomond.

We left Edenboro on Wednesday, 7th of June, for Glasgow, a very large place but we had not much time to look around. Went to Ayr, which is not much of a seaport, though a fine place and very clean. Took coach to Dal Mallenton, which is 16 miles. We had then to take it on foot over moors and glens, a distance of ten miles, on which scarcely a human being was to be seen, but a beautiful road which led up a long hollow to the top and down the opposite side, very similar, to a town called Carsfairn where we met with beautiful lodgings and very nice people. There appears to be but a step between the sublime and the ridiculous. I saw houses with chimneys made of straw, and unburnt.

Arrived at Mr. Ferguson's on Thursday, the 8th, and found them busy repairing their house. Their land is of an inferior character. I should not like to work it.

There are nice people in Scotland but I think the lowest order are very poor, a great many of the women go barefoot and famous rustic faces they have. The women in general are of a homely appearance, but I suppose they mean no harm by that.

At Earlstone Linn we saw an old lady, 94 years old, and looking very fresh. Called at the house where John McLandsborough used to live. Got some wine at a Mr. Watts. He told us a story about Mr. Mc. striking back with his sword and sending it against his teeth and knocking one or two out when they were in the Cavalry.

Went to Mr. Henry Johnston's, stayed all night, were very well entertained, had plenty to eat and to drink and good beds. They appear to live as well as any people can, but they have a good deal of rough land, but some they have made smooth by labour. He has

about 1,300 acres altogether. One would think that plenty for one man.

A strange looking place is Scotland. To look over the hills they present a black color and look like the sea in a storm.

This is now the 10th of June and tolerably cool. They could not grow Indian Corn here. They have stone walls for hundreds of miles, they can pile them up in any shape or form. It is altogether a strange looking country.

Went to Castle Douglas, a very pretty country town. The Fair on Monday and a great many people in the place. A great many people like drink. Whiskey appears to be the common beverage of the country. It is full of religion, at any rate the form, for I saw in a tavern a man who said he had been so drunk the night before that he did not know where he was, and when his breakfast was brought to him he asked a blessing on the same, which to me was the strangest thing I ever saw.

I am now at Kircudbright the 14th of June, just arrived. Started to a place called Molock, arrived in the evening. Found the elder Miss Patterson, stayed all night, was very well used; got up before six o'clock, went to the seaside and mused over the scenery before me, watched wave repelling wave against the rocky coast, saw the worn Rock of Ages. This Scotland is a romantic country, but the people are very kind, more so than in England. They are more like the Americans in their manners.

I am now on my way to Castle Douglas again, 15th June. A young lady brought me from Molock to Kircudbright in a buggy with two wheels, they are generally two wheeled vehicles in Scotland.

I have seen the sea in various places in this country. There are some of the finest hedges about here I have seen since I landed. They are ten feet high on both sides of the road. The cattle are black, but fine and thrifty, and sheep as fat as they can roll. The farmers seem to be doing well. They have good farm houses. Some milk from twenty to fifty cows. They take them into the barn to milk.

I have just had a look at the town of Kircudbright and have seen the Castle which is an ancient building covered with ivy, which seems to stick as close to it as the shirt on a man's back. I could not ascribe the language that Byron does to some buildings in Italy, but this castle appears to be so old, as if 'It had forever stood, but not so strong as if it would forever stand'. Its decay is visible. Even stone when exposed to the atmosphere will give way.

I see people of all grades, some of the lower order appear to be in as much subjection as the slaves in America and knuckle with as much submission. I do not mean to say they can be sold like cattle in a market but they humble themselves before what they call their superiors. I saw a woman filling dung alongside of her liege lord with all the composure possible.

Got my dinner in Kircudbright for one shilling, good mutton

chops and pie and plenty for any man. How they afford it I cannot tell but the profits are far less than in America and the people more accommodating, all things taken together. It is difficult to pass judgment on a people.

Left Castle Douglas for Yorkshire, went to Dumfries, a fine place, but did not stop long; the train being ready to start we took passage for Preston. Went fifty miles an hour, stopped at few stations. Stayed all night at Preston, paid 18d for a bed. Started for Shipley, arrived about noon the next day. Went to Mr. Cravens, took dinner, but did not elicit much information. The man would not talk and, therefore, I could get nothing out of him. I did not stay long.

Landed at home on Friday, after being gone nearly two weeks. I cannot state the number of miles we traveled, but I should think between three and four hundred. I am going to start for London in the course of a week and there I expect to see the Elephant, June 18th.

Started for London on the 26th day of June, arrived at Leeds about noon. Left Leeds, 27th, and went through Wakefield in sight Sheffield, through Chesterfield, Derby, Leicester, arrived in London, half past six. Found lodgings in the Strand. Went to see the Crystal Palace on Wednesday. View of the principal public buildings on Thursday, St. James Palace, Pall Mall. Sailed on the River Thames to Greenwich. Saw one of the old ships of war in Nelson's Fleet, now a hospital ship. Sailed on the Serpentine River, beautiful place for pleasure in small boats.

St. James Park close at hand contains four hundred acres. It was close to this place where the Old Crystal Palace stood. Saw Buckingham Palace, the residence of the Queen, a grand building, surrounded by long iron palings and guarded by soldiers with great high, brazen black caps. Their heads are the biggest part of them. They live on the cream of the land and do nothing. This is a proud nation.

Saw Woolwich where all the Armory is kept. Covers perhaps 20 acres of ground. Saw about 40 prisoners chained in gangs to be put on board the Hulks to work, something like the negroes in slavery. These were chiefly young men and boys. They seem to have a poor errand into the world. Thousands of cannon of all caliber. There are small steamers plying in every direction on this river, which does not appear to be much larger than the Ohio at Steubenville.

2nd July. Took a trip up the Thames, saw the front of the Parliament House. Beautiful woods and scenery. There is every thing that can delight the eye. Went to the Duke of Richmond's Park, which contains 3,700 acres. Great big oaks spreading their mighty branches in all directions. There is some opulence and pride here. John Bull spreads himself in all the grandeur imaginable. I should not like to live here again. I love liberty and equality, but it is not the case here. There are plenty of *lick plates*,

thousands who are of no real use to the community, and they are the boys who live on the fat of the land. The country appears far larger than a person would suppose. When we take into account the miles, it is said the State of Ohio is nearly as large. We Americans think it cannot contain so much when we look over our thirty states, all centered in one Government.

Yesterday we visited the docks containing the largest shipping in the world perhaps. America is the second maritime power in the world, and time may make her the first, if she maintains her present order of Government. A man who has never been in England can form no idea of the extent of the buildings, both public and private in London. There is a continual buzz from Monday morning to Saturday night. The streets are full of coaches, omnibuses, phaetons, gigs, of every shape and size, and great lumbering wagons and cars from one horse to four, the biggest in the world. They move such loads as I never saw, and if there happens to be a misdrive there is directly a perfect fleet all on a pile. I cannot see how they get along half as well as they do. To look down some of the busiest streets they appear to be full to overflowing.

Monday—Went into Regent Park and Zoological Gardens. Saw all kinds of animals from the monkey to the elephant. Saw the hippopotamus lying basking in the sun with a pond of water by his side, his head more than a foot broad, a great, huge lump of flesh. Saw tigers, lions, and all the quadrupeds that are to be met with in the world. Surely, there is everything which can delight the eye and feast the imagination in and about London.

Left London on the 4th of July for Hull. Was delighted with the shore on both sides. It is level on both sides with buoys and light houses both fixed and floating. We are now three o'clock in the afternoon, in sight of the shore on the English side. Landed at Hull between eight and nine o'clock. It seems a smart port but after being in London every other town seems like a pigmy.

I am now 17 miles from Caster in Lincolnshire. Went to Caster about 18 miles from Hull, also across the Humber river in a steamboat, then took the cars. Found none of the Tomlinson's but one old lady, a sister, very infirm and I think very poor. Henry Tomlinson has been dead about seven years.

Left Caster same day and came to Hull. Stayed all night and next day started for Leeds and arrived at Mrs. Reffitts same day.

Leeds appears small after being in London. There are some public buildings worth notice. They are building a town House of considerable size. There are no towns laid out like there are in America. There are fine squares and places but no city laid out like Philadelphia.

This is now the 6th of July, we have generally dark weather, scarcely see the sun two hours in a day. In Ohio you are plowing

for your crops when everything here is green. Take everything together, I could not stop here.

Stayed with my brother a day or two, then we started for Huddersfield, a large manufacturing place for clothes. This place is all built of stone which seems to be quarried out as square as bricks. There are a great many chapels and churches. There is one new church going up which the Bishop refused to consecrate because they had not built it to his liking. What will become of them that's buried here, I cannot tell. It seems that if they were confined to the good will of this man, they would not fare very well, either in this world or that which is to come. It's a blessing that he is only a man.

The Ministerial order of this country live on the fat of the land, but really there is a vast deal of wickedness and low life mixed with it. It seems to have been the way, in all ages, for the ecclesiastics to rule predominant. They have made the people believe there was something more sacred about them than other people, and we know in all countries where this prevails the people remain in ignorance; but here is an Established Religion, a Religion made by law, that forces you to pay whether you approve it or not. I don't like it. In the midst of all this they cannot seem to reform the people."

The time was approaching when the visit of Joseph Harrison was to come to an end, when he was to look for the last time upon old England.

To get into the real atmosphere of his thoughts upon that event, we must read his last letter written before leaving its hospitable shores:

"Otley, July 18, 1854.

Dear Boys:

I embrace the opportunity of writing to you again, perhaps for the last time in England. I intend to start back the fore part of August, if all is well. I have seen a good deal both of England and Scotland. I may go into Ireland when I get to Liverpool. I have not fairly determined whether I shall or not. I was one week in London and saw the greatest sights in the world. There are some of the most gigantic structures that exist on the face of the earth, but after all one becomes tired and wearied in the busy scenery, the streets are so jammed with vehicles of all sorts and sizes, and the side-walks with people, that it is difficult to get along and one has to watch his opportunity to cross and to look sharp that he is not run over. Upon the whole, no London life for me. There is in that mighty city every kind of life, from the most abject to the highest, you could suppose. I went from London to Hull in a steamboat. I would rather travel by water than in those cars. One is sometimes carried in those third class carriages, and they are dark places in this country. They have three different kinds of

people, first, second and third rate. In America we all ride together, and no mistake; there is in this country a vast pride, and some of my own people have their share of it. I can tell you there has been a vast difference between their lives and mine, though I would not change situations with any of them. * * * Stubbings is as pretty a place as I ever saw. * * * * * * * * They have good crops wheat, and oats, and barley. The wheat is nearly all shot out, but it is dull weather and very little sun and it will take all of August, I think, to make it ripe. One would think they might make plenty of money on such a farm and so they might if they had done as we have done, that is, do more of the work themselves, but they go to two markets a week and eat five times a day. Don't you think that is going too strong? They use me as well as I could ask and even more so than I desire. I don't mean to say that they are lazy by any means. They are a very agreeable family.

Several of them belong to Church, though of different denominations. This country is full of old Orthodoxy, they work away at the old system and mix up strange things with it. It is rather a curious mess. There is lots of Priestcraft, besides Catholics, in this country. I have never seen Dr. Dick's works (astronomy) in any houses I have been in. It seems to me they allow the Priests to do their business for them without investigating for themselves. That is what I would not do.

Dr. Barker, the great lecturer, is in England to deliver two or three lectures in Leeds to crowded audiences. When he had done they wanted to carry him on their shoulders, but he refused. I did not hear him speak. One subject was on Temperance, the other on the Bible, and one on America. He is going to lecture in Halifax the last of this month; I intend to try to be there. He meets with all sorts of opposition from the Orthodox side of the house. You know they are the same in all countries, when their bread and butter is at stake, but what have they done? The world remains as it was and will do, until doomsday in the morning, if we have to depend on them. I will not say that it has not done some good but it has been a slow process; as to the old Established Church it saws away as usual, reads the prayers, the priest does with another man to help him and changes his gown once or twice, then he has a sermon written down and he reads it off. If he was to have the misfortune to lose it he, most likely, would have to feign himself sick, it would be a hundred to one against him. Any common scholar could do his work. The Priesthood and the Nobility own England.

It is a fine country. Most assuredly, Nature has been profuse in giving her a fine soil. On this little river, that we should call a creek, the bottom is more than a mile wide and very rich and level land on both sides where they feed cattle, and the upland on one side rises gradually. The home buildings being of stone I can see little evidence of their decay. These buildings were put up sixty five

years ago, and some of them more, and there must be some difference between having them built to one's hand and having them to build himself. I don't see many alterations, except in the kitchen, they have made it longer.

The farm has been improved a good deal by draining and manuring and grows big crops and it takes a good deal out of the stuff they are taking off. Upon the whole I don't think they have more left for their labor than we have, they have so much to pay out of it.

I intend to go to Leeds shortly. There I have three sisters, some in pretty good circumstances and some not so good. My sister Mary Trees is not so well off as she has been in her lifetime, yet I think she is very comfortable. My sister Sarah, has about three hundred pounds a year, and I dare say it keeps her very busy. She has six children, three boys and three girls and they have been raised without being put to labour, and if nothing ever troubles them through life they will fare very, very well. Hannah, she who married a man by the name of Parkinson, who has deceased, gave into the hands of his brothers the property to hold out for six years, have eloped. and she has got nothing but a few pounds, and her husband told her before he died that she would be provided for. The people in the world who seemingly might be happy are very often the most miserable. They seem to watch for each other to die, but they don't care so much about you unless you have money. If you have plenty of this article you are sure to be a gentleman, whether you know little or much.

I received William's letter, dated 24th June, and was glad to hear from you. I was sorry to hear of Mrs. Arbaugh's death. She was a fine woman. Sickness has set hard on that family the last few months. They are good, honest people.

You mentioned that the price of wool is down. I was expecting it would be lower, the price has fallen here, and it generally rules more or less the price, but if they clip nearly three pounds they will still make some money, and there is one blessing, we don't owe much. What we have is our own and it is capable of vast improvement. We are only beginning to make money in our country.

The railroads will make our country, in my opinion. I see here in England they go from one place to another in almost no time, and one would think they were thick enough in the country, yet, where a place happens not to have one, it is dull and no life in it. There are none direct to Otley, and it is losing its markets, though a town of over five thousand inhabitants.

I have to walk two miles from Stubbings to get the rail to Leeds. We soon pass through a tunnel, two miles and three-quarters. These tunnels are dark places. I must have traveled nearly one hundred miles underground since I left home. When I think over these things and recollect when there were none I am amazed, I assure you. There are some of the nicest stations built of iron and

glass and trains in them, going to all parts of the Kingdom, that one would almost get lost amongst them, and were it not for the porters there would be no getting along. They are nice, civil men and will tell you correctly.

This England is a busy place and in the manufacturing districts people are as thick as crows. The lot of children in the streets after work hours put me in mind of the flights of pigeons. How they all live it is impossible for me to tell, but I suppose most go to bed with all in their bellies. You may tell grandfather Christopher Hartley that I saw Wm. Hartley of Otley and he looks pretty well. He says the 'old man (Christopher) is 77 years old and he is 80'. He says there are only three years between them; that 'he used to throw him on his back'. Tell him that I have been through Carlton three or four times and it is very much altered.

Give my respects to all inquiring friends. I am now nearly at the bottom of my paper and will have to quit writing to you. I hope to arrive at home sometime in August, if I have no bad luck. I have yet £64 to work on. I intend buying two or three suits of clothes. I shall not encumber myself with very much.

Do the best you can without hurting yourselves and all will be right on my side. No more at present.

From your father and friend,

Joseph Harrison."

Under date of July 9, 1854, we have another letter which father addressed to grandfather in England acknowledging the receipt of the "Castle Douglas" letter and reflecting upon the affairs at home.

He stated that wool was selling for 45 cents per lb., wheat for $1.00 per bushel, sheep for mutton at $2.00 per head, and as to corn, there was no demand for it.

But the principal event was the beginning of operations on the new (Steubenville & Indiana—now Pennsylvania) railroad during that summer. The event seems to have been celebrated, in part at least, in a way common at that time both in England and America. It stated how some of the young men got *stewed* at *Steubenville.* I know that this statement is atrocious but it gives a glimpse of the period.

"They have the cars running down as far as Bower's Mill (now Bowerston). We can sit in the hall door and hear them running every evening. They leave New Market (now Scio) at half past seven in the morning and five in the evening, and the same time from Steubenville. You will think it strange when you come home and

hear them whistling at all hours of the day. William took a ride down to Steubenville on the 4th of July, and he said they had a great day—some got drunk and were put in jail till they got sober again; and some were hauled off in carts to the jail. The fellow I have working for me got so drunk that he did not know which way to look for the ground, and came pretty near being jugged. He had to lie by all the next day and I had a great mind to pay him off. All that kept me from doing it was the harvest being so near, and wages being so high. They are asking a dollar a day for mowing and a $1.50 for cradling, and so I thought I would put up with him this time, but he made me very angry. Just let a man have two or three servants about him and he, not the best humored man in the world, and they will put him to it, I'll assure you. You need not look for any more letters from us if you start home the first of August, for they would not have time to reach you. Take good care of yourself and we will do the same.

Nothing more at present. We remain your affectionate children
William C., John & Euphemia Harrison and Little Joe."

In this connection there are two features of another letter written from Pittsburgh by Sarah Hartley, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Fox, sister of grandmother Harrison, November 23, 1831; one quoting the prices of articles in domestic use, the other was in reference to "little John", my father, who then had the affections of the family as the oldest son, at about relatively the same age, as when they were bestowed upon me as "little Joe". She closed her letter by writing, "I long to see little John."

The articles mentioned were as follows:

"We have a very good market now:
Eggs 18¾c per dozen,
Butter is selling from 18¾c to 25c per lb.
Flour is $2.62½ per hundred,
Flannel is selling from 50c to 62½c per yard,
Good socks fetch from 37½c to 50c per pair,
Woolen stockings from 50c to 62½c per pair."

For an account of his last leave-taking and his departure from England we have a reference in a letter written to him in 1857 by his sister Mrs. Reffitt, who of his sisters, was his most constant correspondent; the other in the concluding words of his diary.

She wrote:

"I shall never forget dear Joseph the feelings I experienced at the railway station when I went to see you off, and when I took the last look at your dear face as you sat in that carriage I thought my

heart would break for a few minutes, for I could not but think, that perhaps I was looking at you for the last time in this world; but oh dear Joseph if we never have the happiness to see each others face again in the flesh, I trust we shall all so live that we shall meet again in our Father's House above, never more to part."

His own record concludes:

Left England for America on the 12th day of August in the Steamship Asia. We put the steam on about noon and never ceased until we arrived at Sandy Hook. The passage was disagreeable for the most part, having head winds and continuous beating against the storm. We had people on board from every nation, almost, in Europe and we were very agreeable together.

We landed on the 24th of August at Jersey City after a passage of 12 days. Stayed part of a day in New York and then took steamboat for Albany which is 160 miles from New York. The scenery is grand beyond description, towering mountains of hard rock in every shape and form that can be imagined. Stayed one night in Albany, the seat of government for New York. It is quite a large place with splendid public buildings. Left this place for Geneva, where Mr. John Johnston lives. Stayed two nights and one day with them. He lives close to the lake of the same name and his land runs down to the water. The lake is 40 miles in length by four or five wide. He has a good farm of over three hundred acres which lies well and is in a good state of cultivation. He has drained a good deal of it with tile and it produces far greater crops than before. He sold over a thousand bushels of wheat this year for two dollars a bushel and he talks of sowing 67 acres this fall.

They are a very nice people. His daughters are intelligent without being proud.

Left Geneva for Rochester, Mr. Johnston bringing me in his buggy three miles or more. Landed at Rochester, a large town with the most splendid mills. Here is the Genesee Falls where Sam Patch took his last jump. Left this place for the Falls of Niagara, one of the world's renowned wonders. I went the same evening that I arrived and feasted my eye and my mind on the mighty cataract before me. There is the American Falls and also the Canadian. They are divided by an island and each discharges its foaming waters into the abyss below, which, after its fall, steals slowly away till it runs perhaps nearly two miles. Below the Falls is the Suspension bridge where the river narrows. This is the mightiest job of structural art that I ever saw and the most terrible to look upon. Carriages pass over it, that is, wagons and carts, but they are fixing it for locomotives to pass over.

I went over to the Canadian side, paid quarter dollar. The span is not as long as that at Wheeling but it is frightfully high. I should not have liked to have been the builder.

Left this place for Buffalo, a large town on the lake and a place of great trade.

Took steamboat the Crescent City for Cleveland with four or five hundred passengers on board. Some of these boats are longer than the Ocean steamers, but they would not live in the same waters. It is dear travelling this route. There are land sharks as well as water ones, though the one has not quite as big a mouth as the other, yet, they can all take a good bite.

Came to Cleveland, found the people shorter here than in any place that I have yet been after all my travels. If you throw down money they take it all as a general thing. Stayed part of a day in Cleveland and then took the train for Alliance. After we left Cleveland a few miles the locomotive gave out and we had to return and get another.

The country is all dried up through New York State and also through Ohio, as far as I have passed. Grain will be dear for some time to come. The Indian Corn is a total failure everywhere through which I passed.

I am now at Alliance, the last day of August, waiting for the train to Bayard Station. I hope I shall get home some time. I am tired of travelling by myself. This shall be the last long journey I shall take for some time to come."

CHAPTER XI

Joseph Harrison Home Again—Hears of Old Acquaintances—His Second Marriage—His Home Life—Letters from Robert and Janet Ferguson, Relatives of John McLandsborough—Slavery Agitation—The Tariff—Right of Suffrage Extended in England—Prize Fight, Heenan and Sayres—Letters from Mrs. Reffitt—Her Tribute to Lincoln.

UPON the return of Joseph Harrison to his home in America he could have written nothing more significant of what was to follow, nor that which would have better indicated his then point of view, than the last two sentences: "I am tired of traveling by myself. This shall be the last long journey I shall ever take for some time to come."

He was coming to a home made desolate by the loss of his wife. His children could not supply what that home had been to him before she had been taken away. After their glad welcome and the narration of the many incidents of his travels, he settled down once more to live in the old homestead with father and mother and to the cares incident to farm life. He had been thoughtful of the writer, his namesake, for I remember seeing for some years afterward, a present he brought for me which I now wish I had. There is a difference in appreciation between the years of childhood and those of the adult, especially when the latter are hallowed by the memory of the donor in a thousand ways.

Among the lessons of practical value which he brought home was that of tile draining in the cultivation of the farm. This he learned from Mr. John Johnston, of Geneva, N. Y., whom he mentioned in his diary. He was a relative, a brother, I believe, of the first wife of John McLandsborough, and one of the most progressive farmers of his time. If I mistake not, he was mentioned in the New York Tribune, always our mentor and our guide in my boyhood days, at intervals in connection with agricultural news in that paper, as the "Father of Tile Draining". It is sad to note that a few days after Grandfather had that enjoyable visit at the home of Mr. John-

ston his wife met a sudden death from a stroke of lightning. I know his example was the inspiration which led father in later years to erect a tile factory on his farm and thoroughly drain his land as well as to furnish drain tile to many of his neighbors.

During the three years which followed the thought that he should have his own home must have grown upon him. He must really begin life over again, and the result was that he took for his second wife, Miss Sarah Herron, daughter of a farmer nearby, and to whom he was married April 10, 1857.

He built a new house, a modest frame, upon the right bank of the Hartley valley near its source. It faced the Hartley homestead on the left bank, and looking east, it faced his former brick homestead, about one-fourth mile away. It was here that he lived until his death, having the care of his own farm of 90 acres, and besides, time to read and reread the works of Thomas Dick, the astronomer, Gibbon's Rome, Shakespeare, Byron and Robert Burns.

A lane led up nearby his home on the left bank of the little stream which came down the valley opposite his house, and through a gate his roadway crossed the stream and led to his home. I can, in fancy, still see the open spring nearby, the milk house sheltered by the growth of native trees; and the large wild cherry tree which stood about midway at the side of the lane leading from the main, or valley road. How often have I seen him and "Sarah", as he always called her, drive the grey horse "Cob" and buggy down that lane on Sunday mornings on their way to church and when they reached Scio, two miles away, he would go to the Methodist, and she to the United Presbyterian church.

It was the privilege of my brother Madison and me to often plow his ground, help to plant his corn and shear his sheep. We were always sure of a good dinner, for "Sarah" served us with an abundance and a variety of food not to be found in the city dining room. Then, in our own harvest field we would see him come, the smoke curling away from his pipe, his hands crossed at his back and his body bent at the hips, and he would take from us the hand rake, or the hay fork, and give us a brief rest in the shade.

We often took to his home his mail which came from the office with ours, and we were sure to be rewarded with a silver coin for the service. Upon our light-hearted returns we would leap back and forth over the brook that ran through the meadow, watching the minnows which darted through the clear water, or start a bullfrog

which would leap from the high grass and plunge into a pool "kerchug".

During the three years which followed after his return there were frequent letters from England and many were the inquiries from friends and relatives he had met during his visit, and about the stirring topics of the times, the Crimean War, and the slavery agitation in this country.

In one from his brother Benjamin about two months afterwards he wrote:

"Nov. 15, '54.

My dear Brother:

I wished to hear something decisive from Sebastopol before I wrote, not with the idea of communicating anything fresh on that subject as you will get the news in a more direct way than in a letter from me; but it was talked that the place would be taken directly, and one feels a pleasure in writing about particular things, but, however, we have no intelligence of the place having been taken. There was a great rejoicing in various parts of this country some time since, news having come that it was taken, but it turned out to be telegraphic lies and it appears to me to be very doubtful whether they will be able to take it or not. I often think of your remarks on the war as to Nicholas finding them enough to do, the calculation was that he was a powerful enemy to deal with, but I believe he is much more so than people in general thought of. I shouldn't be much surprised at the Allies being nearly all cut up. The affair of the Alma was a rough one but they may have something still rougher to encounter yet."

Again in December of 1855 he wrote:

"The Russian War is not ended yet,—talk of negotiations for peace—thinks term offered by the Allied Powers will not be accepted by Russia. Some waste of blood and treasure and likely more. We do not appear to be on a very satisfactory footing with your country—don't know what it is about, hope we don't come to blows, would be most suicidal to both countries. Think America has shown anything but a friendly feeling to England during the struggle with Russia. I may be wrong—cannot see far into those matters. I can see one thing, high prices and the taxes will stick to us for some years unless Russia can be made to pay—same doubtful."

Also, in September of 1857:

"You used to say when you were over—England had enough to do with Nicholas of Russia. Don't you think his hands are quite as full with India? It is quite heartrending to read the account from there of the horrible cruelties that are practised upon innocent women

and children. There has to be some blood spilt before that affair is settled. I would not say that the natives are not justified in fighting for their independence and I never could see what right we had to rule over them, but it appears some of the natives prefer it, but it may be more a fear of consequences than through any love they have for us. You have not everything to your mind in the United States (commonly so called). There does not appear to exist much unanimity among you at the present time." [It was on the Slavery question.]

Among the odd characters he met during that visit was "Old Bailey" and his two sticks, of whom Benjamin wrote:

"Your old friend Bailey still toddles about on his two sticks and often salutes: 'Have you heard ought of Joseph lately'?"

Again it was written:

"Your old friend Bailey and other friends inquire after you frequently. I am afraid poor Bailey has lost all his money."

"Many of your friends in England inquire after you. Dick Whitley seemed pleased with your hat. We frequently take a peep at the original and feel glad that we have such a memorial to look at."

Then there was another, "Old Dick Whitley" and *his sticks*. He seems to have come to a tragic end:

"I regret to inform you that poor old Dick Whitley has been missing for some seven or eight weeks. He is supposed to have got into the river as his hat and sticks were found near the river. He is supposed to have committed suicide. He had been seen a few days before looking seriously over the battlements of the bridge. His was a hard fate, having had little comfort during this life from his wife and family."

Another was "Joe West", who seems to have had his domestic troubles:

"Mrs. West requires me to give her very best respects to you. She seems very much interested in you and we have reason to believe that the remarks you made respecting her to Joe have been the means of causing Joe to think more highly of her and consequently to cause them to live far more comfortably together; now, is not that very good?"

Again poor "Joe" is mentioned:

"Joe West and wife instead of being as happy as Her Majesty and Albert torment one another continually. Joe has been depositing

his deeds with Mr. Sheppard and making his will and his wife is apprehensive that he has been willing all, or the greater part from her. There is an old sinner at Pool who has been pursuading Joe that his wife has been witching him. He is in a poor way certainly and well he may if he can believe such stuff as that."

Also:

"Joe West and his wife are in good health. Joe spends most of his time at Denton with a farmer who married his cousin Hannah Pickles, and he comes to Otley to see his wife occasionally. I think they get on rather better than they used to do, but it is not one of the most agreeable alliances in the world."

Then there was Charles Fox, brother to Thomas Fox who settled in the Dining Fork valley, and concerning whom it was written:

"How is Thomas Fox coming on in these days? His brother Charles is still at James Reffitt's, turning something like a grindstone from day to day and week to week. It is probably as suitable to his capacity as any other employment he could have."

The device was evidently one to grind paints for use in the dye house.

There is a touch of Scotland in the following:

"Have you gotten the two old maiden ladies, the Misses Patterson to America yet, or they, '*dina ken* what to do about it yet'?"

In many of the letters which followed there were echoes of his visit:

"We often talk about you and think about you and wish that we could see you and listen to you in that old arm chair in our kitchen, and it is very common to hear quotations from the sayings of 'Uncle Joseph'. You have certainly afforded us all great gratification by visiting us, and we wish we had you nearer us, but I suppose in order to have that pleasure and advantage we must go to you."

Other letters drift to the concerns of Benjamin's immediate family:

"Our lads are very anxious to be doing something on their own account. They have got the same foolish notion that we have had, that if they were in a position to get married it would add greatly to their felicity, but they, like us, may always be in pursuit, but never catch it. Another consideration (the farm) it would have to be sold at my decease and the money ought to be more valuable to us than invested in land paying perhaps 3%. I have been weighed down with anxiety almost this last three or four years, but if we

can realize at a tolerably good price I hope to have a little relief in that respect.

We have not had much trouble with our family yet, especially with the female part of it. One has sometimes a few cross words with the lads in consequence of their thinking they know best too often, but still they are industrious, decent lads."

In a previous letter he wrote:

"You will recollect our Benjamin going to see a young woman when you were over. I believe if they had a good farm well stocked to go to, they are so well satisfied with each other, that they would be made one. I think Joseph (acting more wisely), keeps a loose side. I advise them to keep single if they wish to drag a light *harrow*, but advice is only useful to those who take it."

"Tom Walker has been marrying his cousin, your niece, Sophia Trees, just lately. What queer things happen in this world now-a-days. I do not believe in cousins marrying, but they did.

My son Benjamin has lately had a painful bereavement and took it very hard indeed for some time—he has lost the object of his choice—she has left this state of earthly existence rather unexpectedly. I believe they were married in heart, and were preparing to be married really, but it was ordered otherwise.

Joseph has gone this afternoon to see one of the softer sex, and if she be a good one, it is to be hoped that he will be more fortunate than Benjamin has been—that is if he must have one."

Also, in 1857 he states:

"Our son John is now living at Leeds with a Quaker of the name of Fryer, a tea dealer and a very nice fellow he appears to be. He, silly youth, like the rest cannot let the girls alone, he is looking after Miss Duncan of Otley, whom we called to see when you were over. There were two girls when you were here, but the other one has got married to a Scotch gentlemen, a parson in that country, and, of course, is very happy."

As late as 1860 he wrote:

"Benjamin and John have their birds ready and only want cages."

And then about the girls:

"I recollect you saying to our girls, 'you all expect to be married, don't you girls?' And I believe they do. Two of them already have begun to think seriously about it, if one may judge from their actions, which speak louder than words. There is a young man of the name of Duncan has come to see Hannah for some time and I dare say she thinks he is in earnest, but still, there is many a slip

between the cup and the lip. But I really believe her faith remains unshaken, but there are faithless swains for all that.

"With regard to Sarah I scarcely know what to say. John Reffitt, her own cousin, has taken it into his head to fall violently in love with her and says if he cannot have her he will never have any one, and his mother and the rest of them think he would go quite reckless if he could not have her. Now, I must say he is a nice sort of lad and very attentive to business, but this being of the same blood I do not like it at all, and I really felt determined to stop it at the first, but I was told he would not care what became of him if it was opposed. I hesitated to take any decisive step in the matter and some said how common such alliances were and that there was nothing improper in them, but I am still unconvinced that it is proper, it appears to me to be unnatural. However, I have made up my mind to offer no opposition. Sarah would have given it up if I had insisted upon it. She never disobeyed me in her life that I know of. I am informed this attachment was formed in their childhood. I fancy you will take a similar view of it to what I do. Well, when we cannot have things to our mind it is good policy to bring our mind *to things*, but I am a bad hand at that."

In April, 1859, he wrote:

"Matthew Fearnside is moving back to Huddersfield this week. They buried a fine little boy this winter, died of scarlet fever. Ann has had a little girl since, which makes up the number to two again. Mattthew is now a commercial traveller, he had £100 besides expenses a year. He is now getting the same salary with a commission on what he sells, which will, he calculates, amount to something like another £100 which will be a nice thing for him without any capital invested."

"I should very much like to see you all, but whether I shall or not I cannot say. John Walker is ready any time to take a trip when I am ready. I should not be surprised if he goes by himself if nobody will go with him. John could spend a £100 and never feel it. Tom Walker is doing pretty well, I believe, now. I think I told you in my last about him having married his cousin Sophia Trees."

We come now to the letters of Robert and Janet Ferguson, his wife, written from Knockburn, Scotland, one to the latter's father, John McLandsborough, the others to her half-brother of the same name. Her mother was a sister of John Johnston, previously mentioned, and as they touched upon the school life of their children, the protective tariff, and the political events of the time, it is interesting to get their then point of view, especially upon the slavery question in this country, which was becoming acute at that time.

Writing to his father-in-law, in 1855, Robert Ferguson refers to what was then, and afterwards, a source of irritation between this country and Great Britain:

"I read in a Dumfries paper a report of a fillibustering party (from the United States) about to make a descent upon Ireland. I hope there will be no trouble between England and America. Fortunately, we have France for our ally at present. Many nations seem to have no friendly feeling for us; the old despotic governments hate us for our democracy, and the Americans think us very aristocratic."

His wife's letter to her father in the same year is of a more sprightly character, and as to penmanship and composition is very good.

Of her father's old friend, Mr. Watt, she states:

"We saw him at the Agricultural Dinner at New Galloway. The health of the Army and Navy was drunk and he, as an old cavalryman, returned thanks. He said when he was a soldier he always did his best and if he had been at the Crimea 'there is no telling what he would have done.' He has a deal of original humor about him and an old fashioned style of language."

One can easily imagine him like our old Militia General in the State of Indiana during our Civil War, who at its beginning stated:

"There are just three generals who can put down this war." "Who are they?" asked a bystander, and he replied naming *two*, and when he was asked for the *third*, he answered with a great show of his chest, "Modesty forbids me naming the *third*."

He was the same Mr. Watt mentioned in Grandfather's diary, who told a tale, "out of school," about the elder McLandsborough's experience as a cavalryman in his younger days, when practising with his sword and did not watch the rebound, and lost a few teeth in consequence.

"Margaret, her daughter, is back to school again. She has to be up with the candlelight this morning to be there in time. She is fretful if she is likely to be late. David is to begin next summer, but says he will not go till he has *burnt heather a long time.*

"Margaret stays at Milton Park from Monday till Saturday. They are very kind to her but she would rather be at home. * * * We must make sacrifices for our children. * * * I never hear from any but yourself. Andrew and John must remember me. Elizabeth could not—James I never saw, but I often

JOHN REFFITT,
Leeds, England
(When in middle life)

JOHN REFFITT,
Leeds, England
(When a young man)

MRS. SARAH ANN REFFITT I,
Leeds, England

SARAH ANN REFFITT II,
Leeds, England

SARAH ANN REFFITT III,
London, England

think of you all, not without emotion. Please remember us to Mr. Harrison. We should be happy to have a letter from him."

In February, 1862, after the father had passed away, Robert Ferguson wrote his dear brother, John McLandsborough, that:

"Margaret has now done with schooling and will be home in a few days. David stays at Milton Park from Monday to Saturday. He is twelve years old and besides English he is studying Latin and Greek. Thinks he (the writer) would like to try America, 'if you will take a Britisher in'. Hopes peace will be preserved between us, 'it is the feeling in this country that it may be so'."

"I am sorry to see that some of the newspaper writers on both sides seem to try to stir up a bad feeling between the two countries. I know that that class of writers do not represent the respectable or influential part of the community here. (Anxious to hear how the war affects the agriculturists of this country.) The money market is disturbed. How has it affected the land in America? Afraid we will be heavily taxed. Like all the old kingdoms you will get into debt. Would it not have been better that the slave states be allowed to withdraw from the free ones without going to war at all? Will not a deportation (of the slaves) have to be the result at last, even if the war were ended it will be many years before the Nation recovers its former prosperity.

"Would it not be as well for both North and South to be separated? I don't think they will ever act together comfortably again. It seems to be impossible that a Free and Slave state can ever agree to be ruled by one government. There must ever be that jealousy between them which would greatly mar their peace and prosperity. There is no doubt that the North takes the right and just view of the freeing of the human race, but I am not sure that it takes so just a view of the freedom of trade. Governments must necessarily impose taxes on their subjects in proportion to their expenditures, but the great error into which most Legislators have fallen is taxing foreign commodities which their own country produces and leaving their own untaxed. The argument generally used is that the foreigner pays the tax, but that is a mistake, the consumer must of necessity pay all the taxes. If, for instance, America taxes foreign iron 10 or 20%, iron just advances in price to the consumer to the extent of the tax, if not more. The home manufacturer's article not being taxed the manufacturer sells his goods, of course, at the market price and pockets the advance, which the duty has caused in the article, so that in fact the consumer is paying so much yearly to the home manufacturer, whether it be iron, cotton, wool, linen or any other article which may be imported if the home market is untaxed. It is often argued that it is necessary to tax foreign goods to protect and encourage the home manufacturer. No doubt it is a most profitable system to the home producer, but the question is what

does it cost the Nation? The system must always be injurious to the landed interest in America as it advances the price of the articles they are required to buy and by throwing hindrances in the way of trade, it naturally lowers what he produces for the foreign market. Free Trade has done more for Britain than its most sanguine advocates ever expected. The great cry against it was that it would so lower land that it would be valueless and that it would also, in proportion, lower wages, but we know to our cost that it has just had the opposite effect on land and a similar effect on wages. With us it was the land that taxed all other classes; with you, the manufacturer seems to have influence to tax the whole Nation for his especial benefit."

So swiftly did sorrow come to this family that we read in a letter from Mrs. Ferguson, written the following April:

"It is my really painful duty to inform you that I am a widow and my dear children fatherless. My worthy and beloved husband departed this life on the first of March. I think I hear you say that you have never written to me until the 17th of April. * * * My husband was only 17 days laid up. Doctor pronounced his illness inflammation of the sympathetic duct. Leeches were applied. We sent to Castle Douglas for a physician, but all to no avail. He died the death of a Christian. * * * He was of an active, industrious nature. People were surprised at his age, only 64. He brought Margaret from school the week before he was taken sick. He was very fond of his children, used to go a good way down the road with David every Monday morning when he went to school. David is pretty fair in his Latin and Greek, and got a prize for the former."

I am sure if Margaret and David are still living they will be affected by these references to them by their parents and especially by the kindness shown to their mother on the part of her neighbors, which is mentioned in the same letter:

"Two of our neighbors sent plows without being asked. See how God raiseth up friends for the widow?"

In 1859 Benjamin Harrison gave his views upon conditions in England also, in this country, as he saw them:

"We are now engaged in a general election which causes a good deal of excitement. There is great noise about reform in Parliament. They are talking about extending the suffrage from ten pound householders in boroughs to 6 pound householders and from 50 pound tenants in counties to 10 pound householders, and to be accompanied with vote by ballot. It being all but certain that there will be a continental war. We are under great apprehension of

being led into it, although the nation at large is very anxious to escape so great a calamity. We have not done with the efforts of the last war yet, although we are, perhaps, as well prepared for such an event as the parties who are so anxious to engage in it. It is very probable that Austria and Sardinia by this time are engaged in the hellish work of destruction, and that France will be on the road to join them—for my part, I cannot understand the dispute—it is questionable whether they know themselves. This is a sad world, whatever the next may be. I sometimes wonder if the Almighty will suffer such wickedness and oppression to continue, but we cannot fathom these things."

In the year of 1860 his letter was of a more hopeful character and he was led to reflect upon the woeful predictions of his father:

"At the present time the people are generally in a very prosperous state. Napoleon causes us a good deal of expense in preparing to repel any attack he might make upon us. * * * Difficult to say what he means, but we must be prepared for him.

"I have often thought how my father's woeful predictions respecting this country have been falsified. There was to be a Revolution and ruin; instead of that I believe the country at large never enjoyed such an amount of prosperity as it does at present and has done for some time back. Working classes can dress like ladies and gentlemen, live on the best food and travel where they like."

As an incident of the times he mentions an affair which will be distinctly recalled by men still living. I faintly recall it, and remember that I thought it a most sanguinary contest where two men fought with all the ferocity of wild beasts.

Don C. Seitz mentions it in the Outlook of October 6, 1926:

"My own first memory of prize-fighting rests upon a picture in Harper's Weekly, drawn by Thomas Nast * * * depicting a meeting in England between John C. Heenan, of America, known as 'the Benicia Boy', as he hailed from that suburb of San Francisco, and one Tom Sayres. Thomas Nast was sent to England to make the picture by John, James, and Wesley Harper, the worthy Methodist owners of the paper. When it came to hand with the story of the affair, they were a bit staggered, but salvaged both with a headline reading 'Brutal and Disgusting Prize Fight'. It was all of that. Fighting with bare fists, Heenan was winning when the mob broke through the ring and assailed him. He had a narrow escape and was roughly handled. The 'British spirit of fair play' was not very prominent." The letter of Benjamin continues:

"Considerable excitement in this country on account of a fight which has come off betwixt your countryman Heenan and our English champion Sayres. I need not tell you how it terminated as you will

know all about it long before this reaches you. It is astonishing the interest many people took in making it quite a national affair. They are now going about the country and making heaps of money by exhibiting themselves and displaying their science to the public, great numbers paying half a crown each to see their maneuvers. They are now at Leeds. You will recollect that Wade of Arthington, who came to our house to see you when you were in England, him who fiddled so, they have got him and some others into limbo for forgery. Making money in that short way does not always answer. They get dropped upon sometimes."

"It is considered by many in England that if war breaks out it will most probably become general throughout Europe. It is a sad thing that two or three ambitious fellows should have the power to create such an awful calamity, but so it is and there is no remedy that I know of. I fancy the state of things in America at present will be far from agreeable to your views, especially with regard to the slavery question. Your liberties appear to be fast disappearing. Slavery and freedom are incompatible under the same government. * * * I like your remarks on the subject of slavery—with your views on that subject you will be sadly annoyed with the state of America; at the present time there is not very much liberty for you, you dare not harbor a fugitive now, I suppose. You cannot, I think, continue long in this state, you must either have slavery or freedom, or separation."

Not less interesting are the letters of Joseph Harrison's sister Sarah. Anyone looking at the portrait of the eldest Sarah Ann Reffitt will observe the firmness and resolution shown in her face. The photo was taken in the last years of her life and after she had been smitten with a "stroke"; but upon a question requiring the courage of one's convictions, he could not help thinking that if she were for him he would have a formidable ally, or if against him, he would have an opponent with whom he would always have to reckon.

In 1861 she wrote:

"You may be sure we are very anxious to hear from you, especially now that there are such troublesome times in America. How does this dreadful war affect you? We do hope that neither of your dear sons have gone to the war. Slavery, which I know you hate from the bottom of your heart, is the cause of all this dreadful evil. May the time soon come when the sword shall be sheathed and when every slave shall be set free, then may America, the boasted land of liberty, expect to flourish under that smile of God who loveth justice and mercy and hateth oppression."

Again in 1867:

"I am of your opinion in regard to the Civil War through which you have passed in America. I do not think there is a woman living who is more anti-slavery than I am. I read the news daily and always thought that though the South sometimes seemed to be getting the mastery, yet I felt confident God would arise and scatter the oppressors of millions of his suffering people. I cannot express to you the joy I felt when I heard that President Lincoln had issued the Declaration of Emancipation, and when the news came that the North had been victorious, and the slaves were free, my heart did indeed rejoice, but, oh! at what a cost has it been accomplished. My heart used to ache for the poor mothers who had to part with their dear sons, to go to that cruel war, but you know the North was not clear of the blood of the slave, so it had to suffer.

"I was so thankful your dear sons had not to go. Oh! it was a dreadful thing to fall into the hands of the enemy, they were so cruelly used. I cannot express to you the love and admiration I felt for that dear man, President Lincoln, when the sad tidings came of his cruel murder my heart did ache indeed. I have no great opinion of his successor, but I am very thankful there are such different men in the Senate. What a sad thing it would be if after liberating the poor slaves there were no protection by just laws from their late oppressors. If President Johnson had his way all the precious blood and treasure which has been spent would have been wasted. I have had the happiness of contributing both in money and work to some of the poor, destitute slaves. Now that America has wiped off the terrible curse of slavery from her institutions, I feel to love her with all my heart. There are some of the noblest men in your adopted country.

"I do, indeed, rejoice when I think of your millions of slaves made free forever. Poor creatures, it has been a fearful ordeal for them to pass through but I hope they will all get their rights, both as men and as citizens, in spite of Andrew Johnson's stupidity and folly. I think I told you in a former letter that I have always taken a great interest in the abolition of American Slavery. I think Christianity has come out nobly in this crisis, in educating and helping the poor slaves in their transition state. I feel very anxious to know how the government will come out in the Impeachment of the President. I hope they will get him out and get some one more worthy to fill his place."

Also, in 1870:

"Who would have thought six years ago that slavery would be abolished and the negro should have the privileges of the white man, both moral and social and political, but so it is this day and we sincerely thank Almighty God. I shall never forget Abraham Lincoln and his sad and treacherous murder. I shall never forget

the feeling that was aroused in this country when the news came that he had fallen by the hand of the assassin. He was a great and good man and his memory will never be forgotten. You will perhaps have heard that a great and good man in our country has been laid aside by his infirmity. I mean John Bright, who is such a favorite in your country. He has not been able to attend to his parliamentary duties. No doubt you have heard of the great agitation in this country respecting the educational question. Some advocate merely a secular and others cannot bear the thought of religion being severed from a national education. I trust that God will guide them in the right way."

CHAPTER XII

John McLandsborough, Sr., and His Family—Recollections of Otley by John McLandsborough, Nephew, Civil Engineer, Bradford, England—John McLandsborough, Jr., James McLandsborough, and Elizabeth Sproul.

AS far as we know John McLandsborough, the founder of the family in America, had a brother Andrew, both natives of Scotland, and each had a son John, both notable men, one in this country, the other in England. We learn from the "Wharfedale and Airedale Observer, under date of March 2, 1900, that Andrew was born at Barskeoch, Mains, in the parish of Kells, and Stewartry of Kircudbright (a district under the jurisdiction of a Steward or Overseer), who along with many other youths came from Scotland to settle in Yorkshire," and presumably the elder John was born at the same place and was one of the "youths" mentioned.

Also, that Andrew during his youth and for several years thereafter, followed the business of a traveling Scotsman, his business being chiefly with the farmers in the surrounding districts, and who also, "kept a draper's shop in Kirkgate, Otley. Presumably the brother John followed the same business, for that agrees with what must have been stated by his son John in his biographical account of the citizenry of Harrison and Carroll counties, published in 1891.

He was a large man six feet and four inches tall, born in 1782, married first in Scotland to a Miss Johnston, sister to John Johnston of Geneva, N. Y., by whom he had one daughter, Mrs. Janet Ferguson, mentioned in these memoirs; married for his second wife Elizabeth Harrison, sister of Joseph Harrison, came first to America in 1831, purchased 106 acres of land which is still in the family name, returned to England and came back again in 1834, bringing with him his two sons, Andrew and John, and died March 14, 1857.

Prior to the time that the elder John left England the living conditions must have been very hard and that the same was the chief reason for his decision in casting his lot in America.

John McLandsborough, the one of note in England, was a Civil Engineer, a native of Otley, and who died at Bradford, February 24, 1900. In his biographical sketch published in the *Observer*, there is not only an account of his success in his chosen profession, but interesting sidelights upon the struggles of a youth at that time and which we quote in part:

"As a boy, John attended a school conducted by Miss Mercer, the daughter of a Wesleyan minister, residing in Crow Lane, Otley. He was afterwards sent to Cambridge House Academy, situated on the south end of Gay Lane, Otley, the school-house being close to the old toll house and turnpike gate of the old road to Leeds. The academy was kept by the Vicar of Weston, the Rev. J. Horsfall, who had as an assistant his brother. He was here some time but was removed in consequence of being struck by the master upon the right ear with such force as to rupture the tympanum, causing him to be deaf of that ear. * * * During his youth, and for several years after, Mr. McLandsborough, senior, followed the business of a travelling Scotsman, his business being chiefly with farmers in the surrounding district, but he also kept a drapers' shop in Kirkgate, Otley, which was afterwards occupied by Mr. F. Petty. In this business, young McLandsborough, the subject of this sketch took considerable interest. He was fond of reading and was known to rise in the early hours of morning in order that he might improve his mind. It was in his days that the temperance question cropped up in Otley, and as a youth he joined the society which was formed, and subsequently was induced to accept the secretaryship. Mechanics' Institutions were then in existence in many of the large towns, but Otley did not possess one, so that young McLandsborough and other kindred spirits who desired to improve themselves united in forming what they designated a Mutual Improvement Society, which met in an unoccupied room in Victoria Place, behind the house and shop of his father. Meetings were held here in the winter evenings, papers read by the members and lectures given by them and others at intervals. After a few years, however, a Mechanics' Institution was formed, with a lending library and reading room and the Mutual Improvement Society was merged into the Institute, young McLandsborough being soon after made a member of the Committee of Management.

* * * * *

"He spent several years with the late Mr. John Miller, M. P., a distinguished civil engineer in Edinburgh, as an assistant. Mr. Miller's practice was the largest of any in Scotland at that time and young McLandsborough soon made headway, giving the utmost satisfaction to his chief, who retained him as assistant for a longer peroid than had originally been stipulated for. On his return to

Otley, Mr. McLandsborough began the practice of a civil engineer in Bradford in 1850. His experience in Scotland was chiefly in connection with the laying out and construction of railways, and he did similar work in his general practice after he started in Bradford. For some time the attention of the country had been directed to the necessity for sanitary reform, and foreseeing the probability of a demand for sanitary engineering, Mr. McLandsborough directed his attention in his leisure hours to that subject, obtaining all available information as to water supplies, sewerage and the drainage of towns and villages. Besides work for other companies, he was instrumental in inducing the Midland Railway Company to extend their line to Otley and Ilkley, and he was also engineer for the line between Keighley and Oxenhope. He carried out various water-works undertakings at Shipley, Horsforth, Burley and Clitheroe, and also drainage works at Burley, Guiseley, Yeadon and other places. He was also engaged in the interests of the Wharge mill-owners when the Bradford Corporation and Bradford Waterworks Company were seeking Parliamentary powers to obtain water from the tributaries of the River Wharfe. In 1868 he established a meteorological station at the Bradford Exchange, and commenced a complete series of daily observations. These were regularly published in the Bradford Observer, and for many years were made use of in the Registrar-General's returns. * * * Mr. McLandsborough was one of the original members of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union, and one of the oldest members of the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Society. He retired from business in 1882, in which year he resigned membership of the Institute of Civil Engineers. He leaves a widow and two daughters, one being married."

It seems also, that he had sent to the same paper a short time before his death, "Some recollections of Otley in the Twenties and of his Boyhood"; also, a glimpse of the succeeding years up to 1900. How often must Joseph Harrison, during his life in America have thought of the places mentioned—the walk up Beacon and Chevin Hills, the latter reaching an elevation of nearly 1,000 feet above the sea? And of the picnics and parties held on their summits and the views when looking toward Leeds and Bradford?

They give such an interesting account of the life and times at Otley that we are tempted to quote in part the following:

"People advanced in years often derive pleasure from reverting to their early days, for it is then that memory pictures their home and its surroundings, and brings back to view the persons and incidents of the period. In these respects I do not form an exception to the rule. Being a native of Otley, born on the 3rd of May, 1820, I can recall to mind particulars respecting the condition of that

town, 70 or more years ago, which particulars may, I hope, interest your readers.

THE STREETS:

In the central portion of the town, as also in the Market Place and Manor Square, the spaces were then paved with boulders or waterworn rounded stones, obtained from a gravel pit at Gallows Hill, on the north side of the road to Pool, and near the Eastern end of the cemetery (since formed), also from the beds of gravel below the wear or damstones of the Otley Corn and Paper Mills on the River Wharfe. The other streets of the town were of macadam or broken stone similar to the country roads. The footpaths were generally paved with small waterworn limestones, from the gravel pit and beds, neatly set. A short length of the path on the west side of Kirkgate, opposite the Market Place, was laid with a single row of flags in the centre of the path.

NO PROVISION FOR LIGHTING THE STREETS THEN EXISTED:

Lanterns provided with moulded or dipped tallow candles were used on dark nights and such means of illumination was in general use for giving light indoors. Lucifer matches had not then been invented. Lights were obtained by means of flint and steel in combination with a tinder-box. The striking of the flint and steel together produced sparks which were made to fall upon the tinder, which they ignited. A match topped with brimstone applied to the ignited tinder soon took fire; and in that clumsy way candles and fires were lit, and light and heat obtained. The tinder was made by burning old linen till it had become carbonized or charred throughout, when it was quickly placed in the tinder-box and covered with the lid to exclude the air to arrest further burning.

THE CURFEW BELL:

The big bell in the Church tower was rung as the curfew bell at 8 p. m., as first directed by William the Conqueror, as a signal to the inhabitants to rake up their fires and retire to rest. The big bell was also rung at 6 o'clock in the morning in summer and at 7 a. m. in winter, to rouse people from sleep, in order that they might commence their daily duties.

THE HORN BLOWER:

This recalls to mind a practice which then prevailed in Otley, of rousing the factory workers employed at the worsted mill, when a man proceeded to a sufficiently remote part of the workers' homes at early morn, where he blew a horn to inform them that it was time to rise. This he continued to do at short intervals till he got near the mill, so that the workers should have time to reach there before work commenced. Often could be heard the faint sound of

the distant horn gradually getting louder as it drew nearer, and then gradually dying away till it ceased to be heard in the distance.

THE CLANG OF THE WOODENSHOON:

Shortly afterwards, another and quite different sound commenced. It was continuous and when first heard was very faint, but rapidly grew to a loud noise, and then as gradually diminished. It was the "clang of the wooden shoon", or the patter of the clogs worn by the factory workers on their way to the mill. Often, while the general patter was diminishing, there were feeble revivals of the sound occasioned by one or more workers who had either slept too long or dallied in dressing and had to make up for lost time by hurrying footsteps.

THE OLD MARKET CROSS:

To which the farmers' wives and daughters resorted to sell their produce before the erection of the covered structure at the top of the market place, was the relic of an ancient cross, which stood at the northern end of the present structure. It consisted of several tiers of large roughly-dressed stones laid in octagonal form, each tier being set back from the outer edge of the tier it stood upon, leaving room for seating the country dames and for their baskets of poultry, butter and eggs. No doubt a wooden post was originally fixed in the centre of the tier on which the cross was formed. The old cross afforded no shelter from inclement weather.

THE STOCKS:

For the confinement of drunken or disorderly persons were then in use. They were fixed near the church gates in Kirkgate, on the north side of the footpath leading to the old vicarage and to Westgate. The path was not then railed off from the church-yard as now. On various occasions during my boyhood, the stocks were used.

THE MARKET AND FAIR DAYS:

Were busy times. Both sides of Kirkgate, and some other parts of the town were lined close with vehicles some containing farm produce from the forest of Knaresborough and other distant places in the North, and some from the upper part of Wharfedale as far as Buckden. Farming then being profitable, the tradespeople and innkeepers shared in the prosperity; but the subsequent depression of agriculture seriously affected the farmers and landowners, a fact which also operated prejudicially upon the trade of the town.

WOOL COMBING:

Was then done by hand, giving employment to many persons in Otley. The wool was given out at the Worsted Mill, ready cleansed,

to the combers, who did the work at their homes, and were often assisted therein by their wives. It was done by means of combs provided with several rows of sharp-pointed steel wire, fixed in a head at an angle of 90 degrees with the handle, which could be readily attached to a firm post fixed for the purpose. It was needful that the wires of the combs should be heated to a suitable temperature before using. To that end a circular stove of baked fire clay was provided, in which charcoal was burned. Around the upper part of the stove apertures were formed, through which the wires of the combs were put inside the stove and heated by burning charcoal near the bottom. A comb thus heated was fixed to the post, with the wires pointing upwards or sideway as required, when the wool was struck upon the points of the comb, and all that would come was drawn by hand. This was repeated till the comb had a sufficient quantity of wool upon it, when another heated comb was passed through the projecting wool as often as was needful to get all the fibres in the same direction. Then the comber gradually drew the wool from the comb in a long length, which he gathered as drawn in his hand till the end was fastened around it. The supply of wool having been thus dealt with it was returned to the mill where it underwent succeeding processes.

Now, all this is done by combing machines, of which Cartwright is said to have been the inventor, as he was also of the power loom. Subsequent improvements were made in the combing machines by Donnisthorpe; also by Samuel Cunliffe Lister (now Lord Masham) and the late Sir Isaac Holden, Baronet. Many years before Sir Isaac got his title, he showed me, at his Alston works in Thornton Road, Bradford, a large room or shed full of combing machinery, with the various improvements he had made from time to time before perfecting his machine, which he stated, had cost him £60,000.

OTLEY'S FIRST WATERWORKS:

After flowing open for a short distance, two streams united in the wood and ran open to the Silver Mill, where the water passed over the mill wheel, it thence flowed to the waterhouse of the then private waterworks on the East side of the old turnpike road to Leeds, a little south of opposite to Johnny Lane end. From the waterhouse the supply of water was conveyed to the town in pipes formed of the trunks of trees, with a hole bored longitudinally through them, laid and joined together in trenches and covered. As such pipes were not calculated to bear much pressure, and the waterhouse was fixed at a low elevation the supply given to the higher parts of the town was not efficient. There being at that period no means of storing the water, the bulk of it passed through a covered drain to the South end of Gay Lane, whence it flowed open on the East side of that street, to the east end of Bondgate, where it entered upon and passed through private property to Crow Lane, and thence

under cover to a watering trough which stood near to the Maypole, and thence forward to the river Wharfe, partly covered. At the point where the water issued from the conduits at the top of Gay Lane, a place was provided for obtaining this water, which was much used by the residents of Cambridge and Gay Lane for tea making and other domestic purposes. The old road to Leeds up the East Chevin was then repaired with sandstone from the adjacent quarries. This soon got crushed to sand. After heavy rain the sand was washed off the road and carried into the waste water conduit or drain to the top of Gay Lane, where it was deposited, and carted away for building and other purposes.

A Favourite Walk:

Many enjoyable walks could then be taken in the vicinity of Otley. That to the top of Central Chevin was the favourite walk. Commencing at the south end of Kirkgate, it entered the long narrow field known as Whiteley Croft, through which it passed, as well as other fields, southward to Beacon House, the gable end of which is well seen on the skyline of the Chevin from all parts of Kirkgate. Close to the back, on the western side of the house, is a clump of rocks, which, though barely three-quarters of a mile from Kirkgate, are about 700 feet greater elevation than that street. The summit of Chevin is at Beacon Hill, a quarter of a mile west of Beacon House, and 25 feet greater elevation than the rocks, having an elevation of 925 feet above the mean level of the sea.

Beacon House and Beacon Hill:

Are the names given upon the ordinance map to these places, from which may be inferred that Beacon Hill has in old times been the place where beacon fires were kept burning to warn the surrounding inhabitants of invaders, on the approach of the enemy. Beacon House, in my younger days, was occupied by a hind (Peasant) and his wife, named Myers, in the service of the late John Hartley, Senior, of Otley Corn Mill. His wife, Jenny Myers, was known to all residents and to many visitors to Otley, few of whom had not derived pleasure from her kindness. She would lend her china and find boiling water for those requiring tea, and who were provided with the needful requisites. In case of picnics and parties visiting the Chevin, she would, if possible, allow them to have tea and dance in the barn attached to Beacon House. Very many times have I made the ascent of Otley Chevin. The earliest remembered was made as a boy between four and five years of age. when accompanying my father. Upon reaching the rocks on the ridge, we sat down to rest and to admire the beautiful landscape before us. On our return, going down the lower part of the top field, I commenced to run and, not being able to stop myself, ran against the stone fence at the bottom of that field, where I fell. My father hurried after me, took

me up and, after clearing the blood from my face and hands, bade me kneel down. My father also kneeled and offered thanks to our Heavenly Father for having preserved his son from serious injury. The external impressions and scars then made were soon erased, but that made upon my memory yet remains, after a lapse of seventy-five years.

York Minster:

In youth I rose at early dawn, and often in summer when fine and clear weather prevailed, climbed to the top of the Chevin. On one occasion in winter, news arrived at Otley that York Minster was on fire. It was at night, after daylight was past, that the news came. My father being desirous to ascertain if such were the case asked me if I should like to accompany him to the top of Chevin, though I was then barely nine years of age. We both started with lantern in hand and climbed the Chevin. The news proved to be correct. The minster was on fire, purposely lit by Jonathan Martin, a lunatic. The damage then done cost many thousands of pounds sterling to restore.

My father loved to climb the Chevin, as also did my mother, who, after leaving Otley, often revisited it and on each occasion of her visit made a point of climbing the Chevin. Her last visit was made when she was 84 years of age. She then climbed the Chevin for the last time, within four days of her death.

A Handy Clothes Drying Place:

On the eastern side of Whiteley Croft was a thorn fence, upon which the linen of many families was spread weekly, in fine weather, to dry. Occasionally the fence could be seen covered from the bottom to the top of the long field.

The Old Turnpike Road Over the Chevin:

The highway connecting Otley with Leeds and the south, over which the bulk of the Otley traffic passed, was the old turnpike road up the East Chevin, past the quarries and along the top or south edge of Danefield Wood, involving a rise of 540 feet vertical in a distance of 1,833 yards between the centre of the old toll gate (then near Cambridge House at the top or south end of Gay Lane), and a point on the centre of the road opposite the south-eastern corner of Danefield Wood, giving an average gradient of about 1 in 10 (1 foot verticle to 10 feet horizontal), a portion of which had a gradient of 1 in 7¾ only. As stated before, the Chevin road was repaired with sandstone from the adjacent quarry, which soon got pulverized to sand by the heavy traffic. This, with the steep gradient, made the ascent for vehicles very difficult. The rival carriers between Otley and Leeds then were Johnny Bell, and Phoebe Bailey and her son; while a farmer named Crook, residing at Askwith, about 3 miles

from Otley in the opposite direction, conveyed the heavy hogsheads of sugar, etc., for the grocers and spirit merchants, the latter's horses and carts, with men coming from and returning to Askwith, in addition to the journey to and from Leeds each day. Our family supply of coals for domestic use was for many years brought from Rothwell Haigh, about three miles beyond Leeds to Otley, by Quaker Rhodes, a farmer residing in Boroughgate. He had farm buildings extending to the Back Lane and sent one of his men with a cart and two horses for the coal, as required.

THE FRIENDS AT OTLEY:

In my boyhood the Society of Friends had a meeting-house in Otley on the south side of Cross Green, below the Maypole. Meetings there were given up by the Friends, and afterwards the meeting house was used by the Plymouth or Christian brethren. The Friends' quarterly meetings, when held at Otley in summer, brought many members of that community there from the souh side of the Chevin, also from the upper part of Wharfedale and other distant places. Husband and wife, in their quaint and becoming dress might, on such occasions in fine weather, be seen arriving in their neat and comfortable open carriage, and after meeting they would set out admiring the town and its picturesque surroundings. The Friends were then apparently more numerous than in the present day of 1900. The discontinuance of the style of dress and speech that formerly prevailed may account for much of the apparent decline. In Otley we fear that it is no more real than apparent, while at Ilkley and Harrogate, where there was no meeting house formerly, both places are now provided with them. This, no doubt, is due to those places not only having greatly increased in population, but being favourite health resorts, as well as favourite residential places. Our country owes much to the sterling worth of the Friends, who were the leading promoters of our banks, also of our canals, and the pioneer promoters of railways.

ACCESSION OF KING WILLIAM IV:

In 1830, when William IV succeeded to the throne, the event was celebrated in Otley by the late William Forster, grocer, giving to his tenants, neighbours and others, a tea in the large yard or court behind the property he owned in Kirkgate, comprising seven shops with dwellings, also other residences in Westgate. For the tea, long temporary tables and seats were provided. My father was invited, but being from home I, his eldest son, was requested to represent him, though but then ten years old. After the repast, national songs were sung by all present, and brief speeches were made conveying the thanks of the company for Wm. Forster's kindness. Among the neighbors present was Jeremiah Thompson, tallow chandler, who was also choirmaster of the Parish Church. He sat just opposite me, and when

we were dispersing he asked me if I would like to join the church choir. I replied that I would like to do so, if my father would consent. He, however, being a dissenter, would not, and could not consistently give it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FORMER VICARS:

Having been accustomed to attend religious services on the Sabbath, upon leaving home this was continued. The duties upon which I engaged involved frequent changes of residence. Sometimes the Established Church was the only place of worship within reach, so that soon I became familiar with its services and liked them. After some years spent thus in England and Scotland, upon returning to Yorkshire I attended the Church of England. Well do I remember the Rev. Joshua Hart and the services in Otley Church, the singing of the morning hymn and Jackson's Te Deum, which was joined in by the large congregation, as were also the responses; and then followed by the Vicar's discourse. The evening service was attended by a crowded congregation, when that favourite hymn commencing, "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear", was given out by the Vicar and sung to the tune "Hesperus." In this all joined most heartily, preparing the worshippers for a fitting reception of the sermon. My memory of the good and faithful Vicar has been kept bright ever since that Sunday morning in October, 1865, when he was suddenly called to his eternal rest after his labours for 28 years as Vicar of Otley. For many years I have been unable to attend evening services at church, but I do not forget to have Keble's beautiful hymn, with the tune Hesperus, and other sacred music, played and sung on Sabbath evening, thus recalling to mind the good Vicar of whom we often speak on these occasions."

John McLandsborough of the Dining Fork was one of the most prominent farmers of that locality. His mental endowments were such that he could have achieved distinction in a variety of ways. He had an analytical mind and sound judgment. He always had a strong mental grasp upon the subject in hand. His thirst for knowledge made him a great reader. He was well posted on current events. During the Civil War he was, perhaps, the only farmer in the neighborhood who took a daily paper, the *Cincinnati Commercial.*

He was a Republican in politics and his interest in the Union was attested in the names which he gave two of his sons—Siegel and Abraham Lincoln— the former after Gen. Franz Siegel, when the phrase was current to say, "Fighting 'mit Siegel."

In his farming operations his plans were thought out in great detail. He never drove into a lane that he could not "turn

around and come out again." If it be genius to get work out of other people he understood that, but not in a way to give offense. He was strong in his likes and dislikes. He never forgot an offense, either fancied or real, and never forgave one. His judgment once formed was unchangeable. He kept his own counsel and no man could say he was a gossip or that he ever spent any idle time about town. He gave to each man his dues but no more, and he expected the same from him. With those he liked he was cordial, fluent in conversation and enjoyed it. He had the English accent in his speech and my recollection is that he always called me "Jaw-sef". I visited him in the last years of his life after his wife had gone and when he knew that his "sunset days" were almost over. It seemed to give him pleasure to talk and live over again the days of his youth and early manhood. He had a strong attachment for the members of his family and his relatives in England, and always spoke of them with an affectionate regard.

He must have been considerable of an athlete in his younger days, for I have heard my father say he was a good swimmer. I think he liked to talk to me, for he was always cordial, and when his daughter Alice was married I remember his coming to the College where I was teaching and invited me to the wedding.

In his farming operations he was on the alert for improved methods and strove to make the most of the fertilizer, drain tile, and improved machinery. His farm of 540 acres was mainly of the rich bottom land at the junction of the Conotton and Dining Fork and took in all of the lower valley of the latter. His residence was upon the south side of the former valley upon a gentle elevation, a brick dwelling, about one mile west of Scio, and commanded a fine view of two railroads and their trains.

He was of medium height with no spare flesh, had a high forehead, dark beetling eyebrows, brown beard, his weight was about 150 pounds and in his walk he had the manner of the careful mathematician who always knew where he was going to place his foot.

Andrew was the oldest. He went to Mahaska County, Iowa, sometime prior to 1856, lived the hard life of a pioneer farmer in a new country, and died there July 8, 1886. He left a number of children, none of whom I have ever met.

Among the old letters of grandfather's was one in his own hand, without date, written upon both sides of the sheet, and whether it

was intended to be a copy, or to whom it was addressed, cannot be learned from it at this time. (It must have been written in 1856, because he mentions "the old man", John McLandsborough, then 73 years old.) It gives the following reference to Andrew:

"I forgot to mention John McLandsborough, they are all well for ought I know, all except Andrew, he has been sick with Typhus Fever a great part of the winter (here is a suggestion of the season)—he did not expect to get better when he wrote last and he wished John to go and see him (this must have been when Andrew was in Iowa)—he did go—he took the cars about 24 miles from home and went six or seven hundred miles by rail—he went by rail to something like fifty miles of Andrew's place in Iowa, he staid about a week and found him some better than he anticipated. His legs swell and he was afraid it would turn to Dropsy, but he may get along. Andrew has had a hard life, different from some I saw in England. A man who goes into a new country and has to dig out a home for himself, he, I assure you, has plenty to do, more especially if he has little money. The old man appears to me to be going down hill, his memory is bad and his intellect considerably impaired—he is now about 73 years old. If he had worked as hard as I have he would, most likely, have been off the stage of action. He is in pretty good circumstances, he has several hundred dollars over and above all he owes."

Elizabeth was the wife of John Sproul and they went to Jasper County, Iowa, and engaged in farming. She, too, must have passed away by this time and if these lines should ever meet the eyes of her children I know that I could share the wish with them, that fortune had favored us with an acquaintance.

James McLandsborough, the youngest of the family was an interesting man. His mother having died when he was an infant he never knew a mother's care, but he had all the attention which his relatives and English friends could bestow upon him. That good woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Powell (nee Waddington) when a young girl and first in this country, earned the commendation of his aunt, Mrs. Reffitt, for the care she gave him shortly after his mother's death.

When a little boy he lived with the Dawson family of English descent, in Carroll County, for several years, and when a young man attended Rural Seminary at Harlem Springs, Ohio, which term or two supplemented the limited education he was able to get at the public school.

He was a large man, over six feet tall, reserved in manner with those with whom he was not well acquainted, but with his known friends was cordial and talkative. When amused he was tickled all over. I have seen him laugh until the tears ran from his eyes. His wife, Mary Jane, was no less cordial, and no acquaintance ever visited their home and came away and could have said that he did not have a pleasant visit.

He was a successful farmer, lived on the ridge about one mile south of Scio, and took an active interest in public affairs. His only child, Reno, lived until young manhood and his never robust frame became an easy prey to his first spell of serious sickness.

Jame's death was a great loss to his widow and large circle of friends. He seemed to be taken before his time. No doubt it was weakness of the heart, it could not sustain the work put upon it by so large a frame and the active life he led. His widow, born in 1836, survived him until 1919.

And now we come to Andrew, Janet and Joseph McLandsborough, children of John, natives to the Dining Fork, and of the impress left upon our memory.

We attended the Creal public school. Their road to reach it led to the northeast, over the hill and ridge, through the fields, and followed the old trail or road which led from their log-house home upon the site of the present home of Mrs. William McLandsborough, for a distance of a mile and a half, and connected with the road to New Rumley.

Andrew was older than I and was a youth of unusual strength and activity. He could cross his thumbs and with his two hands crush the hardest apple. He was an expert swimmer, ball player, and ice-skater. When a young man it was his boast that at a single forkful he could lift a whole hay-cock upon the wagon. Afterwards he engaged in operating a portable saw-mill, which, to move about and supply with logs, often called for great strength. Never thinking that there was a limit to his strength he lifted at times beyond his capacity and so broke down a body that should be among the living today.

In the early nineties I used to see him at times between trains at Dennison where he lived, when I would be returning from Scio, and was always assured of a warm welcome by him and his wife, Mary. He was an invalid then, but so joyous was he that in our conversation we lived over again many of our boyhood days. It had been

his good fortune, shortly before that time, to visit with his wife, the Pacific coast and the wonders of the Rocky Mountains, the Plains, and the Big Trees of the west were subjects of great interest to him. He passed away October 1, 1914.

Janet married Benjamin Calcott, is a widow and resides about ¼ mile west of the last home of her father. I have always thought Janet was a real Harrison. She has the prevailing features of that family. As a young girl she was slender and active. At her present age, being the second oldest, she has grown stout, but still has that easy way of expressing herself that was always her nature. She has two sons, John and Elmer, and two daughers, Anna Tope and Alice Markley, at whose homes she makes frequent visits, and thus does the family relationship repeat itself from one generation to another.

Joseph, the third in point of age, was a little boy when I knew him at school. He was quick in action and speech and his words often came faster than he could deliver them distinctly. It was his uncle James, I believe who used to be at our house a great deal, in fact he lived with us when he taught our school, who told this story, and I have such faith in Joseph's good nature that I am sure he will forgive me for repeating it.

Like most boys his natural companion was a dog. His dog was named "Jack", but Joseph in his haste to pronounce the name often called him "Yak". The particular incident when words came to him like an avalanche was told in Joseph's own description. He said: Yak yan a yabbit in a yail pile, and I pulled away a yail and away yan the yabbit and away yan Yak".

Joseph's hair was gray the last time I saw him but he has been kind in giving me information about the family, and I feel a little guilty in telling this story, but in any sketch, it always helps to give a "streak of fat and a streak of lean", when one wishes to be sure of the best bacon.

Joseph early became interested in tile draining and a device of his for setting fence posts became the best that was known in that country. He owns a fine farm at Philadelphia Roads, about 15 miles west of his boyhood home and lives the contented life of a farmer.

John the youngest is also a farmer and lives near him. I think John and his brother Siegel made a trip to England in the early "nineties" and visited the old Harrison home at Stubbings.

William and Siegel have both passed away, the former built for himself a new dwelling upon his farm, the site of the first home of his father after his marriage, and Siegel was proprietor of and resident of the last home of his father, the brick dwelling, after he had gone.

CHAPTER XIII

Changes Which the "Seventies" Brought—Failing Health of Benjamin Harrison—Death of Mrs. Reffitt—Benjamin Harrison, Jr., and Brick Making in England—Death of Joseph Harrison—Present-Day Relationship in England and Elsewhere—Their Part in the World War.

WITH the decade beginning with the "seventies" important changes were to come to the Harrisons' both in England and America. Both Joseph and Benjamin were nearing the termini of those long trails which began in England from the same hearth-stone but were to end in widely separated homes. Their pens had been practically laid aside and were only taken up in a few desultory letters written (with but one exception) by their sons, before the final curtain fell.

Failing health seemed to overtake Benjamin before it came to his elder brother Joseph, for we find in a letter written by the former's son, Benjamin, to his uncle on May 3, 1870:

"My father's memory is failing considerably but he in other respects is in good health. My mother is very nimble and can do things as well as ever."

Mrs. Reffitt, writing in 1871, stated:

"My poor, dear brother Benjamin is not able to write, his memory is bad, he cannot recollect anything for ten minutes, he will ask the same questions many times in a day. It is that heart complaint that I told you of, but he has still to be very careful."

Under date of December 7, 1874, Benjamin, Jr. wrote to his cousin, my father:

"We have one more to add to the list of deaths, that is my mother. She died of cancer after short of a month's illness, on the 16th of October, 1874. She resided at Leeds along with my sisters up to the time of her death."

Later, August 16, 1875, in a letter to his uncle he mentions the death of his aunt Mrs. Reffitt as having occurred August 9, 1875, and

BENJAMIN HARRISON, JR., (The Twins)
Otley, England

JOSEPH HARRISON II.
Otley, England

MRS. SOPHIA T. WATSON,
Lawrence, Mass.

JOHN WALKER,
Otley, England

that her last illness was similar to that of his father's who, it appears, died in 1874.

These events brought to an end the ownership of what had been the home of the Harrisons' at Stubbings for several generations.

Benjamin Sr., his son stated, left an estate of £4737 19s. 11d. which was divided into eight shares, one for each of the children.

It was perhaps natural that the thoughts of the younger generation should have been turned away from farming at this time. He had stated in his letter of 1870:

"Farming is considered about the slowest business going here. There is the most hard work in it and the least money for it."

It was due, no doubt, to the change which came about in England from agricultural pursuits to manufacturing industries, and the low prices of farm products. One would think it would have had the opposite effect, but here is what Benjamin, Jr., states in his August letter:

"Harvesting is now going on in this part. There appears to be pretty fair crops, but it is nearly all sown down to grass about here on account of labor being high. I think many of the farmers have gone to the other extreme. The most profitable farms are mixed farms. Many of the farmers buy cattle to feed in the spring and some of them invariably don't get fat when the fall comes, the consequence is they must either sell them at a sacrifice or not having turnips, do worse, buy oilcake, which is like buying gold, too dear. Grazing cattle is a profitable business, but to carry it out you must have turnips. Beef is now worth 12 or 13 shillings per stone (of 16 lbs.); mutton about 11 pence per lb.; hay is worth up to 15 pence per stone of 14 lb."

Turning to their new industry, the manufacture of brick, he stated that in their brick operations his brother Joseph looked after the bookkeeping and the orders, and that he himself looked after the men and the machinery.

"Well, now about the brick-works. * * * They are situated within a stone's throw of the Cambridge end of Otley on the new road to Leeds and close to the Otley & McClay Railroad. We are at present excavating for a siding on to the rails. We have not yet completed everything belonging to the works, but pretty near. I consider when it is complete it will be one of the most compact of the kind, and one of the best situated places of business in the neighborhood. The carriages of bricks any distance are pushed along hollow troughs, and cut into lengths of about ten

inches, with a small wire. These lumps are then put into a press and pressed into bricks. They are plenty stiff enough to handle. They are then taken on to the top of the kiln to be dried and remain a few days until they are dry enough for setting in the kiln. The kiln is a circular building about 120 yards in circumference, in fact it is a circular tunnel with 14 compartments, each capable of holding 14,000 bricks. Now we drop the coals in from the top among the bricks. We use the smallest coals we can get as they are far better than the large coal and much cheaper. We are setting and drawing bricks every day. Our system, however short, is a serious item on account of their weight. Therefore, you will be able to see the advantage of getting them direct on the rails. There are few places where they can get them on without carting.

"Now with regard to the making of bricks. The material we make bricks from is shale, not clay. It makes a very superior brick to clay. The bricks when burnt have quite a metallic ring, which clay bricks do not possess. We get this blue shale out of the hill, it goes down a tremendous depth, we have bored into it 110 feet for water and not come to the bottom, so that we have secured an unlimited quantity. After having gotten the shale into little wagons which hold about four hundred weight we bring it down a tramway to the bottom of an incline where we have a long chain that winds round a windlass or drum. The wagons are hooked onto the chain and drawn up by the engine. As soon as it reaches the top it is tipped into a hopper; it then passes through massive rollers two feet in diameter and four feet long, set close together, so close you could not get a penknife between, which squeezes it as thin as paper, sometimes we put it through a revolving pan, the pan revolves. It is nine feet diameter and has sides about 15 in height. Inside of this pan there are two rollers which run on their edges, the same as cart wheels, weighing about 3 tons each, 5 ft. high and 16 in. across the face. The material passes under the crushers many times, in lumps as big as bricks, but gets gradually crushed by passing under the runners innumerable times. The next machine it passes through is a pug mill where it is watered. This pug mill is a cylinder about 5 ft. long and 2 ft. in diameter; a wrought iron shaft, with a number of knives, mixes and propels the clay until it passes through an opening in the front into another machine similarly constructed, which mixes it still more until it passes out of two openings in front of the machine, about 4 in. diameter—these two columns travel continuously and *turn* so as to set one division of the 14 each day and draw one. We generally contrive to have three out of the 14 empty which leaves plenty of space for setting at a drawing. We have one division under actual fire each day and the surplus heat is travelling towards 7 or 8 divisions until completely exhausted. We shall, no doubt, be able to make it pay well when we get to making

the full quantity, as our selling price is 30/s and we can make them for 15/s, or in extreme cases under 20/s."

With Joseph Harrison in America in the "seventies", time had dealt gently with him for one who had passed his three score and ten. He delighted to see farming operations progress. He had been the first to introduce into his township a threshing machine.

It was of the kind operated by horse-power communicated to a revolving cylinder armed with spikes, which mashed between other spikes in the under convex surface, and into which the sheaves of grain were fed. Winnowing away the chaff was done with a wind-mill turned by hand, the clean grain, by its weight, was left behind and fell where it could be carried to the bin.

When the mowing machine was in operation it was grandfather's delight to follow it at intervals and see the tall grass tremble and fall before the cutter. Later, he would watch the reaper gather the grain into a sheaf, bind and toss it to one side for the shock and when dry was stored in the barn.

It was in the autumn of 1877, that I had my last conversation with him. It was in a walk about the farm when I told him I intended to go to Cincinnati to enter the Law School. He told me if I needed any financial aid that he would help me. During my stay the following winter he replied to the only letter I ever wrote to him, and his to me was the only one I ever received from him. It was in a firm legible hand and was, in part, as follows:

"Jan. 24, 1878.

Dear Joseph:

After delaying longer than I intended which is a fault I have often been charged with and now my hand trembles and it is hard for me to write but I will try to do the best that I can. * * * You say you are boarding with an old Englishman. He asked you if you knew anything about Coursing; he did not suppose you did but he thought that your Grandfather might know something about it. Well, I surely do. I recollect one particular circumstance of my sporting. There was a gentleman of large estate in the neighborhood and he ran for Member of Parliament and my father voted for him and he was elected and I suppose he was pleased over it and he gave to those who took any pleasure in Coursing a day's sport. My father, not being much of a sportsman he said I might go in his place. This was to be on his estate and bag all the game we got. We started with, perhaps, a dozen couples, (dogs) they were so coupled together that you could by pulling some particular fixing belonging to it, and they were free; when we would start a hare we would give her 60 or

75 yards start. You wouldn't believe how they would gain on her. I recollect one hare above all the rest. She actually beat them. This was in a pasture field and it had been plowed into small lands two yards and a half wide or pretty near three yards. She would take into the furrow and as soon as they got her into a straight line you would think that they would pick her up in almost no time but this hare must have been tried before; whenever the hounds came pretty close she started over into the next furrow and when a greyhound gets in full speed he will go 20 yards before he can stop, by this time she will have gained a right smart distance and she kept dodging after this fashion till she wearied them out and they gave up the chase in full view. This was considered a cowardly trick for them to have done so, but a fact nevertheless, and poor Pussy got clear and she earned her life pretty dearly. It appears to me I have seen some of those dogs jump a hedge 7 or 8 feet high; those hounds run by sight and not by scent. I am like your old gentleman, Coursing is all that I ever cared anything about, the other kind is all labor and nothing to see.

You mind I told you to inquire for one Robert Winter and I see from your letter that you met with a name that answered for Winter but it was a dark reception. That woman can surely be nothing in our line. You will have to try again. I don't suppose that he would be found in a City Directory as a man doing business. He was not brought up at the High School in Edinburg but he was what might be called a pretty good-hearted fellow. Its a long time since he left Pittsburgh, he always used to be when at Pittsburgh, chiefly amongst the English he came from. There may be some lower taverns than such as the Burnet House, that he would most likely attend, some of these lower drinking places, but he may be dead long ago for ought I know for they did not know much about him when I was in England. You might in your rambles through the City get some clue to him, but it will be in the lower places and amongst the English. He lived one summer with me and then he went back to Pittsburgh. It's a long way toward 40 years. A good many things have taken place since then. You need not give yourself any unnecessary trouble about it. It would be a satisfaction to know what became of him.

Now then, Joseph, I have written something whether I have said anything or not. Now then, I want you to write to me and say how you are getting along. You must excuse for the present, and remain

Your grandfather.

On the morning of April 12,1878, I received a wire message from my brother that grandfather was seriously ill and not expected to live and to come home immediately. I reached his home the next morning. He was able to recognize me and asked a few questions about Cincinnati, but his life was fast ebbing away and there, also, in

the presence of his two sons and "Sarah", as he always called her, she was soon left a widow. His remains rest in Pleasant View Cemetery, a beautiful location on the hill on the south side of the valley overlooking Scio, and about two miles distant from the home he carved out of the wilderness, and which he had known for sixty years.

His widow thereafter made her home in Scio near that of William Herron, her brother, who kept a store of general merchandise, and survived until 1890, when she, too, passed away.

In the visits I made to Scio it was my pleasure to see her and was always assured of a warm welcome.

We were brought into such close touch with the children of Benjamin Harrison in his letters to his brother Joseph that to us it seems they must still be children—likewise those of his sisters. It is only when we reckon the years which have elapsed, and the fact that they have all passed away, that we realize that if we write of the living, it must be of the grandchildren of the brothers, all of whom themselves are now well along toward their three-score-and-ten.

There was Ann, the eldest daughter of Benjamin, who mentioned with pride what a fine girl she was; that she married Matthew Fearnside, a druggist in Huddersfield, and that she was happy in her new home.

It comes to us now that her day of life has long since closed, and that her son John A. Fearnside became manager for a big firm of corn dealers in York, and that he too has been dead for several years, and that two of his sons are in Australia engaged in fruit farming; that they were in the Australian army during the World War; and that one of them, Henry, was Quarter-Master-Sergeant, and the other, Frank, a Lieutenant, was wounded, and for a time was held as a prisoner in Germany.

Alan, a third son, was a lieutenant in the British army and was also wounded. Margaret (Meg), the youngest daughter, was in the Woman's Auxiliary Army Corps, and was in France for two years during the war. Katie, an older sister, married Perry Wade, a member of the Royal Fusiliers, who was killed in the World War. Annie, another daughter, married J. C. Jefferson, a Civil Engineer and Patent Agent, is now a widow and has one son who is with the Houston Electric Company at Rugby, England.

And what of Sarah, sister to Ann? She who had been in love with her cousin John Reffitt from the days of their early childhood,

and when parental influence sought to dissuade him, declared he would have no other! Why, it is to their daughter, Miss Sarah Ann Reffitt, residing in London, that the writer is indebted for the above information and that which is to follow.

Her brother, Arthur Reffitt, was assistant editor on the Birmingham Mail, where his work was so strenuous during the World War, that it brought him to an untimely grave. His son Clive Reffitt, joined the Royal Warwicks before he was sixteen years of age, was wounded at Gallopoli, and was afterwards in the Air Force on the London defense, where he was engaged in several air raids, and in the words of his Aunt, had "some nasty spills".

Her brother, John (Jack) Reffitt, has been one of the boys bent on seeing the world. He spent seven years in Vancouver, British Columbia, married there, and singularly enough a London girl, who had attended the same church in London, as did others of the Reffitt family, but had not become acquainted. It illustrates the truism that one but needs to go away *from home* to get acquainted *at home*.

Her brother Frank was employed in a bank and enlisted in the war at the age of 43 years, joining the Officers Training Corps, but was discharged for neurasthenia without seeing active service.

Harry, her youngest brother, never very robust, became a manufacturer of a cloth material used in Oil and Cocoa mills, but retired about three years ago, and is now living in the south of France.

We, in America, little realize how all man and woman power was conserved in England during the World War. Miss Reffitt, modestly writing of herself, stated that the air-raids were so terrible over London, that her brothers persuaded her mother and herself to go to Yorkshire, and that before, and during the war, she had been Matron of a Girls' Club in Bradford, a Hostel for Land Girls and Manager of the Holiday Home in Upper Wharfdale.

Of her Uncle Joseph Harrison's family she mentions that two sons, John and Stanley are in Vancouver, and a third son, William is "keeping store" in the Winnipeg Province, Canada.

Her Uncle Michael Harrison's sons, Arthur and Stanley are in Australia. Ted, the eldest, is a clever engineer and is abroad, but she did not know where.

Miss Reffitt is known to her relatives and friends as "Aunt Sannie", a corruption of the two names, "Sarah" and "Annie", and writes with a real warmth of affection about little Ann, ten years of

age, daughter of her cousin, Mrs. Theodore Harris, *nee* Emily Haigh, whose mother was the second sister of Miss Reffitt's father.

She commends the little girl's work in drawing and painting and her bright promise must be gratifying to the family. Some day she too may marvel over the mutations of family and country.

In this connection I have been frequently asked if we are related to the family of Gen. William Henry Harrison, a compliment to be sure, but there are no historical facts, to my knowledge, to justify an affirmative answer. No doubt his early progenitor, Benjamin Harrison, who came from England and settled in Virginia in the seventeenth century, left that country as a result of the general uprising of the Cromwell period. There is one significant coincidence that the name "Benjamin" has persisted in both families, and that both came from the same part of that country. The subject also, is a reminder of a pleasant incident in the experience of the writer in 1920.

I had known for a long time Col. D. W. McClung who died previous to that year, and who was Collector of Internal Revenue and Postmaster at Cincinnati, and had married Miss Anna Carter Harrison, daughter of Carter Harrison, the youngest son of General William Henry Harrison. She was a member of the Presbyterian church of which Rev. Peter Robertson, a friend of mine, was the pastor, and had said to him that she would like if he would bring me with him sometime when he made a pastoral call. Our visit was a most pleasant one. We found her an aged lady of fine bearing, surrounded with the evidences of refinement, such as books, flowers, and paintings. I thought I had never seen one who better exemplified in her conversation and manner, one whom we would call the typical American lady. Her hopeful view of life was shown in one remark which she made when speaking of her age. She said, "I am 83 years of age, but I gained a pound last week." She gave me a picture postal showing her grandfather's home in Vincennes, Indiana, with the window marked to the room in which her father was born, and at my request inscribed upon it her autograph. When we left she accompanied us to the door, and the last thing she said: "It gives me pleasure to think, Mr. Harrison, that perhaps away back in our ancestry we were related." This good woman came to an untimely death as the result of a fire in which she was severely burned, and passed away on April 13, 1924. I attended her funeral and have ever since treasured her memory.

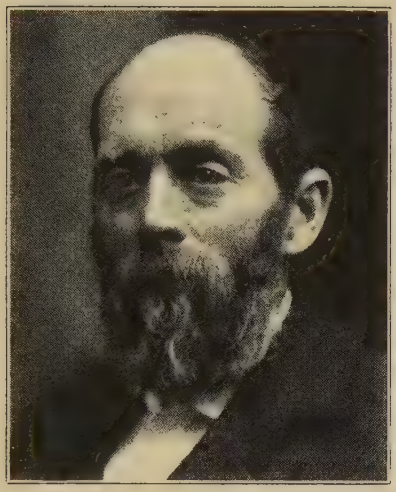
CHAPTER XIV

John Harrison of Scio, Life and Character of—Visits His Son, Hon. James M. Harrison, on the Pacific Coast—Sequel to that Visit, 22 Years Afterward.

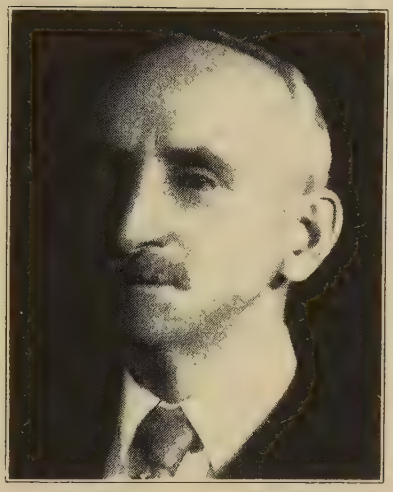
IT is with some diffidence that I come to write about my own father, John Harrison, yet no enumeration of the men who left their impress upon the valley of the Dining Fork would be complete without mention of him. He was born July 10, 1830, and was the eldest son of Joseph Harrison. He must have been a strong and vigorous youth. I have heard him say that he could suspend his weight upon his little finger when closed around a ring in a joist. He learned to plow when thirteen years of age, and had no superior when it came to doing the heavy work on the farm or at the mill. I asked John Giles one time what kind of boy and scholar father was when he was in attendance upon his school. His answer was that he was a good and willing pupil, and there must have been a mutual liking, for they were intimate friends during their whole lives.

His education was limited to what he was able to acquire in the *pay* primary school of the country, for the free public school did not come into existence in Ohio until the adoption of the state Constitution, in 1851. He frequently said that his father had promised him a term or two at New Hagerstown Academy, but the pressure of farm work never gave him that opportunity.

It was characteristic of him to enter upon any undertaking with enthusiasm and energy. In anything he undertook he wanted to know all about it. He was original in his methods, and if reading and study were necessary, he spared neither time or money to that end. The old mill which originally only sawed logs into lumber, was made by him to grind corn and to do with the circular saw the finer work of sawing spokes for carriage wheels, and the thin lath used by the plasterer. He was the first of the farmers in his township to introduce the mowing machine. He bought the best of the fine wooled sheep, and the price he paid for one ($150.00) held the record at the time. He built a tile factory on the farm and introduced drain



JOHN HARRISON,
Scio, Ohio



JOSEPH T. HARRISON,
Cincinnati, Ohio

MRS. LOUISE H. SNODGRASS,
Cincinnati, Ohio

ANNE L. SNODGRASS,
Cincinnati, Ohio

tile among the farmers, and had his own land thoroughly drained. Anything in the way of improved farm machinery attracted his attention, and his home was a depot of supplies for their distribution in the neighborhood.

It was the same way with cattle when farmers changed from sheep husbandry. His black Holsteins were the pride of the community. When he planted a new orchard he made a study of the subject of Pomology, he wanted the best of apples, the kind which would thrive best in that locality, bought all the young trees that were left in a neighboring nursery, and planted 600 apple trees in the spring of 1873. I saw that orchard come to maturity and its apples so plentiful that when they fell they rolled down the hillside and made a great drift against the fence.

He had a turn for mechanics, made all his own gates, harrows and houses for the storage of corn, apples, hay, and for the shelter of sheep, hogs and cattle. He had work benches and carpenter tools both at the old mill and in a shop near the house.

I recall one device which he used that will be of interest to the city boy. He could put a wooden pin into a wooden post so tight that it could never be gotten out unless one bored out the wood of the pin. The process was simple. He made the pin to fit the augur hole, then split it slightly at the point so as to receive a small wooden wedge, and when the pin was driven in, the base of the wedge at the end of the hole was driven forward in such manner that it expanded the point of the pin and that pin was there to stay.

He was an adept in clearing woodland and could maneuver logs and fallen timber in such a way by crossing one log over another and placing a coal of fire at the intersection, with the result that they were burned into sections, and then could be easily rolled together for final reduction to ashes. It is needless to add that much of really good timber was thus consumed by the "Silent Chopper", that afterwards, would have been valuable for firewood; but it was one of the wasteful methods in vogue at the time, when the main thought was to get the land ready for a crop or pasturage.

In those days it was thought little less than a crime to get out to the farm work later than seven o'clock in the morning, or to quit before the chickens went to roost, and to be at work at the break of day in the planting and harvest season, was considered an evidence of thrift.

Then, both before and after the regular days work there were "chores" to be attended to, the cows to milk, the horses to feed and care for. The chickens and hogs usually took care of themselves.

If the wheat was ready to cut or the grass would cure for hay on the Fourth of July, it meant that we did not have a holiday. The crop must be taken when the weather was fair or it might be spoiled. One holiday looms large in my recollection. It was in the fall season when the work was done, and nothing in particular was pressing, and he went with us for a whole day gathering hickory nuts. We climbed and chopped down trees until in the evening we had several bags of nuts for the winter's consumption. The prospect was delightful for the long winter evenings to come when we could have them with delicious apples. Of course when the Circus and the animal show came to town, that was particularly compelling, and we rarely missed one, and the stories of the trapeze and the elephant and the lions, etc., were rehearsed among the boys until the next season.

There were a few other bright spots in our boy lives, such as the incidents of hunting, or when, with a sein, the large white suckers were pulled out of the pool below the mill, or when they were speared at night with a gig, on the riffles below, under the light of bark faggots.

While the above may be considered an extreme picture of the situation in some particulars, it is a near approach to it. The reasoning of the men of those times on the subject of work, was not unlike that of the owner of a threshing machine of that day, who told his hired man, when they had finished one job late in the evening: "Now, Tom, I wish you would load the machine and drive about four miles over to John Simpson's tonight, so as to get an early start in the morning, and *you can rest while you are riding one of the mules.*"

John Harrison never held a public office, except that of Land Appraiser for North Township for one of the decennial appraisements. In this work he was thorough and drew plats of every farm in that township. He was a Republican in politics from the beginning of that party in public affairs, and cast his first vote for president for Gen. John C. Fremont in 1856. The New York Tribune, edited by Horace Greeley, was the political gospel in our home, and he was his supporter in 1872, when that doughty editor was the candidate of the Liberal Republican party for President.

He was an admirer of Abraham Lincoln and named one of his sons for him, and two others for Republicans, Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens.

I could not say that father did not think of the welfare of his children, but his thoughts were naturally along the lines of his own boyhood life—plenty of hard work, and if the parent "spared the rod he spoiled the child". He taught us to respect older people and we were made to feel that "children should be seen and not heard"—a lesson sadly wanting at the present day where we see instances, especially at hotels, of children seating themselves before their parents are seated, and insisting that they be waited upon before their parents are served.

He fully appreciated the importance of education as was shown in his keen interest and support of Scio College. He said when it was built that it was his ambition that each of his children should be a college graduate. This wish was never gratified, except as to the writer, and I was fortunate perhaps, because I got the benefit of his first years of enthusiasm upon the subject. The other children might have done likewise, perhaps, if they had pressed their claims, but it may be said, in justice to them, that when the alternative was presented of either going to college or assist father in the great amount of work to be done on the farm, they decided to so help their father. However, there was not one of them but what had his or her one or more terms at Scio College, and one brother Abe attended the Normal school at Ada, Ohio, and another sister, Ella, had her term or two at Hopedale, Ohio.

In other respects he showed his interest in his children. It was his habit to let each one have a pet. It was a lamb, a calf, or a colt, and that particular pet was sure to have good care on the part of the owner. He encouraged the boys to cultivate upon their own account a little crop of some kind, a patch of beans, broom-corn or potatoes. I remember the first and only money I ever made on the farm. It was from a patch of Early Rose potatoes. He gave me permission to plow the old barnyard of the Calcott farm. During some previous years, when it had not been used, it had grown into a stiff sod, so stiff that large sections of it could have been dragged away without breaking, after having been cut by the plow. That sod had been fertilized by the waste from the barn during the life-time of the Calcott occupancy, and when the sod was turned over and

rotted it was a rich place for the big tubers to burrow and grow. I sold the crop for $70.00, and thought I was on the way to great riches.

I should say, with a little tinge of remorse, that my father was always the first one up in the morning. This meant in the old days of the use of wood for fuel, that it took some courage to roll out of a warm bed in zero weather and build a fire in the open fireplace and start the fire in the cook-stove, and put the kettle on for coffee. Sometimes, if the coals of fire had been well covered with ashes on the previous night, it would keep, and the task was not so hard; but when it was entirely out, and ninety percent of the heat went up the chimney, it made one get about lively until sufficient heat was produced.

Father was always a little chary in the praise of his children as to anything they did. He seemed to be afraid he would spoil them. We thought he said more in commendation of other boys than he did of his own. It may have been that he saw more of his own boys than he did of the boys of other men, but any boy of likely qualities appealed to him. If he took apples to market he always took some along for the town boys. The result was they did not steal apples from him.

He was different as to his daughters. He commended them oftener than he did his boys. He always had a good word for them. Mother was the other way. She saw in the boys many things for which she commended them. I can recall only one thing for which father ever praised my work, and that was for building the sheaves of grain in a shock, or loading them on a wagon. He said I did that well.

He scorned injustice and was slow to forget an injury; yet he was quick to forgive if he saw in the other man a corresponding disposition. It was so in a lawsuit, and he never had but two or three in his lifetime. In one he had with George Wirt about the sale of wool, when it was over he treated it as a closed incident.

At another time he had a dispute with James Waddington about a sheep transaction when they were interested in sheep raising in Illinois. They met about it, by accident, in the office of Abe Patrick in New Philadelphia, Ohio. Mr. Patrick said: "I know both you men, and think each of you has a lot of English stubbornness, suppose you go into this vacant office of mine, talk it over and see if you can't settle it yourselves." They did so, and both came out

smiling, and said they had settled their differences. Father said it was the best advice he ever got from a lawyer.

He had a lively sense of humor and was fond of the writings of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. Once I took home a copy of "David Harum" and read the most of it to him. He was greatly taken with it as a character sketch, for it deals with characters whose like he had seen many times in real life. His reading was principally the Ohio Farmer, Stockman, the New York Tribune, and treatises on subjects connected with the farm. He was naturally cautious and conservative, and did not often become the innocent victim of a joke; but if one of the boys, or the "other fellow", fell a victim, he was not slow to remind him of it. Upon one cccasion the boys had him *bested* concerning an incident for which he could never give an adequate explanation; one which always commanded his silence when used as a reprisal.

Our home on the east side of the valley was bounded by two roads, one along the valley on the west, the other over the ridge to the east, and they joined less than a quarter of a mile to the north. Near their junction the ridge road began its ascent up a steep hill to gain the top of the ridge where was located our apple orchard. On the edge of the valley road was the tile factory, and passing which a man, driving with a heavy load, asked for the assistance of a harnessed mule which was then not in use at the factory, so that he might have that additional motive power to negotiate the steep hill when he reached it; the boys having told him that father was in the orchard trimming fruit trees, and the mule could be left with him when he reached the top of the hill.

Accordingly, the man when through with the services of the mule, led him to where father was in the orchard, and he knowing nothing about the mule's late service, the man said: "Mr. Harrison I have a good mule here which I would like to sell you, he would make a good match for one you have." Father examined the mule critically, and then said that it would not match his own, that his was a larger and better mule, etc. It was when he soon learned that he did not know his own mule, that he was completely flabbergasted. *He* never would have told about it, but the *other fellow did.*

Shortly before he died, while driving along a public highway in a light wagon, he saw an old man ambling along, hardly able to walk. The man was not of good character in the neighborhood, and

had done him an injury which no man could justify. He stopped his horses and asked the man to get in and ride with him, which he did, and my brother William, who was along, said he could hardly believe his own eyes, when he saw the two sitting on the same seat, and the horses drawing the two in the same wagon.

The two decades, the "seventies" and the "eighties" were depressing for the American farmer. The panic of 1873 was the natural result of the inflated values following the war. The "Greenback" craze preceded the resumption of specie payments in 1879. In that year was passed a National Bankrupt law. There were loud demonstrations against the payment of gold-bearing bonds, although there was no question but what the obligations had been solemnly entered into when the Nation needed money. In 1876, the membership of the Grange, or Patrons of Husbandry, had reached 1,500,000, and was in every state of the Union. It was a great uplift for the farmer. It promoted sociability and improved methods in the cultivation of crops and the quality and care of live stock. It added a new dignity to the life and calling of the farmer; but like other class movements was at times overdone, as for example in Kansas, where they engaged in cooperative buying, dispensed with the "Middle" man and with lawyers for Judges. Some of the latter had to go to Law Schools after their election to learn how to discharge the duties of their offices. One cannot be master of many trades or professions. There is a proficiency to be attained in specializing that will come no other way.

Father belonged to Conotton Grange and took an active interest in it. It helped him to drive away some of his cares, for he was in debt and each dollar was hard to make. In the early "nineties", a demand for oak timber developed. Then the Oil Boom came on in 1898, and through both, he was able to practically free himself from debt.

When he was seventy-four years old an event occurred which he had cherished for a lifetime—a trip to the Pacific coast. His second son, James Madison, with his wife and two children, had gone to the State of Washington in 1889, and we had not seen them since. Accordingly in August of 1904, he came to Cincinnati and together we started on the trip with a party of Knights Templars, bound for the Triennial Conclave to be held in San Francisco. They were all my Templar friends and upon my introduction, although not a Mason

himself, he was adopted as the "Father" of the company and made welcome as a fellow traveller.

From Chicago we had our own special train with sleepers and dining car service. He saw the broad wheat lands of the Dakotas. He noted Bismarck where we crossed the "Big Muddy", the Missouri River. He saw the steady climb to the crest of the Rocky Mountains and then the descent into the valley of the Columbia. On the way we went by stage coach through Yellowstone Park—saw the great geysers and the Yellowstone Canyon.

It was all so wonderful that he could not find words to tell about it. When we reached Seattle it was still 85 miles north to Sedro-Wooley, where my brother lived. He was impatient to get there and when he did, he found his speech, for he was talking to his son and family, whom he had not seen for fifteen years. One, John, we had never seen, for he was born after their arrival in that country. It seemed a good opportunity for him and Madison to have out their long-delayed talk, and the boys, George and John, aged 23 and 15 respectively, and I arranged to visit Mt. Baker and the lake at its base, some 40 miles to the north. We could go by rail part of the way and then walk 17 miles over a bridle path through a government forest reserve.

We took our blankets and provisions for an absence of a week. On the first five miles out in the evening we met an Indian and I think we gave him more than half of the road as we passed. This was unnecessary, for he was peacable, but the traditional recollection of Indians was not reassuring.

Our route was up the valley of the Baker River and that night we found a clear place to camp near that stream, cooked our supper, and seeing a small building nearby partially filled with hay, concluded that in it we would make our beds. Looking up at the side of the high mountain nearby, I remarked, that it looked like a good place for bear, and John said, "Aw, let me sleep in the middle."

This we did, George putting his revolver on a cross-beam nearby ready for immediate use. Our fears were groundless as we all had an undisturbed and refreshing sleep, breathing the mountain air, and lying on the resilient hay.

Renewing our journey the next morning after breakfast, we had not gone far until John shot a bird, which he dressed and flavored with salt and carried until noon, when we pitched our camp near a

mountain stream and had cooked grouse with our other provisions. Late in the afternoon our path wound down into the river valley among a forest of slender birch trees. Looking ahead at the winding path around moss covered rocks and through a dense body of white trunks, it seemed like a fairyland. Never before did the vision of Robin Hood with his trusty bow in the English forest come upon me with such force.

At the lake we found a Government Fish Hatchery, and a vacant cabin in which we slept. The next morning, looking up at the snow capped Mt. Baker and "Old Sookshan", and then at their reflections in the clear water of the lake, we had our full reward for the trip.

Our stay was punctuated with catching diamond trout, rainbow trout, and speckled trout. We saw the feeding of the little salmon when liver, which had been cooked and ground, was sprinkled upon the surface of the water which they lashed into foam in their efforts to get it. They were as voracious as pigs at a trough.

We saw the device for catching salmon. It was at the mouth of the lake where it empties into the river. Nets in perpendicular fashion had been stretched across the entrance to the lake, and when two had been converged at an angle to nearly meet, the salmon would nose their way along the nets until they came to the opening between, and go through. It was not their nature to try to find their way back. Once through, they were over another net spread upon the bottom and enclosed by netting on the sides. Rope and tackle were attached to stationary posts, and when, by machinery the large net was lifted, the floundering salmon were brought up by the ton. They were put in cribs and towed across the lake to inlets where they were imprisoned by nets at the outlets, and kept for the eggs to be secured from the female when killed for that purpose. We walked along the bank of one of those inlets in which were imprisoned 5,000 salmon, and so thick were they, that when we got ahead of their speed in swimming, they turned, making a most violent agitation of the water.

We noted on our return the wonderful forest growth—fir, cypress and maple. We noted one of the latter, which at the swell of the roots near the ground, had a diameter of over 15 feet. There were fir which had bark at the ridges over a foot thick, and the tree was over 5 feet in diameter. The climate is so moist, being on the west side of the Cascade Mountains, that the clouds from the ocean

drifting over them, has all the water squeezed out of them. Young trees start on tops of fallen logs. A tree, if it find lodgment, will grow on a telegraph pole. The cypress is a wonderful wood to resist decay. We saw a fallen log of that species which had six fir trees growing astride of it, each of which was more than four feet in diameter, and the log under them sound enough to make good shingles, if it could have been gotten out.

Our stay of two weeks in Washington was all too short. We traveled thence by steamer from Anacortes to Seattle, and from there by day only to San Francisco by rail. Distances on the coast seem great. We thought we would never get through Oregon. One literally jumps down out of it into the head waters of the Sacramento River in Northern California. Clouds had obscured the view of Mt. Ranier. Passing Mt. Shasta gave us our most wonderful mountain view. Its proportions and conical shape are most striking. One had to fall upon his knees in the car, and look through the extreme top of the window, to see its brown and snow flecked summit. At San Francisco we saw the Golden Gate, the Seal Rocks and the magnificent Bay. Our side trips took us to the Big Trees at Santa Cruz, San Jose, and Leland Stanford University at Palo Alto.

Then homeward bound through Sacramento, our next stop was Salt Lake, where we saw its drifts of salt on the beach, other old beach lines away up on the sides of that mountain enclosure, its mountain water running in the street gutters, its Mormon Temple and Tabernacle. Father and I visited the latter, saw its peculiar architecture, without nail or iron, and had the experience of hearing a pin drop on the platform when we were on the opposite side of the great room. He was a little disposed to express some of his preconceived notions about the Mormons, until I became afraid some of that sect might hear what he said, and reminded him that we had not been invited there, we had obtruded—and we owed the duty of a respectful attitude while there to the proprietors, and then he yielded to the force of the argument.

Then the next day it was away to Grand Junction and the sight of the wonderful Book Cliffs on the Grand River. Thence over Marshall Pass through the snow sheds over the crest of the Rocky Mountains, and on to Gunnison, Colorado, where we stayed all night and the next day visited the Odd Fellow Cemetery, where lie the remains of brother Abe. This was a trying experience for father for when we stood beside that simple mound we had it photographed.

We saw it for the first time and never expected to see it again; yet what more ideal spot for a last resting place? The purest air, the bluest sky, and among the brightest stars.

The remainder of our journey included the Royal Gorge, Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak and Denver. By this time he was tired of wild scenery. He was somewhat like a friend of mine who once said to me at the station in Denver, when I asked him, just before the train left, if he wished to see any more sights: "No," he said, "if any man were to say to me, just turn around and you will see a building 1,000 feet high, I would not turn to look at it."

Coming out of Denver we saw an unusual sight. Looking in one direction we saw the sun shining; looking in another, out over the prairie, the rain was falling, and looking back toward the mountains we saw the snow falling, *all three at the same time.*

When we got to the corn belt, father said he was thankful that he could see corn once more—he was tired looking at rocks—and when we reached Illinois, and the comfortable home of Uncle William Patterson, father's speech again returned, for there he met Mother, and it was there I left them to go to the World's Fair at St. Louis. It had been a wonderful trip for both of us. We had left Cincinnati on the 15th of August and planned to reach brother Madison's on the 25th, and I had planned to get back on October 1st, *all of which was done.* We had traveled 7,500 miles and did not have one unpleasant experience. The recollection of it all grew upon him in the four years which followed, and he recounted it always with pleasure.

The closing years of the last, and the early ones of the present century, brought sorrows which had not been anticipated. All of his twelve children had reached the age of adults. The father and six of his children had and were to pass away in a few short years.

Abe, a strong hearty lad, was stricken with tuberculosis and sought relief by going to California, but it was too late, and he passed away at Gunnison, Colorado, upon his attempt to return home in the summer of 1888 and was buried in that city; John, was taken by the same disease in 1895, and his was the first funeral from the old homestead since 1853, when Grandmother Harrison died. In 1896, Isabelle, the eldest daughter, died; then Charles in Kansas in 1899; Father on December 2, 1908; Ella in Iowa in August, 1909; and William at Scio, O., December 11, 1909.

The last time I ever saw my father was on a visit to the old

homestead in October, 1907, His step had grown slow, his habits were more thoughtful and sad. He seemed to know that the strong battle he had waged in the prime of life meant an ultimate surrender. His heart was growing weaker. At night he was most comfortable when reclining in a large chair. The end came suddenly and I did not know it until all was over. The family told me that when the final moment came he took his watch from his pocket and handed it to Mother, saying: "I wish you would take it, I shall not need it any more." It was the end of earth—a surrender which all must make.

I wish father could have been a witness to what may be called a sequel to our visit to the State of Washington. As the last of these lines were written (it was the last day of August, 1926) my 'phone rang and there was an inquiry: "Are you Joseph T. Harrison? Is he at the 'phone?" I answered, "Yes," and the response came: "I am your Nephew, John Harrison, from the State of Washington. We have just arrived in a motor car." It did not take long for me to ask: "Where are you?", and for me to meet them. And there they were—George, John, Ann, his wife, and little "Bobby", their son, four years of age.

They had left their home, Sedro-Woolley, 85 miles north of Seattle, on the 16th of August in a strong four-seated car, and with camp belongings, came through the Snoqualmie Pass over the Cascade Mountains, through Ellensburg; ferried over the Columbia River, passed through Spokane; crossed the "neck" of IDAHO, skirted down along the edge of Lake Coeur De Alene; thence through Missoula and Butte, MONTANA; thence through Yellowstone Park, Cody, and Cheyenne, WYOMING; thence, through North Platte, Kearney, Hastings, and Lincoln, NEBRASKA; cut across the northeast corner of KANSAS, through Hiawatha; thence to St. Joseph, Kansas City, and St. Louis, MISSOURI; thence through Vandalia and Effingham, ILLINOIS; thence to Indianapolis and down through Rushville, INDIANA, and by way of Harrison to Cincinnati.

No accident had befallen them on the way, and they had a distinct recollection of the mercury hovering around 105, when passing through Nebraska and Kansas. They were filled with a generous enthusiasm to see Ohio, which George had not seen since he was eight years of age, and which John and Ann had never seen.

They had left their home at an altitude of 27 feet above sea-level; had risen to an altitude of 8,300 feet; their auto had registered 3,000 miles; they expect to go to the old homestead on the Dining Fork, thence to the Sesquicentennial at Philadelphia, and find sea-level again on the opposite coast at New York.

Twenty-two years make a big change, especially in a western country, and I was interested to learn about the improved methods in handling the big logs of that section, over the old method by oxen and skidded road. The methods in logging camps have entirely changed. The old-time Lumber Jack and the Bunkhouse are no more. His successor is the "Timber Mechanic". Certain big trees from 100 to 200 feet high are left by the "fellers" to be used as "high-lead-spars". The "high-rigger" with a looped rope fastened to the belt around his waist, moves it up as he lifts himself upon the sharp spurs strapped to his feet when stuck into the tree. With saw and axe slung to his belt he lops off the branches as he ascends. When he cuts off the tree-top he must have nerve and muscle to withstand the "kick-back" and the swaying of his support. The spar is then ready for blocks and guy-lines, and with portable donkey engine, moved by its own power, and the use of huge tongs he can lift the logs and place them lengthwise on the car standing upon the logging railroad.

Land is cleared of stumps by the same lifting process and with the near-top of the spar for a limit, huge piles, some approaching the height of a "sky-scraper", are burned when dry.

Then they told me that the place on Baker River where we camped and slept in the hay shed when on our "hike" to Lake Baker in 1904, was now 200 feet under water, and 30 more feet are to be added. The locality has been converted into a huge dam for an electro-power-plant with which to furnish electricity to adjacent cities. I asked them, "How about the salmon, how do they get up the river to Lake Baker now?" They replied, "They are carried up in wire baskets which they enter from below." The operator pushes a button and "Mr. and Mrs. Salmon" get a "free ride" up to the level of the dam, and on they go to the lake, their course, in season, being ever *up-stream.*

Well, it was my season for a holiday and we spent several of them seeing the sights. I soon learned that John is a baseball "Fan", and as the contest for the Championship was "nip-and-tuck" between Cincinnati, St. Louis and Pittsburgh of the National League, our first

was to see a game between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh before an audience of 15,000, but when the score stood, in the fourth inning, *three* to *nothing* in favor of Cincinnati, a dashing rain came on and the game was called off. They noted the difference between their rains and ours. "Yours seem to come all at once, regular cloud-bursts, while ours begin usually as a gentle mist, increase in intensity, and are continuous for a longer period."

The second game we saw was between Cincinnati and St. Louis and just when the last few points had placed Cincinnati in the lead for the Championship, and it was reckoned that there were 33,000 people out to see the game, which resulted in a score of *seven* to *three* in favor of St. Louis.

But it was at the Zoo and Coney Island where little "Bobby" scored hits that we all enjoyed. In the monkey house he stood with his hands together in wonderment and fairly "he-he-d" in laughter at the antics of the monkeys. Then the "long-necked" horse (giraffe) caught his fancy, and it "has long legs too" he remarked. Our boat ride up the river and the fine breeze on the way to Coney Island made a delightful trip.

It was at the bathing beach that the high-divers pleased him. "He *died*" (for dived), and "*he died again*", were his exclamations to his mother.

When we drove about I felt perfectly safe with John at the wheel. He seemed to take nothing for granted. On our first trip I acted as guide, and when we returned he said, "I see we are back to the place where we started." I felt after that, he was checking up on me, as if to verify my directions and would only follow them if his own judgment endorsed them.

George alternated with John in driving through, but in close traffic he was entirely satisfied to trust their safety to John.

When they shall have motored back they will always have the recollection of an event in their lives which was not possible in the youth of their father, and which will ever loom large in after life.

NOTE: I must note that since writing the foregoing, I have learned that they did not go further east than to the old homestead—the lure of friends and relatives was so impelling that they did not attempt to go to the eastern seashore.

I said to my daughter, Mrs. Louise Harrison Snodgrass, wife of Mr. Larned I. Snodgrass, of Cincinnati, that I would like to mention

her in the book; that her accomplishments in music as an Artist Pianist and Composer, entitled her to that consideration, and especially as she is the one individual exception among those of our (Harrison) family name, so far as known, who has devoted so much time to that art. She must have inherited that talent from her Mother. She hesitated, and then said, "If I do, I shall make it short," and here is what she gave to me:

"Graduated from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music in 1908; afterwards studied under Josef Lhevinne; was accompanist for Oscar Saenger, Victor Harris, Mme. Ogden Crane, Mme. Marie Rappold in New York; on tour with Leo Dietrichstein in the 'Concert', managed by David Belasco; member of the Faculty of the Minneapolis School of Music, and later of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music; composer of songs and works for piano and ensemble—songs used by the well known artists. viz.: Edward Johnson, Reinald Werrenrath, Olive Kline, Josephine Lucchese, Kathleen Bibb, Dan Beddoe, Richard Crooks, Irene Pavloka, Ralph Errolle, Charles Hathaway and Frederick Gunster."

I may mention one incident which connects the present with the past. In 1906, I observed a queer outfit upon the Government Square of Cincinnati. It was an ox-team, a covered wagon and a gray-haired, old man and a dog.

I made the acquaintance of the man and found him to be Ezra Meeker, who with his ox-team and dog, had driven east from Oregon over the old Oregon trail, and expected to go on to Washington City to enlist the interest of the government to fix, by suitable markers, that famous route.

He is a native of Ohio, born in Hamilton, just north of Cincinnati, on December 29, 1830, and with his wife and baby made his first trip from Ohio over that trail in 1852.

He had a printed book giving an account of his life, and it all appeared so interesting that I bought one and invited him to come to my office where I had a pleasant chat with him.

He accepted my invitation to visit a business club to which I belonged, and make an address, and to accompany me home upon the same evening for dinner. He stated that the music of the song which he had in his book, entitled, "Fifty Years Ago", did not suit him, and I remarked that my daughter could write music, and I would ask her to have it written out by the time we reached my home.

She did so, and that evening after dinner, she went to the piano,

played the same, and the old fellow stood beside her and sung the words like a sixteen-year-old. He adopted it for his book.

That evening in his address, he remarked that while he had traveled about 3,000 miles to reach Cincinnati with his oxen, that he thought "Gip", his dog, had traveled at least double the distance, for he had chased all the rabbits, coyotes, and stray dogs on the way.

He has had two birthday parties in New York, one in 1922, the other in 1926. He is President of the Oregon Memorial Association, and aside from his covered wagon trips across the continent, has crossed it in a Pullman car, a motor camping outfit, and in 1924, made the eastward trip from Oregon to Washington City in an airplane. where he shook hands with President Coolidge.

And Anne Louise Snodgrass, aged thirteen years, my only grandchild, what shall I say of her? The greatest event in her life was to accompany her mother to Paris in the summer of 1926—*and get homesick.* The Eifel Tower was awesome, Versailles has an interesting history and a beauty all its own, but America for her, and thus does she extend a hand back across a century to meet that of her great-great-great grandfather, John Harrison, in the expression of the same sentiment.

If she continues her liking for American history she will, some day have a creditable knowledge of the subject.

A few days ago she was both pleased and surprised to see, in her home city, a moving picture, which showed her feeding some "Bunnies" in Paris, an incident which she had entirely forgotten, but like many others, will be recalled in the years to come, and emphasize the pleasure and value of an ocean voyage and a visit to France.

CHAPTER XV

Family of Mrs. John Harrison—Scotland—John Patterson of Dumfries—His Large Family—The Doty Boys—William Patterson, the Pioneer in Illinois.

GO anywhere in the world and you will find a Scot. They are on the Pampas of South America. They are all over North America. In the far away Falkland Islands they may be found where the wind blows all the time and trees will not grow; yet the Scot is there with his faithful dog herding sheep and living with his family in a sheet iron house, and his nearest neighbor twenty miles away; and so tenacious of his religion and education is he, that he employs a minister to make the rounds, staying with each family about two weeks to give them religious and secular instruction, and then moves on to the next family until he has completed his round of visits.

The family of John Patterson represented the *heather* and the *thistle* on the Dining Fork. They lived on the east side of the west branch just north of the Carroll County line and about one-half mile north of the junction of the two main branches. He was a native of Dumfries, Scotland, and came first to western Pennsylvania and was associated with a Mr. Edgington in sheep husbandry. Shortly after his marriage to Isabelle McMillen on November 25, 1824, they came to what is known as the Patterson homestead, a farm adjoining the "Germantown", which afterwards became the property of Joseph Harrison.

It was well adapted for sheep, especially if they were good at climbing, for it was, and still is hilly. The meadow was fertile and the hills good for grazing. With a spring in every field and timber abundant, he had an even chance with any of his neighbors.

At an early day he planted an orchard which was said to be the most convenient in the country. He never had to pick the apples, they just fell off and rolled down to the house! This saying has come down to me from my mother, who was his daughter.

WILLIAM AND MARY PATTERSON,
Jacksonville, Ill.

ADAM PATTERSON,
Soldier, Civil War
(Taken from an old
Daguerreotype)

MARY SCOTT,
Scio, Ohio

And a good grandfather he was, for he always gave me some, and besides, he always kept candy in a drop-leaf desk some of which he handed to me on the occasion of my visits. Somehow, his son "Sam", who was near my age, always *liked me to visit them*, because that also meant candy for him, and I have never been quite able to separate the interest which the latter had for me, and that which he had for the candy. But we had many good times together when we were boys, and he was strongly inclined to athletics, although he did sometimes miscalculate his strength as, for example, when he made the banter to jump across the creek and landed with his toes on the opposite bank and the sod broke and he fell in.

And what a family there was, James, Margaret, Robena, Euphemia, William, Mary, Isabelle, Adam, Martha and Alexander by the first wife; and Elizabeth, Samuel, and John by the second wife. Now, all gone except John, the youngest, who still resides on the farm.

And among so many young Scotch people there was something doing all the time. In their young lives they had a stable full of horses and they could all ride, the girls as well as the boys. It was their custom to go to the Ridge Presbyterian Church which was six miles south of their home. Its minister, Rev. Robert Herron, officiated at the marriage ceremony of each of the girls. I remember his pastoral calls at our home. He was a very large man, rode a big horse, and was of a kindly nature, especially to boys. We once had, in my student days, an interesting talk on the subject of mental philosophy.

The marriage portion of the girls was the wedding gown, called *trousseau* at a later date, and a saddle and bridle. I recall mother's, a wine colored silk, with a dark figure in it, and it was a treasure to her for many years. The saddle survived until after 1876, for I remember helping her from her horse when she returned from town that day in June when she brought home that great sensation that General George A. Custer, his two brothers and brother-in-law, had been killed in battle by the Indians.

They had all the working devices for pioneer life, flax-brake, spinning wheel, hackle and reel. The homemade sheets were cold, but strong enough to make a sail for a vessel at sea. A large clock built into the side of the living room had ponderous weights and kept the time. In the large open fireplace where swung the crane, the wood crackled and burned. The garden with palings about it furnished the vegetables. In the "out-oven" with a stone foundation

and a brick top, arched like a turtle's back, the bread was baked. Near the top of the hill, to the northeast, were some large sandstone rocks and smaller ones, strewn nearly down into the valley, being parts of a broken ledge that once extended across the valley, but had fallen when the earth, in what is now the valley, was eroded and washed away. Underneath the larger ones the fox had his den, his bark could be heard occasionally, and the presence of feathers about it betrayed his visits among the chickens.

The path to the public school lay across the valley and through a deep woods some two miles to the northwest. It afforded an opportunity to get only the barest rudiments of learning; and the opportunity spoken of by the father that the girls should at least have one term at "Beatty's Seminary" in Steubenville, never came. William was more fortunate. He had the advantage of a few terms at "New Hagerstown Academy", located some five miles to the southwest.

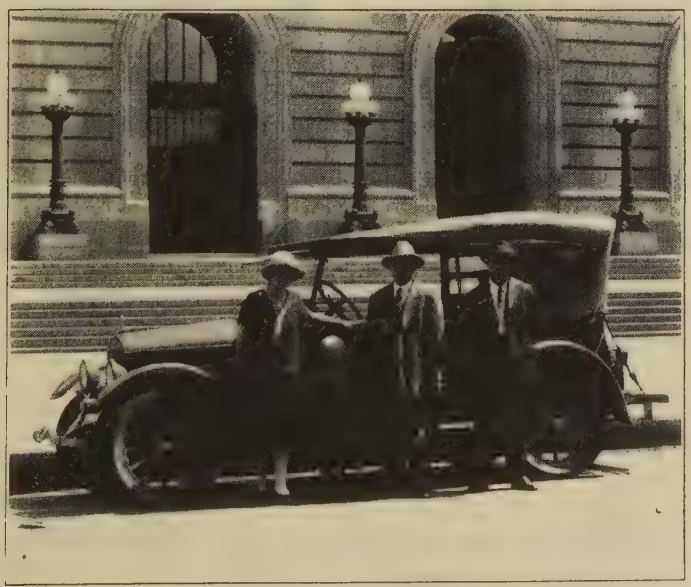
A member of the family was "Uncle" Thomas McMillen, brother of Mrs. John Patterson. He was a bachelor and had lived for some time in New York before he came to Ohio. He had all the mannerisms and accent of a Scot and was thrifty. He bought the "Sherman" farm, which adjoined on the north. It had upon it a sawmill, still standing when I was a boy, and traces of the old water dam may still be seen. It was a tradition in the family that when mother was a little girl, she fell from the mill into this dam and was rescued with some difficulty. "Uncle" Tommy was fond of his sheep and they were his constant care. His good dog "Laddy" was a great help and took them to and from the pasture.

It was a great sorrow to the family when Isabelle, wife of John Patterson, died on November 17, 1846. Her remains were interred in the family lot in the cemetery at the Ridge Presbyterian Church. That church was the means of the family making an extensive acquaintance, and it was from one of its families that John Patterson took his second wife, Catherine Adams. When they came to the Patterson home on horseback, after the marriage ceremony, "Uncle Tommy" was there with his ready Scotch wit. It is said that when John Patterson was dismounting from his horse, his hat blew off, and "Uncle Tommy" said: "Keep your hat on John, keep your hat on, we are ah puir folk here."

The second great sorrow came to the family in the untimely death of John Patterson. He was accidently killed on September 13, 1859.

BOYD P. DOTY,
Westerville, Ohio

MRS. BOYD P. DOTY
AND SONS,
Boyd, Jr., and Donald



CINCINNATI COURT HOUSE,
September 4, 1926,

Right to left—George Harrison, John Harrison, "Bobby" Harrison, Ana Harrison, Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

FOUR HARRISON SISTERS

Lower left corner—Mrs. Isabelle Carter; top to bottom—Mrs. Virginia Whittaker, Mrs. Ellen Carter, Mrs. Euphemia McKlveen.

He was returning from New Market (Scio), in a cart with a barrel of flour, in the evening, when it was supposed that he had gone to sleep, or did not watch the movement of the horse, and one of the wheels ascended a steep bank at the side of the road on the "Germantown" hill above our home, the barrel must have rolled and the cart overturned with him under it. There was suspense at home when he did not return and Adam, his son, started on horseback to find him. I can hear his voice yet as he called to father to come to him.

He was strictly temperate, frugal in his habits, good to his family, and thus closed another life of a pioneer who had lived a life filled with much of human interest and which was closed with a tragedy.

Then the whirligig of time was to work other changes. Later, "Uncle Tommy" married the widow, and both lived in the old home during the remainder of their lives. It was something of a job on his part to manage Sam and John, especially Sam, and to have them give to the sheep the care and attention he had given sheep in his younger days.

Nor was he slow in expressing himself in strong, Scotch accents, when things did not go to suit him, for example: When they induced "Laddy", the dog, to leap over the fence at the top of the hill when there was a crust on the snow and the dog pulled himself out and then could not get a footing and went whirling and sliding down the hill on the surface of the snow.

Once I accompanied some of the larger boys in the neighborhood on Halloween, and we thought to have some fun with "Uncle Tommy". We erected a pyramid of pumpkins above the house and when completed the signal was given to *push*, and they all went racing and dancing down the hill and collected with a great noise on the porch. It was deemed discreet to flee from the wrath to come and we visited another neighbor and returned to the meadow near the home of "Uncle Tommy". He and his wife had followed us, and while we were seated about, and some of the larger boys were smoking, and the burning ends of the "stogies" were visible in the dark, his cane came whirling over our heads and we all ran. We could hear him say: "I think note of that wee bit of a Joe Harrison, but ye other great bastes with yer fire!"

His defiance, if not as classical in language was, nevertheless, as energetic as that of Lord Gordon:

"There be hills beyond Pentland,
There be firths beyond Forth,
If there be Lords in the lowlands,
There be Chiefs in the north."

I was a little leary of meeting "Uncle Tommy" for a while after that, but he never, on that account, seemed to cherish any resentment against me.

It will be of local, also of general interest, to know what became of all these children. They lived to be home-builders in the best sense of the term. To make a living out of the soil was to follow the ancestral example. It was the ambition of each to own a farm, a home of his own making, and thus enjoy the greatest independence that can come to any one. It was after the pioneer fashion, work hard, economize, and save something for a "rainy day", and judged by that standard they were all successful.

JAMES owned his farm adjoining that of his father to the northeast, but the same being hilly and the soil "thin", he became dissatisfied and on April 3, 1877, having sold his farm, shipped his horses, farm utensils and household goods to Linn County, Kansas, and bought another farm where he lived until his death.

He and his wife left surviving them the following children, John, Nancy, Charles, William, Elizabeth, Thomas and Milton, who still reside in that county.

MARGARET Patterson, the eldest daughter, married Matthew Nickle, a farmer in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, and lived near Hookstown. They acquired a large farm, were engaged principally in sheep husbandry, and both have passed away, and likewise their children, John, Thomas, Mary and James, leaving only two surviving, Alexander Murray, of Grove City, Pa., and Margaret (Mrs. George Runyon), of Wellsville, Ohio.

ROBENA married William Rutan who made their home in Ashland, County, Ohio, where both lived to know and enjoy their grandchildren, those of their daughter Mary (Mrs. William Davidson) now a widow, who resides in Ashland, Ohio.

Mary was my first correspondent and with a shyness that belongs to that age, I did not then like her letters, addressed to "Joseph Harrison", to fall, by mistake, into the hands of grandfather, of the same name.

It was during the Civil War when the fame of Gen. Wm. T.

Sherman was at its height, that I took for my middle name "Tecumseh", which went into my diplomas and all personal papers since. It is too late to change it now, however suggestive it may be of my Indian origin, which even though it were true, I should not be ashamed of it.

Our exchange of school notes and the recollection of maple sugar made from their great grove of sugar trees on their farm are both pleasant to remember.

Judson, their only son, died when a little boy of bright promise, at the age of about seven years.

Alice, the remaining child, is Mrs. Nelson Chase, residing in St. Paul, Minnesota. They have no children.

MARY, married Alexander Scott, a native of Pennsylvania, and owner of a farm about two miles southwest of Perrysville, Carroll County, Ohio, where they resided until his death on January 8, 1878. They never had any children, the "sunbeams" which complete the home; but they always made it extremely pleasant for the children of others who visited them. It was Uncle Aleck's misfortune to be a sufferer from paralysis of the muscles for a score of years before his death, but as an invalid he never lost his interest in boys. It was his habit to ask them questions about their studies. I remember he asked me once what I was studying, and I replied: "reading, writing, arithmetic and geography". Then he said: "Joe, what is arithmetic?" and I could not tell him. After that I made it a habit that when I took up a new study the first thing I would do was to find out what it was.

Naturally the management of the farm fell upon Aunt Mary, and this she did with rare good judgment and a poise of good temper. Her ready Scotch wit made her conversation rare and spicy. She passed away March 5, 1907, respected by all who knew her, and with the just tribute that she met every situation in life like a good soldier.

ISABELLE, married William Hogue of Scotch-Irish descent and first lived on a farm about two miles east of Perrysville, Carroll County, at the head of the west branch of the Dining Fork; and in the last years of their lives dwelt upon another farm near Kilgore, and near the head of the east branch of the Dining Fork. He was a strict adherent of the United Presbyterian Church, and there was a joviality and warmth in his temperament which always made his company most agreeable.

The farm work had to be very pressing, indeed, when he would not suspend everything and take a few hours off with the boys. If it was the chestnut season he would climb the tree, and it was our delight to pick up the rich brown nuts which he shattered down upon the ground; or, when the apples and the wild grapes were ripe, we filled our baskets and returned to the house to enjoy the bountiful dinner which Aunt Belle had prepared.

I cherish the memory of a visit he and "Aunt Belle" made with me in the city in September, in 1882, when we all went to the Zoo. It was at the enclosure in which the Kangaroo was kept, and on that day the big fellow seemed to be particularly deliberate in balancing himself on his tail and sliding his hind feet ahead in a most easy fashion. Uncle Will said, with his chin resting upon his arms as they lay upon the top rail of the enclosure, "Well, that is the lightest traveling I ever saw." Aunt Belle died October 25, 1912.

MARTHA, the youngest daughter of the first family of children, married Joseph Doty, of Ashland County, Ohio, later of Richland County, Ohio. He, too, was a farmer and in the latter years of his life served as Commissioner of Richland County.

He was no exception to the good nature of our Uncles and his outlook upon life was always cheerful. No word of his ever carried a sting, and the consideration for his neighbors, bound them to him in a friendly spirit. Aunt Martha could not quite free herself of the thought that the next day might be worse than the preceding one. She worried about things. Their proportions always seemed larger than the reality and was always extremely solicitous of the welfare of her family. She was loyal to all her kindred; with her they came before anybody else. She died at Lexington, Ohio, February 20, 1921.

Laura (Mrs. John Campbell) and Belle (Mrs. John G. D. Tucker), widow, are her daughters; John, deceased, and Boyd P. Doty, her sons.

No one ever had a sunnier disposition than Laura. To see and hear her laugh is to make every one feel happy in her company. They reside on a farm near Lexington, Ohio. Belle resides in Lexington and before her marriage had a successful experience as a teacher.

Her oldest son, Rev. Boyd Tucker, is a Methodist missionary and principal of the Collins School in Calcutta, India. They have four children.

Boyd P. Doty taught school, studied law, and had an interesting experience in his practice as assistant attorney for the Anti-Saloon League. Frequently the cases involved Federal questions in which he prepared the records to take them to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Later he was the superintendent of the League for the State of Washington and at present is the General Counsel for the World League Against Alcoholism at Westerville, Ohio, where he lives in the enjoyment of a comfortable home over which his good wife, Bessie, presides, and their two sturdy boys, Boyd, Jr., and Donald, are sure to tell them all the latest news about our national game of baseball.

That we have not been unmindful of the debt we owe to our Scotch ancestors, I shall give an account of an event, a Thanksgiving visit written shortly thereafter when due acknowledgment was made of their virtues and bright hopes were entertained of the future success of two of their youthful descendants. It will be of interest to any one related to the Patterson family.

"Cincinnati, O., Nov. 29, 1924.

It was my pleasure to receive from cousin Boyd P. Doty, Westerville, Ohio, an invitation to spend Thanksgiving with them. They had built a new dwelling house and had moved into it on last Labor Day. The more I thought about it the more anxious I was to go. I had never seen their youngest boy, Donald, now six years old.

I left Cincinnati last Wednesday and returned last evening (Friday). Everything was so well timed that I had a most delightful visit and this Saturday afternoon, when I have the opportunity will write about it.

Boyd met me at the Union Station, Columbus, and with him we went in an auto through the old town of Worthington to his home in Westerville. The boys were waiting and their grandmother Orebaugh was there too on a visit and for Thanksgiving. We had a fine rabbit supper and Boyd and I had a talk until 11:30 p. m. The appointments of their new home are fine—steam heat, electric light, bathroom and all the conveniences.

The plan of the house is one they worked out themselves and has many little devices for convenience, such as little niches in the wall of the bathroom for soap, which keeps it out of the way, a chute for soiled linen, and an ironingboard in the kitchen which is opened like a door to a cupboard, and the base of the board has a hinge which allows it to come down with the point towards you and which rests on a hinged leg making it the proper height for work.

The cellar is divided into four compartments, one for the furnace, one for the fruit, one for a laundry and one for the kindling, and a work-bench, etc., for the boys.

The house is furnished with single beds and equipped with the modern bracket and movable lamp lights and electric sockets to connect the wiring in the walls at all convenient places. Boyd and Bessie did their own superintending and got just what they wanted.

Well, Thanksgiving forenoon Boyd and I drove to Columbus (which is 12 miles to the State House and 6 miles from the north corporation line), to get two of his business associates who were coming from Washington and at the same time we arrived at his home we met Laura Campbell and Belle Tucker, and the latter's two children, Paul and Ruth, just getting out of their auto, having driven from Lexington, Ohio, that morning.

There I was face to face with cousins Laura and Belle, whom I had not seen for 40 years. Then they were young girls, now they are both grandmothers and one (Belle) a widow. It was a moment I shall not soon forget. Soon we had the dinner, and what a dinner it was! A 16-lb. turkey, oyster-stuffed and cranberries and all the other good things that go with a splendid Thanksgiving dinner. That afternoon I thought I would not be able to eat any more for a week. The afternoon just fairly whirled away with talk, looking at photos, the music of the Victrola, and games and riddles for the children.

Now the boys—always an interesting subject to me. Boyd, Jr., is 13 and his father told me an interesting story about Donald. They are both fine looking boys and smart, and chock full of boy life. He said one day Donald and Boyd, Jr., had had a spat. That night when Donald said his prayers, he said, 'God bless Papa and Mama, and I was not going to ask you to bless Boyd, but I was *just kidding* Lord, and bless him too.'

Yesterday forenoon while Boyd went to his office, I went down into the cellar and made a rabbit trap for Boyd. He asked me 'what kind of bait', and I said, 'if you want to catch a German rabbit put in cabbage; if you want to catch an English rabbit use apple.' I was telling our elevator man about it this morning (who is an Irishman) and he said: 'Tell that bye if he wants to catch an Irish rabbit to use a pertaty.'

Well, yesterday afternoon we all went to Columbus where cousin Belle Tucker and Family were to visit Mr. Tucker, brother of her deceased husband. I was just in time to catch my train home where I arrived shortly after dark.

What a train of recollections was started! The Patterson family now all gone except John, who, I understand lives alone in the old homestead—and I knew them all. It brought a tinge of sadness and I could not help thinking of it as the train sped along—also of my visit, which I shall always remember.

Joseph T. Harrison."

EUPHEMIA, my Mother! Can any son tell the full story of the life of sacrifice of his Mother? His being starts as the most helpless of all young creatures. He never realizes its full significance when he is young, and not until he has children of his own, does he begin to know what his Mother's life has been to him.

She had twelve children, the writer, the eldest, Virginia (Mrs. Harry H. Whittaker), Cadiz, Ohio, the youngest. All grew to be adults. Six are dead, including the twins (William and Isabelle (Mrs. Nelson Carter), John P., Charles S., Abraham L., and Ella (Mrs. Carter); and the others who survive are James Madison, of Sedro-Woolley, Washington; Thaddeus S., and Milton B., residing upon the old home farm at Scio, Ohio, and Euphemia (Effie) (Mrs. Sherman F. McKlveen) residing in Scio.

What a family we all made when at home, particularly at the dining-table. No race-suicide of the modern day was visible then. Any one reckoning at the present day would wonder how we all got along, but we did, and possibly no where else could we have done as well as upon the farm.

At this distance where is the child of mature years who would not excuse any impatience which his Mother may have shown in the care of such a family? She had pride in the success of her children, but Scot-like, repressed expression of it.

Speaking for myself I shall always remember with affection the warm greetings she gave me upon my return to the old home, the cordial letters, she wrote to me, and the fact that she never forgot my birthday.

I enjoyed her visits to my home and the keen interest she took in everything with which I was identified. I made for her a note book of what interested her most in city life, and this she treasured to the end of her days. Her memory was exceedingly good and with her note book as an occasional reminder, could tell more about her city experience than any other member of the family.

Measured by what she accomplished in this world and the esteem of all who knew her when, she passed away, August 4, 1920, at the age of nearly 90 years, hers was a remarkable life.

ELIZABETH married Dr. T. H. Cook, Scio, Ohio, where they resided during his lifetime. After his death in 1901, she resided there until her death, which occurred in 1923.

SAMUEL, was the "rolling stone" who tried his fortune in dif-

ferent parts of the west and came to his end at Spokane, Washington, in 1911.

James E. Patterson, Mandan, North Dakota and Arthur C. Patterson, Yardley, Washington, both locomotive engineers, are his sons.

JOHN, the youngest, acquired the old homestead and farm where he still lives, having reared his family of five children and had the misfortune to lose his estimable wife in 1916.

There is enough of tradition about the old place to make him live again in fancy the activities with which it was once surrounded.

To him is due the credit of having made the most of life upon a hilly farm where the rewards of labor were often meagre, but the contentment that goes with a life of independence, is often what money will not buy, and as the last of a generation which left its impress upon the Dining Fork, it is hoped by his far flung relatives, who may be living, that his last days may be full of opportunity to improve his declining years, and enjoy the serenity of a well spent life.

ALEXANDER when a boy of 19 years literally followed a flock of sheep to Illinois in 1867. It came about in this way. Father and his cousins, Joseph and Henry Markley had conceived the idea that sheep husbandry should be profitable in McLean County of that state, where prairie pasture could be had for the taking and 75 cents *might* be had for the wool. The opportunity was presented for Alex. to go along and help to care for about 1,000 sheep, and ultimately make his home with his brother William, residing near Jacksonville in that state.

His also, was the life of a farmer. He was fortunate to have the cooperation of a good wife, a native of Illinois, and both him and "Aunt Sally" have now passed away, she on September 19, 1922, and he on May 27, 1922, leaving in that locality the following to bear the family name: Ira, Walter and Austin, and whose sisters one Edith (Mrs.——Jones) and Cora (Mrs. Elmer Jones).

Aside from the experience of ADAM Patterson in the Civil War, his older brother WILLIAM had the most interesting of any of the brothers. He had attended two sessions of the New Hagerstown, Ohio, Academy and then tried that stepping-stone, which so many other American youths have used for their promotion in life, teaching a public school.

Upon the occasion of a visit my daughter and I made to his home in July of 1911, located five miles north of Jacksonville, Illinois, we

found him in the late afternoon of his life, tall and gaunt in figure, but his mind quick and alert. He was at that reminiscent age when the memory is more vivid as to the recollection of events of a half century ago, than it is of the happenings of yesterday. Sitting out under the huge maple trees which shaded the lawn in front of his large two-story white residence with its traditional green shutters, which he himself had built, and surrounded by his 240 acres of rich, almost level land, he told me the story of some of his early experiences.

The first school he taught was near Uhrichsville, Ohio, and the second near New Philadelphia, Ohio. That was in 1851-2. In 1854, through his acquaintance with "Old Tommy" Moore who had the Carding Mill near Perrysville, Ohio, and who had a brother living near Jacksonville, Illinois, he and "Tommy's" son resolved to go to Illinois. When he reached there he had little difficulty in getting a school, in fact, he was solicited to take one. In the fall of 1855, he returned to his old home in Ohio, and remained there until the following spring, when he bought two horses, harness for them, and some other supplies which he styled his "plunder", and shipped from Wheeling, West Virginia, on a steamboat for Beardstown, Illinois, going down the Ohio, and up the Mississippi and Illinois rivers.

Some of the incidents of the river trip were characteristic of the times and that mode of travel. Being a landsman, and the horses needing water, and as there was plenty of it in the river, he tied a bucket to a rope and swung it out, but had not reckoned the force with which it would pull, with the boat in motion and when the bucket started to fill with water, the force almost jerked him into the river. The Mate made the friendly suggestion that he would have one of the deck hands do it the next time.

At Cincinnati he had to change boats and "Tommy" Moore. who had evidently taken his cue from the Mate, in his manner of talking to the men, ordered them to remove the horses and supplies and which they refused to do. He (William) came into the breach, when they replied that for that service he ought to treat. When he asked how much it would take for such a supply, they thought "a dime" would be sufficient to supply each of them with a drink, and he replied that he would give them "two bits", and this being an increase of a large percentage, resulted in the removal of the "plunder".

The remainder of the trip was without other incident than the

drowning of a man who fell overboard and was struck by the paddle wheel.

No doubt his hilly birthplace was often thought of in comparison with his prairie farm. He said that when a boy his father delegated him and his younger brother Adam to haul the wheat from one of the hill fields, Adam to build the load, and he, William, was to pitch the sheaves. Adam got the load a little too much to the "port" side, which was the lower, and when the wagon moved upon the hill-side the load fell off. The next time he loaded it more to the "starboard", and when the wagon was turned around it fell off again. When they finally got home with the load their father gave them some *energetic* advice, discharged Adam as a "loader", and took the job himself.

Another incident of those early days. When he was a boy aged about 15 years, his father was taken very sick in the night time and William was called upon to go for the nearest Doctor, who lived at New Hagerstown, some five miles away. He had his choice of two roads, one over the ridge, or one along the bottom, but as he had heard of a man being killed on the latter road, and was afraid of ghosts of whom he had heard so much, he chose the "ridge" road. He was constantly on the lookout for ghosts and expected every minute to see one, until finally he got opposite a stable on the road-side, when a horse with a white face suddenly stuck its head out of an open window, and his horse turned and ran back with him for a quarter of a mile before he could stop him. When he did reach the village he learned from the wife, through an upper window, that the Doctor was not at home and would not return until morning.

He was so cold from exposure that he could scarcely get off the horse when he got home. He said, modestly, that afterwards he was cured of ghost fright, for he reasoned, that he was not likely to meet anything uglier than himself, and had not been afraid of ghosts ever since.

His first efforts to establish a home were of a very trying nature. He had married Mary Boston, March 11, 1858, daughter of a well-to-do farmer who had emigrated from Kentucky, and their first experience was to go to near Kanesville, Missouri, in quest of cheaper land; but there they could not combat poor crops, the chills, fever, and ague of that locality, and it was with heavy hearts that they returned in 1860, once more to the vicinity of Jacksonville, Illinois, making the overland trip in a wagon with such possessions as they

could take along. I think a visit which father made to them while in Missouri, had considerable to do with their determination to return. His success from this time on was steady and so encouraging that his advice to the young man was "just get a little Illinois dirt, work hard, and you will win".

He took an interest in public affairs but never held an office for the reason that he did not have time. He was an admirer of Lincoln and had heard a number of his speeches; also, of General Grant and named one of his sons for him. He died in 1912, and the last chapter of this strong and resolute couple was closed within a few days of the time when these lines were written. After her husband's death "Aunt Mary" and her devoted daughter Martha, removed from the farm to Jacksonville, where on April 18, 1926, she celebrated her 88th birthday anniversary. In a few days thereafter, her tired heart gave signs that it could do no more, and upon the 9th of May, 1926, the final summons came.

I shall always remember with gratitude that I thought of her as the last of those strong devoted Mother's of her time and generation, and that I sent to her a mother's letter for that day, which I am told was read to her and she was able to understand before she passed away.

The following children survive: Louise, (Mrs. J. H. Williamson), Wallace, Edward, Irvin, Martha, Nettie, (Mrs. Ernest G. DeWeese), Leonard, Maud (Mrs. James Crum). Ulysses G. died December 28, 1887. He and my brother Abe were both in the west at the same time in quest of health, both afflicted with tuberculosis; Abe in California and Ulysses in Colorado.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dining Fork in the Civil War—Gen. George A. Custer and His Family—Soldier Letters—John Giles—David V. Markley—Jasper N. Markle—Hezekiah Steward—Adam Patterson—Battle of Bentonville.

THE boys of the Dining Fork had an honorable record in the Civil War. The most conspicuous was Gen. George A. Custer who fell in 1876, in the last of the Indian battles, with his entire command, including his brothers Thomas and Boston, his nephew, Reid and his brother-in-law, Lieut. James Calhoun, who had married his sister Margaret, or Emma, as we knew her at school. As an adventurous and dashing cavalry officer he ranked perhaps next to Gen. Phil. Sheridan at the close of the war, when he had attained the rank of Major General, and was accredited with taking more guns, prisoners and colors than any other officer of equal rank in the Civil War.

While the General was born in New Rumley, Ohio, located at the head of a valley (Irish Creek) next east, and almost parallel to the Dining Fork, his father, Emanuel Custer, a blacksmith, resided on the ridge between the two and his children, Nevin, Thomas, Boston and Emma all attended the Creal School, where I attended, when a small boy.

Gen. George A. Custer, or "Armstrong", as he was called among the neighbors, and my Uncle William C. Harrison, were room-mates at Hopedale College in Harrison County, and he had several letters from him during his career at West Point and during the war, but none of them seem to have been preserved. The only time I ever saw him, which must have been shortly before he left West Point, was in New Market, where I was with my Mother, and she called to my attention a young man who rode his horse to the residence of John Giles, whose family were relatives, and dismounted, tied the horse and went into the Giles home. Mother said, "That is Armstrong Custer". I remember his uniform and the shining buttons which seemed to me the finest suit of clothes I had ever beheld. During the

GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER

war he was our hero among the boys at home. We took pride in the fact that he had been brought up in our neighborhood and that we knew him and his family. We read eagerly everything we could find about him. His brother "Tom" saw service in the Civil War and I think was a Colonel at its close. Following the war he achieved distinction in Indian campaigns, and was at one time the captor of Rain-in-the-Face, a warrior, who after his escape, was one of the chiefs in the last Custer battle.

It is strange how romance will blend with history. The picture of "Custer's Last Battle", show him wearing the military chapeau, long hair, and riding a white horse, when the facts developed by subsequent history show that he neither wore long hair, as he did during the Civil War, and there is doubt about his riding a white horse in that, his last battle.

In a picture of him, sent to me by Dr. J. L. Otterman, of Kansas City, Kansas, a relative by marriage, there is beneath it the following printed account of the first of those errors:

"It is a common belief that Gen. George A. Custer wore his hair long when he and his command were massacred by the Sioux Indians in Little Big Horn Valley, June 25, 1876. Historians, painters and sculptors have made much of this popular fallacy.

"Custer's hair was short. Only a few weeks before he started on the expedition which ended in the death of almost every man in it, he had returned from Washington. He stopped in New York, where he had his photograph taken."

I have a distinct recollection of buying one of the General's photographs in Philadelphia during the Centennial of 1876, just a few weeks after the battle, and it was like the one above mentioned. That he then wore short hair is also confirmed by the picture of Gen. Custer shown in the frontispiece of the book, "Boots and Saddles", written by Mrs. Elizabeth B. Custer, his widow, who settles all doubt about it by stating, on page 107, that when he was thirty-five years of age "his hair was short and wavy and golden in tint." And again (page 117), in writing about the fire which destroyed their personal quarters at Fort Lincoln during the winter at 1873-4, she stated, "I lost a little wig that I had worn at a fancy dress ball, made from the golden rings of curly hair cut from my husband's head after the war, when he had given up wearing long locks."

About the horse, the Kansas City Star of November 28, 1926, contains some interesting correspondence, but it still leaves in doubt

the color of the last mount of Gen. Custer. It had to do with the identity of the mounted skeleton and hide of Comanche, a big bay horse, claimed to be the only survivor of the massacre, which has stood for years in a big glass case in the museum of the University, Lawrence, Kansas, and was shown at the two expositions, Chicago and St. Louis in 1893 and 1904, respectively.

Writing from Cookstown, N. J., under date of November 27, 1926, Brig. Gen. Edward S. Godfrey, retired, who was a lieutenant in the 7th cavalry under Gen. Custer, and was in the battalion commanded by Maj. Reno, says that the troop commanded by Capt. Myles W. Keogh, which was one of the five troops in the Custer battalion which perished, was *a bay troop.*

However, Gen. Godfrey, author of perhaps the best account ever published of that battle, and to be found in the Century magazine, (1892), vol 43 at page 369, said:

"During this march on the left we could see occasionally the battalion under Custer distinguished by the troop mounted on *gray horses,* marching at a rapid gate."

Again at page 382, he stated.

"On June 27th when the command of (Gen.) Crook appeared we looked in vain for a *gray horse troop*"—meaning Custer's. Perhaps he meant the troop of Capt. A. E. Smith which was said to be a *gray troop.*"

It seems upon authority, sufficiently satisfactory, being that of Lieut.-Col. Ezra B. Fuller, secretary and treasurer of the U. S. Cavalry Association, and John C. Lockwood, of Witchita, Kansas, adjutant of the National Indian War Veterans, who was formerly of M Troop 7th cavalry, that the mounted specimen, Comanche, was a government horse ridden by Capt. Myles W. Keogh, Troop I 7th cavalry.

Mr. Lockwood said that he was one of two men who found Comanche on the battlefield after the Custer massacre; and Lieut. Fuller said that he was with the regiment subsequently at Forts Lincoln Meade, and Riley, which kept the horse until it died in 1892 or 1893, and the skeleton and hide were mounted as shown in the museum.

The story of the horse as the only survivor of that tragic struggle is so interesting that we will give it in Mr. Lockwood's words as written by him under date of October 1, 1923:

"He was captured on the staked plains in Texas in July, 1867, with a band of Comanche Indians, by Gen. George A. Custer, of the 7th U. S. Cavalry, who had been on their trail for several days. The troops had lost several horses in the running fight. Among the dismounted was Capt. M. W. Keogh whose horse had been killed. He selected the horse now standing here, which was 6 years old and was named Comanche, and the longer Capt. Keogh rode him, the more he became attached to the horse, and always rode him on all campaigns. When he was riding Comanche in the campaign against the Black Kettle band and in the battle of the Washita, November 26, 1868, Comanche received an arrow wound in the right hip. It was a hunting arrow (not a poisoned or war arrow), and when the arrow was cut out the wound soon healed. Comanche was about the best campaigner in the regiment, as he could go farther and keep up in flesh on less feed and water than any horse in the regiment. He was an easy and fast gaited horse, and could be ridden on a long hard march and be fresh all the time. Captain Keogh became so attached to the horse that he never would go on a campaign on any horse but Comanche.

THROUGH HARD CAMPAIGN

In 1871, the 7th cavalry was ordered to Kentucky and remained there two years. Most all of the officers procured a Kentucky thoroughbred while in the Blue Grass country, and when the 7th cavalry was ordered to the Northwest in the spring of 1873 they were an exceptionally well mounted regiment. Captain Keogh still kept Comanche, and in all the hard winter campaigns of the Northwest, with horses falling out all the time, Comanche was the only mount of Captain Keogh, and was always ready to go and was in fine condition. June 25, 1876, when Captain Keogh rode him at the head of his troop, I, when General Custer charged the Sioux Indian camp on the Little Big Horn, he went against an overwhelming number of Indians who had much better arms than the soldiers had. The result was that the entire command of five troops of the 7th U. S. cavalry was annihilated, and fifty hours after Custer made his charge and the Indians had withdrawn, General Terry, with his command, came onto the battlefield and found the bodies of the men and horses, all dead, except in one group of dead bodies of men and horses, there was one horse that still had life in it.

There were willing hands to pull him from the dead and help him to his feet, and when it was found that all of his wounds were flesh wounds and no bones broken, that he was just weakened from loss of blood, we determined to save his life. A private soldier named James Severs (better known as Crazy Jim) of M. Troop, 7th cavalry, and myself carried water in our hats and gave Comanche a drink. He soon showed signs of regaining strength and the flow of blood had stopped. By constant care and nursing he was gotten

to the steamboat Key West and sent with the wounded that had been fighting Indians for forty-eight hours under Major Reno. They were all sent to Ft. Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory.

Comanche became the pet of the regiment, and a man was detailed to take care of him, and he was always led with briddle, saddle and side arms, cavalry boots attached to the saddle when the regiment was on inspection or parade, and was kept at the regimental headquarters of the 7th cavalry.

When he died of old age at Ft. Riley, he was mounted and is now on exhibition at the museum of Kansas university at Lawrence, as he is positively without any doubt whatever, the only survivor of Gen. George A. Custer's five troops that charged the Sioux Indian village on the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876."

We have an account of two of the general's horses in "Boots and Saddles", Vic and Dandy. "The dogs were so fond of the latter, they seemed to have little talks with him. The general's favorite dog Blucher, would leap up to him in the saddle, and jump fairly over the horses in starting." On the march from Yankton to Fort Abraham Lincoln after leaving Kentucky in the spring of 1873, we got from the same source another account of Dandy: The general delighted to unsaddle his favorite horse, Dandy, and turn him loose, for his attachment was so strong he never grazed far from us. He was not even tethered, and after giving himself the luxury of a roll in the grass, he ate his dinner of oats, and browsed about the tent, as tame as a kitten. He winnied when my husband patted his sleek neck, and looked jealously at the dogs when they all followed us into the tent afterwards."

"Dandy" was a Kentucky thoroughbred. He was one of several fine mounts of blood-horses bought by the general and his officers before the 7th (Regular) Cavalry left Elizabethtown in that state in the spring of 1873, where they had been stationed for two years after being five years in Kansas, and before they set out via Memphis. and Cairo by river to Yankton. He was the general's mount in the Yellowstone expedition in the summer of 1873, when the regiment saw service in that country in protecting the builders of the Northern Pacific Railway from hostile Indians, for in a letter to Mrs. Custer from the Yellowstone river, published in "Boots and Saddles" under date of July 19, 1873, he stated:

"We passed over a region full of canyons and precipices. Much of our journey was necessarily made on foot, our horses being led in single file, except my own noble "Dandy". He seemed to realize the difficulties of the route and although permitted to run untethered, he followed me as closely and carefully as a well-trained dog."

After the battle in 1876, in which he could not have participated, he was sent from the frontier to Gen. Custer's father who, at the request of the citizens of Monroe and Detroit, often rode him in the patriotic ceremonies held in those cities.

It was early in the "sixties", after the General and his brother Tom had gone into the Civil war, when the remainder of the Custer family left their home on the Ridge and moved to a farm on the river Raisin near Monroe, Michigan. It would include the Father, Mother, Nevin, Margaret (Emma) and Boston. Nevin J. Custer remained upon the farm until his death at Monroe, Michigan, February 25, 1915.

I had the pleasure of meeting him at the Custer Reunion, held at New Rumley, Ohio, September 10, 1914, where many of his old friends gave him cordial greeting after an absence of so many years.

The hard life on the Plains was not entirely without its humor. The General has given in a letter under date of July 3, 1874, an account of an incident characteristic of the exuberant life of the Custer Boys.

"Bos" (Boston) had gone out to Fort Lincoln in the early part of that year and one day when he and the General were out about thirteen miles from the fort, the general riding "Vic" and Bos riding a mule, the following incident is mentioned:

" 'Bos', though this his first experience expedition, takes to life on the plains as naturally as if bred to it. One of the officers says he thinks it must 'run in the blood'. He has to go through the usual experience that falls to all 'plebs'. Every one practices jokes on him.

He has been pleased with his mule from the first, and has praised him to me repeatedly. He *is* a good animal for a *mule,* but endurance, in his constitution, rather triumphs over speed. I could not resist taking advantage of the country to play a trick on 'Bos' one day.

The land was undulating, and you know how it always seems as if one could see for miles beyond when the top of each divide is reached, and how one can go on all day over the constant rise and fall of the earth, thinking the next divide will reveal a vast stretch of country. 'Bos' rode beside me, and I invented an excuse to go in advance; I made 'Vic' gallop slowly over the divide and when out of sight on the other side, I put the spurs to him and dashed through the low ground. When 'Bos' came in sight I was slowly ambling up the next divide and calling him to come on. He spurred his mule, shouted to him, and waved his arms and legs to incite him to a faster gait. When he neared me I disappeared over another divide, and giving 'Vic' the rein only slackened speed when it became time for 'Bos' to appear. Then, when I had brought my horse down to a walk I called out 'Why on earth don't you come on?' Believing that the gait he saw me take had been unvarying he could not understand why I lengthened the distance between us so rapidly. I kept this up until

he discovered my joke, and I was obliged to ride back and join him and suit 'Vic"s' steps to those of his exhausted mule."

His brother Tom too had his innings with "Bos". "I know that you (referring to Mrs. Custer) would espouse his cause against us if you had seen him take some bits of rocks out of his pocket every night after we had reached camp, and put them to soak in his wash-basin. They were given to him by Tom, who assured him that they were sponge stone—a variety that soften by keeping them in water for a certain length of time. After a few nights of faithful practice it dawned upon him that he was the victim of a practical joke, and he quietly dropped them by the way without saying a word. You need not trouble yourself to take up arms in his defense, for he gets even with us in the long run."

Other soldiers identified with the valley, were Joseph Markley and Thomas Moody of the 13th O. V. I.; Jasper N. Markle, 30th O. V. I.; Jesse Catrel of the 30th; Henry Kirby and Adam Patterson of the 98th; John Giles, David V. Markley, Hezekiah Steward, Henry Hixon and the four Stephenson brothers, R. Thompson, John, James, and Samuel, also, Joseph G. Moody, William Crogan and David Krebs.

At father's death in 1908, a number of old letters from soldiers were found among his papers. He took a great interest in the welfare of the soldiers he knew and the receipt of each letter in those stirring times was an event to the reader. To reread these old letters is to get back into the atmosphere of that dreadful war. They are no story of imagination, but each is a vivid picture of the life of a private soldier as he saw it. We are with them in the camp and on the march; we see them on the lonely picket duty exposed at all times to the fire of a concealed enemy. We hear the bugle call and the stirring music of the fife and drum when the order to march was given, and when all was bustle and excitement to get ready. We are with them in the anxious moments of the battle, and in the hospital when wounded or tortured with a raging fever, and when they silently buried their dead comrades. Under all these circumstances it is a marvel to note in reading them the hopefulness and good cheer that they exhibited.

No account of the experiences could be so realistic as that set forth in their own letters, all written at that time from the field of action, and therefore, we quote in what is to follow such parts of these letters as will be of general and local interest.

The first of these are from John Giles, of Company A of the 126th O. V. I., a native of Virginia, my father's first teacher, and lifelong friend. He had helped us to harvest, and as carpenter built all the outbuildings on the farm, except the barn; built an addition

to our dwelling, and had built the new home of grandfather Joseph Harrison, and which he occupied until his death. He frequently came to our house on Sundays for dinner, and when he decided to enlist in the 126th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was the father of a large family in Scio (then New Market) ranging in ages from young womanhood to infancy.

Before leaving he came to our home to have a last talk with father and upon his return to Scio we three walked up the hill and sat down for a little rest in the old orchard. He stated that his greatest concern was about his family, and would father see to their needs in his absence if the same became necessary? I heard that promise made and it was kept.

Parkersburg, Va.
Sunday Morning, Sept. 29th, '62

Dear Friend:—

We left camp Steubenville last Thursday week and arrived here on Friday making the trip in 26 hours. We came by way of Grafton which made the distance over 200 miles. A great part of this road runs through a very rough and broken country. In fact it is "Western Virginia", a country that you have so often heard and seen described that it is unnecessary for me to say anything on that subject further than that the descriptions we have had have not been exaggerated. We passed through more than 20 tunnels, some very long, in one place three in one mile. I saw more log cabins than I have seen since 1840. As you approach Parkersburg the hills become modified and gradually almost disappear. The land begins to look as though nature intended it for agriculture and something like prosperity and comfort begins to appear.

Parkersburg contains about half the population of Steubenville and is spread over an area quite as large. It has some very fine buildings and is a clean looking place. The country residences of the aristocracy are built in the woods with no ornamental trees but the primitive forest. There are several of these near our camp built in the best styles of architecture.

We have not yet had any engagement with the rebels nor are we likely to while we remain here. On last Sunday evening a scout came in with intelligence that Jenkins was at Ravenswood on his way to this place. The Va. 7th (which is posted here) had pickets out and our entire company was ordered out on picket duty. We were divided into three or four squads and posted on several roads from one to four miles from camp. The night passed but no rebels came and the next day brought the intelligence that the enemy had taken another direction. We now have pickets on every road leading from this place. I was out on the North Western Pike from Tuesday

morning until Wednesday with three others. We had a pleasant time.

Yesterday afternoon Col. McCook received a dispatch that the rebels had taken Elizabeth, which lies about 20 miles east of this and 14 miles from the railroad, and that they were menacing the railroad. He immediately sent Major Harlan with four companies (2 of the Va. 7th, and 2 of our regiment) to surprise and capture them if possible. They have not yet returned, but there is a rumor here this morning that they had information of Harlan's approach and made their escape.

I have had very good health since I have been here. There are three or four of our boys who are off duty but none seriously ill.

The drum is now beating for company drill and I must close.

Yours truly,
John Giles.

Mr. John Harrison."

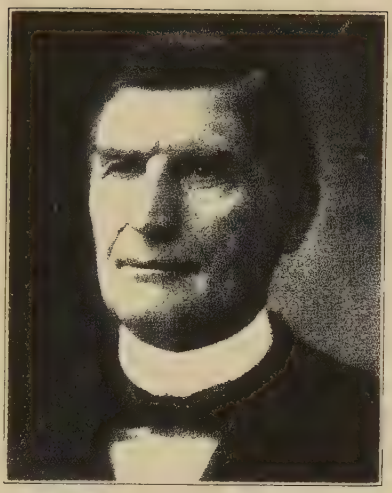
"Cumberland Md. Nov. 25, '62

My dear Friend:—

I received a letter from you last week but had not then sufficiently rcovered from a very severe spell of sickness to answer immediately. I was taken with bilious fever about one month ago, the first week I lay in my quarters, at the beginning of the second I was removed to the hospital, a very temporary place not furnishing as good accommodations as our former quarters. Some of my friends came over to see me and thought I ought not to be there and proposed removing me to a hotel in town. The surgeon consented to this and they immediately went and secured a place at the Bell House, to which I was removed early next morning. I remained there one week during which I was never out of the house, but once out of my room. There was an old lady by the name of Jacobs boarded at this house, who took a deep interest in my case, visiting me every day, sometimes two or three times a day The last day that I was there I learned from her that she had lived a long time in this valley: I told her that I had an aunt (my father's sister) married to a man by the name of Furman, who came to near this place in early times, that they possessed considerable wealth and had died some years ago leaving two daughters. That was all that I knew of them, she made some vague reply. The next morning I left the Bell House for camp. In the afternoon two ladies in middle life came to camp on the hunt for me. They were my two cousins, both living in Cumberland. I could not resist their invitation to go home with them and remain until I got well. I spent two weeks there during which time, if they had been my sisters they could not have treated me with more kindess.

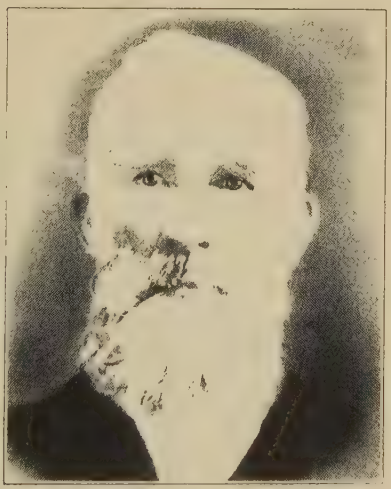
But we have fine weather here now, which cannot last long and, as I expected soon to be ordered to duty, I concluded that I had better make the change from domestic to camp life during good

JUDGE CAROLUS F. VOORHEES,
Millersburg, Ohio



JUDGE RICHARD M. VOORHEES,
Coshocton, Ohio

CHARLES W. VOORHEES,
Columbus, Ohio



JOHN GILES,
Scio, Ohio
(From an old crayon)

weather. I have been three nights in camp now and have taken no cold, my appetite which was slow about returning, is becoming pretty good.

Pardon so much about myself. Our regiment is in pretty good health. There are some six or seven in the hospital. Andrew Albaugh is the only member from our company there and I think that he has bilious fever.

I think that we will remain here this winter, though in this I may be mistaken. We have had a beautiful fall here, I have not heard how it has been in Ohio. I want you to call and see my family as often as you can when in town—I know they are lonesome.

Give my regards to Mrs. Harrison, your father and William.

Yours truly,
John Giles.

Mr. John Harrison."

P. S. You can see in my writing that I have not quite the command of my nerves yet. Write as soon as convenient.

J. G."

"Camp in the Wilderness near
North Mountain, Va.
Dec. 16th, 1862.

Dear Sir:—

I take up my pen tonight to try to write you a few lines in answer to your kind letter which I received a few hours ago and was glad to hear from you again. I am hearty and feel stouter than I ever did in my life. Well John, we have undergone another change of positions since I last wrote to you. On last Friday the 12th. about 10 a. m. we were ordered to pack up and get ready to move. We went right at it but laid around all day and until 10 o'clock at night, when the battalion was formed and we marched to the train and climbed into some old freight cars. Markley and I swept a place and laid down with our knapsacks for a pillow. The next morning I waked and stuck my head out of the door, and the first thing I saw was railroad iron piled up beside the new track laid that the d——d rebels had torn up. They had just torn up 21 miles of double track along here where we are encamped. Old Stonewall (Jackson) was encamped around in the woods where we are with 75,000 men. Lots of grain fields here are left without a fence and the country here shows their d——d disposition. We are reconstructing the road as fast as we can, but only make about one mile per day with only 150 hands at work. When they tore up the road and burnt the ties they laid the rails across the ties and heated them and bent them so that they are of no account.

This is a nice country, the nicest I have seen since I left Ohio. We are just on the edge of the Shenandoah Valley. The people here are mostly Secesh and as mean as the very d——. We work it into them once in a while in the chicken line. I think if I mistake not one of

them missed a hole of apples and a hole of taters last night and some of our cavalry went into the milk and butter yesterday. That is the way we get along with them.

John, there are just two four-handed games of Euchre going on, one on each side of me, and some cleaning their guns; that is a representation of our bunk. There is one regiment of infantry besides ours, the 1st New York cavalry and one gun battery. There are lots of bush whackers around here, and there are a thousand rebels at Martinsburg (they say) about eight miles from here.

There was no post-office here until we came; the rebels would not allow it, but there will be one established right away—we do not get regular mail here now. The railroad was laid along here a day or two ago. I must close this page tonight. I will write more in the morning if the long roll don't beat tonight for battle.

Yours truly,
John Giles,

Mr. John Harrison."

"Sandy Hook, Md.
July 27, 1863

My dear friend:—

When you left my house on the evening of my arrival at home I expected and desired to see you again that we might have a long social interview and chat about things in general, but my time was so short that I had necessarily to spend most of it with my family, and as you did not return to our village, I was compelled to forego that pleasure.

Learning on the morning that I left home of the fall of Winchester and Martinsburg, I at once determined to return by way of the Pennsylvania Central R. R., hoping to meet Capt. Fitch with his wagon train somewhere on the line of that road; in this I was successful, for I met him in Harrisburg on the very day that I was to have reported to him at Martinsburg.

After staying about ten days at Harrisburg we were ordered to Baltimore, for which place we started on the 27th of June. The rapid extension of the rebel lines down the Susquehanna, compelled us to diverge from the main road and take a more northerly direction (we had a train of wagons more than a mile in length without guards) reaching Philadelphia on the 1st of July. We were then farther from Baltimore than when at Harrisburg. We left Philadelphia on the second and arrived at Baltimore on the 7th. After staying there a few days we were ordered to this place, where we arrived on the 12th. This, my dear friend, I set down as my first travel, for in traveling by rail you see almost nothing. But here I rode in an ambulance and we did not make an average of twenty miles a day. We passed directly through Lancaster and Chester counties, the acknowledged garden of Pennsylvania, perhaps of the east. I saw fields of wheat

that looked heavy enough to support a grain cradle if thrown upon it—I also saw fine farms and excellent wheat in the little state of Delaware. It was on this trip that I first saw any of our large cities or bays crowded with their numerous shipping, but of these I have not time to write in this brief letter. Sandy Hook is a small village, less than a mile below Harper's Ferry.

When we arrived here Harpers Ferry, indeed all the Virginia side was held by the enemy and the first rebels that I had seen in army was there, not in force, but merely pickets or out posts. A few days after a pontoon bridge was thrown across, over which a heavy force of cavalry with artillery and infantry passed. The rebels, however, continued to hold Charleston, Bunkerhill and Martinsburg, while Gen. Lee's headquarters were at Winchester, until within a very few days. Capt. Fiery of the 2nd Maryland Cavalry arrived here last night and informed us that they had just taken Martinsburg and that Gen. Couch would occupy it today with a heavy force of infantry. The 1st N. Y. Cavalry had made a recognizance almost to Winchester and ascertained that the whole rebel force was in rapid retreat up the valley. If Gen. Meade, who has gone up on the east side of the Blue Ridge, does not head him off and cripple or capture Lee's entire army, it will only be another one of the series of blunders that have so long characterized the doings of the army of the Potomac.

I cannot tell how long we will remain here, we are now in strong hopes of getting back to Martinsburg, but there is no certainty of anything.

Give my regards to your father and William and remember me to your excellent wife.

Yours truly,

John Giles.

Mr. John Harrison.

P. S. I have seen the regiment but once since I returned, they are now in the Third Corps. Be sure and write soon and give me all the local news. Address me, Care of Capt. Fitch, A. G. M. Sandy Hook, Md."

Washington, D. C.
Nov. 7, 1863

Dear Friend:—

It has been some time since I wrote you, but do not suppose I had forgotten you. I believe that my last letter to you was from Harper's Ferry or Sandy Hook. I left the former place on the 27th of August, to rejoin the regiment when lying in the City of New York, at which place I arrived on the 28th. We left New York on the 6th of September, on board the Empire City for Alexandria, Va. We had a pleasant sea voyage of 48 hours, reaching Alexandria on the 8th. On the 11th we took up our line of March for the front, our corps was

then lying eight miles south-west of Warrenton and between fifty and sixty miles from Alexandria.

This was my first experience in marching and I found it quite severe. Most of the soldiers had not yet drawn their winter clothing, blankets, etc., while I had everything that we are allowed, except an overcoat. We reached our destination in a little over three days, the next day after our arrival the entire Army was put in motion and moved to Culpepper. We remained in that neighborhood until the 12th of October, when the grand retreat commenced. It would not be proper for me, nor have I room here to offer any criticizm on that movement further than to say that I do not understand it, unless Gen. Meade thinks he can exhaust Lee by running him back and forth. The retreat, however, was conducted in an orderly manner, but we had some terrible marching, loaded with our guns, accoutrements, knapsacks and eight days rations, and then marched all day and half the night, then stand picket until morning, and at early dawn start on the march again, wears men down pretty fast, at least it wore me down and on our arrival at Centerville I was put in an ambulance and with a great many others sent to Fairfax Station and from thence here where I arrived on the night of the 16th of October.

My general health is now quite good but my legs are still feeble and somewhat painful, if I remain long on my feet. I take all the exercise they will bear. During the present week I have been assisting in painting the inside of the barracks, connected with this hospital. I have had several walks through the different parts of the city, have visited the Patent Office twice, been at the Smithsonian Institute, Capitol, etc. I wish that you could see these places, especially the Patent Office, such a collection of models of machinery. It is almost overwhelming. The Japanese presents are very interesting, the ornamental paintings on their wares are by far the most beautiful and delicate that I ever saw.

In the way of relics there is the cane presented by Franklin to Washington, also Franklin's printing press, Washington's camp equipage, sword, the suit of clothes worn by him when he resigned his commission, his dressing wear taken from the Arlington house last year, with many other relics that were once the property of that great man.

But I have not time, my dear friend, to pursue this subject any further at present, but must close by expressing my deep satisfaction at the result of the election in Ohio and elsewhere. Those political victories are worth as much as any battle that we have gained this summer.

Give my regards to Mrs. Harrison, your father and William.

Yours truly,

John Giles

Mr. John Harrison."

"Douglas Hospital.
Washington, D. C., Dec. 9, 1863.

Dear Friend:

Your very welcome letter of the 21st of last month did not reach me until yesterday. It went by way of the regiment which I presume caused the delay. In addressing a soldier in general hospital, his company and regiment should not appear on the envelope. I was indeed glad to hear from you and learn that you and your family were all well.

My own health is but poor. When I was brought here I thought that I was merely exhausted and broken down in my feet and legs and that a few days rest would restore me again. In this, however, I was mistaken. I have been here nearly eight weeks and that time has developed the fact that my general health is seriously, if not permanently impaired. My lungs are much irritated and I have a severe cough and quite weak. My period of active service has passed. I was examined by the medical board last night and have not yet seen their report, but from the remarks made by all of the members, I have no doubt but what I shall be transferred to the invalid corps immediately.

This transfer, my dear friend, is not to my liking, indeed, it is most repugnant to my feelings, but a soldier's wishes are never consulted, and he must go wherever those in authority say. I shall most likely be placed on detached duty, but of this I am not certain, being unable at present to do any kind of labor, I shall most likely remain here for a while.

I was present on Monday afternoon and witnessed the organization of the House of Representatives. Saw Mr. Colfax elected, conducted to the chair, and heard him deliver his address. Saw him sworn in and enter upon the duties of Speaker. Mr. Colfax is of medium height and about forty years of age, full of energy and an eloquent speaker. He commenced the discharge of his duties with a familiarity which almost made me believe that he had always been Speaker.

I saw Owen Lovejoy, Washburn, John P. Hale, and some others of the distinguished members of Congress. Mr. Eckley (of Carrollton, Ohio) was the only member whose face I recognized. I met him in one of the corridors and had a few minutes talk with him. Our late representative Mr. Bingham is here, I have visited him once or twice at his lodgings.

The "lecture season" has also commenced here. Night before last Frederick Douglas lectured in the Presbyterian Church (he could not have done that three years ago, could he?) Last night Horace Greeley lectured at the Odd Fellows Hall, and P. T. Barnum at Willard's Hall. As my indisposition does not permit me to be out at night I, of course, canot get to hear any of these star speakers, but the morning papers give us a synopsis of their lectures and Douglas and Greeley are both highly complimented.

I do not now recollect whether I gave you in my last letter an account of my visit to the Patent Office or not. I have been there frequently and am always interested in the vast and varied collections there deposited. Among the antiquated things there on exhibition is the printing press upon which Benjamin Franklin worked in England more than a century ago. Also the cane which he presented to George Washington. Also Washington's furniture, sword, tent camp equipage and clothes, etc. A military suit worn by Gen. Jackson is also here. The specimens of statuary are very fine. The Japanese presents are truly interesting, but as its name indicates, this building is the great depository of the models of all the patents ever issued by this government. The house itself is a splendid one, three stories high, and about four hundred feet square, built of white marble. You ought, indeed, to visit this city. Can you not come this winter? Boarding is only five dollars per day, at our hotels.

The Smithsonian Institute has also an excellent museum and worthy of months of study. Of the National Capitol I have not time to speak, farther than to say that it is a building of which our country may well be proud.

I hope that you will write often, letters from friends are indeed appreciated by one confined and among strangers as I have been for so long.

Remember me to your father, brother and Mrs. Harrison.

Yours truly,
John Giles

Mr. John Harrison."

"Culpepper, Va., Feb. 1, 1864.

Dear Friend:—

I have delayed answering your letter much longer than I intended when it came to hand. We were then on the eve of leaving Vienna for Headquarters of the army near Brandy Station. When we arrived there it was evident that our stay would be short, and several other places were suggested as our probable destination, and on the 19th of January we were ordered to this place, where we arrived on the same evening. Since that time we have been very busy fixing up and getting things in order.

We left Vienna on the 9th of January. The weather was quite cold. The Potomac was completely closed by ice—a thing very unusual, and there were several inches of snow on the ground. The weather, however, soon began to moderate, and on the 17th rain set in which lasted two or three days, when it cleared and we had ten days of as beautiful weather overhead as I ever saw in April. This, however, closed on the 30th, since then it has been very cloudy and misty most of the time.

The Army is quiescent, and must remain so for at least two months to come. We are quite near the front, much of the army being

in our rear. Our lines, I believe are the same that they were last October when we retreated from this place. The disposition of our forces, however, is quite different, being at present strung out along the O. & A. R. R., much more than at that time.

This has been a beautiful and fertile country, the surface being very gently undulating. The soil has been much exhausted by bad cultivation, and now almost the entire country is laid waste by the ravages of war. It is sad indeed to look at the terrible devastation that everywhere meets the eye. But they would have it so, and cannot justly blame anybody but themselves, it is the legitimate fruit of their own sowing. They lived in affluence on the unrequited toil of the poor slave—they bred and raised children for the market just as you breed and raise sheep for the market—they became haughty and despotic despising labor and looking upon those who had to perform it as a degraded and inferior class. Hence our government which allowed equal political privileges to the man who earned an honest living by honest toil, and the rich who lived without labor, did not suit these slave managers and breeders, and in the madness of their folly they undertook to destroy it. They are now reaping the bitter but just consequences of their own action. Their human chattels are confiscated, and many a man here who counted his acres by thousands, and their slaves by hundreds, is now as hard pressed for the sustenance of life as the vagrant of our cities.

Culpepper is seventy-five miles from Washington, and has been a beautiful village of 1200 inhabitants, but is now in a sad condition.

Our regiment lies three or four miles to our rear. Morris Jolley and Jas. Stephenson were here on a visit yesterday. They inform me that the boys are generally well. My own health though not very good is much better than when I wrote you last. I had been entirely free from cough for some time, until a few days ago, when it returned with some violence. I hope that I shall not have so severe an attack as before.

I am glad to learn that old North township has filled her quota without draft.

Remember me to Mrs. Harrison, your father, brother and my old friend, John McLandsborough.

Write as often as convenient.

I had like to have forgotten to tell you that Captain Fitch expects to be transferred to East Tennessee shortly, so it is very uncertain about our stay here any length of time, perhaps you had as well not write until you hear from me again.

Yours truly, your friend,

John Giles

Mr. John Harrison."

Fredericksburg, Va.
May 18, '64

Dear Friend:

I received a letter from home yesterday in which my wife informed me that you had not received a letter from me since last fall. I wrote you at least two during the winter and I much regret that you did not get them. After our arrival at Culpepper in Januarv we had no responsible medium through which to transmit or receive our letters and were constantly annoyed about our mail matter.

Well, I was in the fight four days and three nights and know from actual observation and experience what war is. I have no room here to attempt a description. Should I be so lucky as to ever get home I shall try to do it orally. Early in the first fight Capt. Geo. Vorhees was seriously injured and very shortly afterward Lieut. "Dad" Hixon was wounded in the arm. That fight lasted nearly an hour. Our regiment lost, 14 killed 77 wounded and 20 missing. In our company Henry Tomlinson is missing, supposed to be killed. Thos. McDevitt, Lem Gallagher, John Becket, Thos. Johnson, Johnson Thompson, Harvey Thompson, Beatty Anderson and Jas. Atkinson were wounded. In the evening the enemy charged on our right flank and right rear in heavy force turning our right flank, and giving us a severe repulse. In this charge we lost D. Buckley, Isaac Holmes, Irael Palmer and Jasper Griffith. We do not know whether they were killed or captured. It was in this charge that Capt. Lyons and France were killed. Capt. McCready wounded and Gen. Seymour captured. I was near the right of our line—was much broken down and exhausted by previous marching and incessant action and when our line broke I was left in the rear. I ran the gauntlet of three or four hundred yards through a storm of bullets which seemed as thick as bees in a swarm—yet I was not injured.

On the following Sunday I was compelled to fall out and since that time have been with Lieut. ("Dad") Hixon. We are along with the wagon train and for the last few days have been right among the rifle pits and fortifications occupied by the rebels when they repulsed Burnside in Dec., 62. I am to some extent regaining my strength. Hixon's wound is getting better and we expect to return to the front shortly. I am sorry that I cannot write you a better letter to-day, but it is impossible. As to general accounts of the battle you can learn much more and get it much sooner from the papers than it is possible for me to give it. The battle, so far as I was engaged in it, was fought in the wilderness; the undergrowth was so dense that we could see but a few rods.

Accept my thanks for your kindness to my family (God knows

I would love to see them) and remember me to Mrs. Harrison, your father and William.

Yours truly, your friend,
John Giles

Mr. John Harrison,

Co. A 126th O. V. I.
2nd Brigade, 3rd Div. 6th Corps.,
Via Washington, D. C.

"Harper's Ferry, Va.
Aug. 28th, '64

Dear Friend:—

I believe that my last to you was written about the first of July and on the South of Petersburg. You are doubtless aware that very shortly after that our division was ordered to Maryland. I, however, being on detached duty remained near City Point until the 9th of August. I arrived in Washington on the 12th day and at this place on the 20th.

Of the state of affairs before Petersburg, I need hardly speak, as the papers give you all the information that I could. As to the final result of that long and bloody campaign, it is yet a problem that time will solve. I hope that Grant will succeed, but I am not so sanguine of that as I have been. The rebels are, no doubt, reduced to terrible straits and fight with desperation. Things here are rather in the fog, and have been for some time. Last night the rebels disappeared from our front and early this morning our army was put in motion. It is now afternoon and we have not yet heard any firing. There are several rumors afloat—one that the enemy is trying to cross the river some distance above, but I think it more probable that a large part of the rebel force has gone back to Richmond and that the balance of it is retreating, it is however, very easy to be mistaken, but a very few days will develop something.

This beautiful valley had suffered much during this war, but never so severely as during the present campaign. Our army has been up as far as Strawsburg, a distance of over fifty miles and on their return I am informed, they swept everything that would be of any advantage to the enemy. Grain, hay, mills and threshing machines were consumed; while all live stock was driven off. How the people are to subsist God only knows, I think that some of them are pretty tired of the war.

My health is not very robust; indeed I feel as though another year's service would wear me out. Still I hope for the best and try to be cheerful. The present high prices for all staple articles also gives me a good deal of concern. Our wages, though nominally increased is really not one-half of what they were when I entered the service. As I pass through this country and see the pale emaciated children, with want and almost starvation staring them in the face, I

am constantly reminded of my own loved ones at home and tortured with apprehensions that want may lay its pinching hand on them before my return.

O! what devastation, what suffering and demoralization war produces; and what a blessed thing it will be when our race has attained to that higher civilization that will enable them to settle all national and international difficulties without a resort to arms.

Aug. 29th. I did not get this closed yesterday. I have heard nothing from the troops since they left yesterday morning. We heard some firing in the direction of Charleston late last evening. This is the day that the Chicago convention meets to nominate its peace candidate. Well, peace is what we want, permanent and lasting peace. But can it ever come from such a source? Good did come out of Nazareth, but if any good should result from the conclave of traitors and semi-traitors, there met today, it will be contrary to all probability, and on the principal that God sometimes brings good out of evil, and causes even the wrath of man to praise Him, but I must close, remember me to Mrs. Harrison, your father and William.

Yours truly,
John Giles."

"Harper's Ferry, Va.
Oct. 16, '64

Dear Friend:

Yours of the 7th of last month did not reach me until about ten days ago. I was glad to hear from you and that you and yours are in good health.

My health is much better—indeed the bracing atmosphere of October has begun to make me feel like myself again. I am, however threatened with the cough, which so afflicted me last winter.

I have been here for the last six weeks, working at my trade. Our work is very regular, ten hours per day, which at this season of the year occupies all the daylight that we have. Under the present regime our rations are very short. Our allowance of meat will only allow us to use it for breakfast and dinner. This leaves us nothing but bread and coffee for supper, and after we have taken two meals from an 18 ounce loaf, there is not much of that left, so you see that our suppers at least are light. I need not allude to the military operations in this department, as the papers furnish you with that. I have heard nothing from my regiment for several weeks.

I saw Ed Hamilton some ten days ago returning from hospital to duty—also Harvey Thompson.

Our old friend Robert Lacey was here a few days ago. He is an A. Q. M. with the rank of Captain. He was on his way to Martinsburg, expecting to be assigned to duty in this department.

Our dear state, Ohio, did well at the late elections, but you ought to have elected Mr. Bingham by all means. I regret that Pennsylvania

is somewhat in doubt, and the new constitution of Maryland is probably defeated. This, of course, is encouraging to the copperheads. and whatever encourages them—encourages the rebels. But I do not have much to say on politics, they belong to you citizens at home, yet every soldier of ordinary intelligence knows that the election of McClellan is the last hope of the rebellion. Richmond is doomed. Grant has an iron hand upon it and it must fall, and that soon, and with the fall of Atlanta, the power of the rebel army in the South-West is broken, and with the fall of Richmond and the triumph of a loyal party in the North, the confederacy must fall to pieces. Oh! that men were wise and loyal how soon they could put an end to this cruel war. But the madness of the party, the bitterness of a prejudice that has eaten out their manhood, will induce thousands to vote encouragement to the most terrible rebellion of modern times. If there is such a thing as future retributions the blood of thousands of brave northern men will be required at the hands of Northern Copperheads.

Remember me to Mrs. Harrison, and your father and William. Write soon.

Yours truly,
John Giles

Care Capt. Flagg, A. O. M.
Harpers Ferry, Va."

David V. Markley, of Company A., of the 126th, was father's cousin, their mothers', *nee* Hartley, were sisters. He was an intelligent and good looking young man, wrote a good hand, 23 years of age when he enlisted. and my last recollection of him was when he was home on a furlough in the Spring of 1863, and came to see us when we were attending corn in the bottom on the north side of the creek and next south of the road between the two Germantown bridges between Scio and Perrysville, Ohio.

I remember how we all rested at the end of the rows at the south side of the field, heard him talk of his soldier life, and how jaunty he looked in his cap, blue blouse and pale blue trousers.

He was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek, near Winchester, Virginia, October 19, 1864.

"Camp Steubenville,
Sept. 17, 1862.

Dear Friend:—

I have taken this opportunity to let you know how we are getting along. They couldn't put me in a place that would suit me better. There is some sickness in camp but nothing dangerous. Jim Manbeck has been very sick and we put him on a train and sent him home this morning and sent a man with him.

We have lots of fun and plenty of hard drilling. We drill about seven hours a day. We have our arms, blankets and shirts, and expect to get the rest of our clothes tomorrow. There were 250 men recruited and put into our regiment today, which makes it about full. None of the regimental officers have come yet, but we are looking for them every day. I wish our Colonel would come as we would like to get out of the hands of Old Colliers. There is not a soldier in camp that likes him.

When we leave here it is thought we will go to Grafton, Va. We heard today that our army is winning; that they had the main body of rebels surrounded. I hope they will leave a few as I want to get to or three myself. Excuse haste as I must write between drills and I have several more letters to write.

Give my best respects to all the folks and write as soon as you get this.

Your friend,
David Markley.

Direct to David Markley,
Company A, 126 Regiment,
Camp Steubenville, Ohio.
In care of Captain G. W. Voorhees."

Camp Parkersburg, Va.
Oct. 12, 1862.

Dear Cousin:—

I received your letter Thursday and was glad to hear from you and that the folks are all well. I am well and getting along first rate. The boys are well and in good spirits. The most of them say they would like to try the rebels a whack. For my part I wouldn't mind trying them a little brush to see how it would go.

A few of our boys had a little skirmish with about forty of them. There were only fifteen of our fellows. Two were killed, two taken prisoners and about 20 horses taken. One of our prisoners was a Lieutenant who went from this place to join the rebel army about a year ago. He looked pretty cheap when they brought him in. He belonged to the regular army and had come up from Charleston to spy around and get horses. Those we got from them had been stolen.

He said the South could not be whipped and we told him that if 15 of our fellows could get 40 of theirs it did not look that way.

This part of Virginia is pretty rough and so are the people, both Union and Rebel. I should judge that more than half of the people of Parkersburg favor the South, but they keep pretty quiet when we are around. They tell me that more than twice as many young men enlisted in the southern army from this place than enlisted in the Union army.

A comrade and I were on picket duty about four miles from here and we branched off a little to get some apples, when we met a

bright girl who wanted to know if we thought we could whip the South. We answered that we would try very hard, and then we asked her if she would marry a Union soldier, and she said "No, not if it would save him from eternal damnation." We thought she was our match in sentiment and so we left her. They are not afraid to tell their secesh principles.

I must close as it is time for the boys to go to church.

Your friend,
D. V. Markley."

"North Mountain, Va.
Dec. 19, 1862

Dear Cousin:

I received your letter a few days before we left Cumberland. . . . . I am well as usual and so are the boys, except Andrew Albaugh and Billy Miser, who were left at Cumberland with fever.

Ben Glass is consumpted and will not stand the service. He is a good fellow and the boys all long to see him get better.

We left Cumberland on the 12th for North Mountain. We got our orders at 10 o'clock, got away at 10 P. M., and landed here about daylight, unloading our equipment and pitched our tents in the woods where Gen. Stonewall Jackson had his tents about two months ago. He tore up about 25 miles of railroad, burned the ties, heated and bent the rails nearly double. We have about 150 hands at work on the road and will soon have it done.

This is a fine country around here, the only place I have seen since we left Ohio where I would care to live. There is very little live stock here the rebels having killed and eaten all the cattle and have stolen all the horses. When they came across a Union man they took him, soul, body and breeches, burned his fences and destroyed everything that came in their way; but from a rebel they only took such things as they needed. There are only about three Union men in the neighborhood, the rest are all rebels. There is a town about a mile from here of 400 inhabitants with only two men in it, the rest have all gone to the rebel army. We have taken several prisoners and our pickets are fired upon by bushwhackers every night or two.

We have here the First Virginia regiment of about 400 men; seven hundred cavalry; one battery and six twelve pound guns. The battery and cavalry went down to Martinsburg yesterday and it is reported here this morning that they had a fight on the way and were victorious. The place is about seven miles from here and we are about 25 miles from Harper's Ferry and the same distance from Winchester. It is reported here that Burnside is giving them h——l at Fredericksburg.

I think if he wins the war will come to a close in the spring.

Steward (Hezekiah) got a letter from you since we came here. . . . Give my compliments to the rest of the family.

Very truly yours,
D. V. Markley.

Write as soon as you get this."

"Martinsburg, Va.
January 16, 1863

Dear Cousin:— —

I received your welcome letter on the 13th. . . . . We have the measles and a good deal of sickness in the camp. Some seven or eight of our company are in the hospital. None from New Market except Jim Stephenson, Tom Thompson and John Whittaker. John Passmore has something like consumption and expects to be discharged. . . . A good many think we are in for three years, but I think if it lasts that long it will last ten years.

It is rumored in camp that the Rebels have taken Nashville again and that things are discouraging on our side. We don't get any news here of any importance. We get a Baltimore paper once in a while but there is no news in it worth reading.

I should like to have heard the particulars of the battles in Tennessee. Some say we won, others say we didn't. I expect Joe (his brother) was in that fight at Murfreesboro for the 13th O. V. I. was in it, so you stated. I should like to see a list of the killed and wounded, to know if any of our boys were hurt.

We have very bad weather. It has been pouring down rain ever since last night. It came in torrents and seemed to come faster and faster every minute. It has been so wet in the last four or five days that the mud makes it bad to get about. We had good weather during the fall. When the weather is bad we only have to stand guard about once a week. We get pretty good grub.

We have one battery of six guns, one regiment of infantry and seven hundred cavalry here now. This is the worst place we have been in and I am getting tired of it.

I think it will be better when we get the cars to run through to Baltimore, if Old Stonewall Jackson does not tear it up again. He said the last time it was repaired he would tear it up again, haul the iron away, burn the ties and plow down the road bed.

Our cavalry scouts bring in a few prisoners once in a while—have brought in 40 or more since we have been here. We don't keep them long— send them to Cumberland. . . . . Write soon as you get this. No more at present.

D. V. Markley."

"Brandy Station, Va.
Feb. 28, 1863

Dear Cousin.:—

Replying to your last letter, I was glad to learn that you are all well, but sorry to hear of grandmother's (Hartley) serious illness; but as she has lived to a good old age we cannot expect her to last long. Grandfather (Hartley) bears his infirmities much longer than I thought, since it is nearly two years since I left home.

The weather here seems like May, the mud is dried and the roads are good. I hope this will continue as a part of this army is on the move. The Sixth Corps passed here yesterday. We have orders to have everything in readiness to march at any moment. We heard of fighting a few minutes ago. The general opinion is that there will be a big movement in this department soon.

We do not know what it means unless it is to move in conjunction with Gen. Butler. I am satisfied that this army will never accomplish anything of itself for the rebels are too strongly fortified, and we have been defeated too often to advance in this direction. It is the opinion here that the Rebellion is pretty nearly played out, but I fear not. A great many deserters are coming in. I saw sixty come in one squad a few days ago. Many of them looked as if some new clothes, hard tack and sow belly would be welcome. Some of them told me that there would be ten times more desertions as soon as the leaves came out, to give them a better chance.

They say that the President's Amnesty Proclamation is hurting the Confederacy nearly as bad as our arms.

There is some talk of our regiment going back to West Virginia this spring. I hope it will as I think we would see easier times than here. The boys are all stout and hearty and there is less sickness in our regiment at present than there has been for a long time. Joe Morgan sends his compliments. . . . . .

Write soon and give me all the news. Compliments to all the folks.

Your cousin,
D. V. Markley."

"Martinsburg, Va.,
April 5, 1863

Dear Cousin:

I was glad to receive your letter on the 3rd and to learn that you were all well. I am well and getting along first rate—a good deal better than we did some time ago. The sick boys are on the mend and many of them are fit for duty, which makes it easier on the rest of us. When so many of them were sick we were on duty every other day, but now it is every third or fourth day.

We have lost two of our boys since I last wrote which makes six who have died. John May, Ben Glass, Henry King and Louis

Shaddock have been discharged which makes 10 of a loss to Company A since we came to this place. George Shultz is mending slowly, also, Jim Fisher, whose wife is here at the present time.

W. H. McCoy has been promoted to Second Lieutenant. The Captain (George W. Voorhees) and "Dad" (Hixon) are all right.

The snow is falling fast and the weather is very cold. If this is the kind of weather they have in "Dixie" on Easter Sunday I am glad it comes only once a year.

Our long looked for Paymaster came a week ago and made a good many glad hearts. We were called out in front of the Colonel's quarters, a company at a time, to receive it. Everybody turned out, sick and well, in spite of the weather. The rain came down in torrents, but the boys wanted the much needed greenbacks. We got five months' pay.

There was excitement here about an expected battle at Winchester sometime ago, but we think they have evacuated that part of the country and have gone down to the southwest to attack Rosencrans. It is thought that if our troops are victorious at Vicksburg the rebels are gone up. It is certain a great portion of their army are in a starving condition. If they are kept from invading Kentucky and Tennessee this summer and from getting fresh supplies they will have to cave in. We are all going to be home on the Fourth of July, if our troops whip Vicksburg. "Doc" Buckley says he is going to make a speech at New Market (Scio) on the Fourth of July and the boys are to have a big dance that night. You may look for a stir in town on that day.

Yours truly,
D. V. Markley."

"Camp near Brandy Station, Va.
Dec. 23, 1863

Dear Cousin:—

After a long silence I write to let you known that I have not forgotten you. I will be more prompt hereafter. After I left home I went back to Cumberland, Md., stayed one week and then started to the regiment. We had to foot it from Cumberland to Harpers Ferry as there was no train on the B. & O. Ry., the distance being about 100 miles. We were four days on the way.

We stopped at the Ferry about one week and then went by train to Washington where we stayed three days, taking in the sights, seeing the Capitol, White House, Theatres, Museums, etc. Then we went to Alexandria, Va., where we were detained for three weeks because of lack of transportation to the Army of the Potomac. We reached the regiment on the 15th of August and found it camped on the Rappahannock river, where we stayed five days and were ordered to New York. On our way we were detained three days at Alexandria where I saw David Krebs with his regiment, the Fourth O. V. I., which

was also on its way to New York. He told me to send to you and the rest of the family, his compliments. He looked as well as I have ever seen him.

We took passage on the steamship Merrimac and were three days and three nights on the water. When we got out in the ocean many of us were sea sick. It was laughable to one not in that fix.

We reached New York about the 22nd of August and had not been there more than ten days until I took sick, but stayed with the Company until the 5th of December when I went to the hospital and had a hard spell of typhoid fever. I was confined to my bed for twenty-eight days. The regiment started back the day I went to the hospital and I joined it again about two weeks ago.

I had a jolly time in New York after I got so I could get about. One can see a little of everything in that city.

We are now camped between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan rivers, along the railroad, in log huts that the "Rebs" built for their winter quarters; but Gen. Meade sent out a few pieces of artillery and gave them some "Yankee Pills" and they "skedaddled" across the Rapidan and left the houses for us. We had them chunked and daubed and made them comfortable. We have fireplaces and you may know that they are better and warmer than tents. We only have to go on duty once in 13 days and the six of us in one house have good times. In the meantime all we have to do is to eat, sleep and get wood, and the latter is a small job for we are right in the woods.

I think we will stay here all winter, the boys are in good health generally, but a number are scattered in hospitals at different places.

My regards to all the family.

Your cousin,
D. V. Markley."

"Camp near Brandy Station, Va.,
January 16, 1864

Dear Cousin:

Replying to your recent letter I was surprised to hear of the extreme cold weather you have had in Ohio. Our weather for the last few weeks is more like spring than winter, having had only a few light snows, mild warm days and plenty of mud. There are no chickens, turkeys, geese or hogs within seven miles of the camp. Rabbits are the only live things about for food and they are plentiful and we have made them suffer.

We were out on picket duty about eleven miles from here last week after having advanced the picket line an additional five miles and found plenty of chickens, geese and hogs. There is hardly a family to be found but has one or more in the rebel army and, of course, did not like our fancy for what we found to eat.

We are having easier times than we had last winter. We only go

on picket duty once every 16 or 18 days, while last winter we had to go out about two miles every other day.

There is a rumor that our division is to go to the southwest. I hope it is true for I know they can't take us to a worse place than the Potomac Army.

A great many of the boys whose time will be out next summer are re-enlisting for three years more. Whole regiments are re-enlisted. It is the opinion of a great many that the war can't last long but I expect to put in my term of service if I should live, also, to re-enlist and we will win in course of time. I think they are harder up now than any time since the commencement of the war.

I heard today that the old 13th Ohio Regiment was mustered out and would be home soon. I would like awfully well to see some of the boys of that regiment.

With the exception of two, the boys in our company are in good health. You inquired about Morgan—he is all right—slick as a pet guinea pig. . . . .

Write soon and give me all the news. Remember me to the rest of the family, also to some of the good looking girls in the neighborhood, and tell them not to marry until the war is over and I come home for I might then be a candidate.

Your cousin,
D. V. Markley."

Adam Patterson, of Company H, of the 98th O. V. I., was my uncle and brother of my mother. How well do I remember the day he enlisted! It was at New Rumley, Ohio, the same day when Col. John S. Pearce, lawyer, Cadiz, O., and Colonel of the 98th O. V. I., was home on recruiting service, and when he made, what father said, was one of the most forcible speeches he ever heard.

There were tears in Mother's eyes when she came home and said "Uncle Adam had enlisted". And after he had gone, how we looked for his letters, and how they were passed around among the family and relatives to read.

His seemed a cruel fate—he was killed at the age of 27 years in the last battle of the war at Bentonville, North Carolina, on the 19th day of March, 1865, after going all through on Sherman's "March to the Sea."

I can see yet in memory, the newspaper in which was printed in cold type, the list of casualties, and when my eye fell upon his name, I remember how I wished it was all a mistake. The remembrance of it was then so burned into my memory that upon each subsequent anniversary of that date I have recollected it.

"Covington, Ky.,
August 28, 1862.

My dear Sir:—

The 98th Regiment is quartered in Covington, Kentucky, just across the river from Cincinnati, but we are going to leave this afternoon for Lexington. Excuse this letter, everything is in a bustle. This leaves me all right.

I cannot send you directions as I do not known where I will be when this reaches you, but I want you to write as soon as you get the directions.

Adam Patterson."

"Nashville, Tenn.
Nov. 6th, 1863

Dear Sir:—

This morning finds me a convalescent in camp near here. I left the regiment on the morning of September 21st in rather bad health. I was in Stevenson, Alabama, four days and then came here to the hospital and then to the camp.

It is not worth while to tell you anything about the battle at this late date, but just to tell you it was a h——l of a hot place. Perryville was only a skirmish to it. Our Captain and two privates were killed and 16 wounded. I came off without a scratch. I think the Lord was on my side. We fought Longstreet's men and as usual had to fight three to one. This is certainly a shame that we have to fight superior numbers every time. . . . . The 102nd Ohio is here now. I saw Peter Rutan yesterday. He looks fat and hearty and ready for the rebels any time.

I think I will be able to go to the regiment in few days.

Adam Patterson.

Direct:
Convalescent Camp:
First Detachment,
Nashville, Tenn."

"Nashville, Tennessee,
Dec. 18, 1863

Dear Friend:—

Well, John, I am mending very slowly. I am better than when I last wrote, I can walk around camp without much trouble.

I had a letter from the regiment yesterday. The boys are having a hard time down there, the weather is cold and they haven't had any blankets since they left Bridgeport, (Ohio) on the first of September. You stated that Col. John Pearce was home recruiting for the 98th. I think he had better come back and take care of the men he has or they will soon be played out.

The only way to get men now is to draft them and the sooner

it is done the better. If the proper means are taken this war will be played out before the next Fourth of July. The "Rebs" must come under and the "wooden" heads in the North with them.

About 8,000 prisoners arrived here in the last two weeks. I have seen the most of them. They all appear willing to quit. They are ragged and some of them bare footed. They make a horrible appearance.

You appear to think that you stand a good chance of being drafted. I should be sorry if such should be the case; but war is not half so bad as some think it is. I wouldn't want a better pleasure excursion than to soldier for nine months.

You said that you had a young lady teaching your school and boarding with you (Ruth White) who has a brother in my company by the name of White and asked if I knew him. I do, I got acquainted with him before we left Steubenville. He is a gentleman and a good soldier. . . . Direct as before, your friend,

Adam Patterson.

P. S. Please send me some postage stamps."

"Nashville, Jan. 26, 1864

Dear Sir:

I have gotten hearty again and expect to go to the regiment in a few days, and try it on half rations of hard tack and bacon again. I am at a loss to known what to write that will interest you as I am sure that you get more war news than we get here. The first part of this month was very cold and the citizens of this place were very hard up for fuel. Wood was selling for $50.00 per cord and scarce at that.

The Tennesseeans are heart-sick of this war and would be willing to quit upon most any terms. Deserters from the rebel army are coming in every day and taking the oath of allegiance. You wrote about me getting a furlough and coming home. This I think would be all nonsense as I am very well satisfied here and think the rebellion will play out next summer. If it doesn't it will be the fault of the head men of the Government for we can win in six months if old Meade would just pack up and go home. We would go around and take Richmond too. We can whip old Bragg's ragged militia three to one like a top. If the boys at home are afraid of smelling fresh blood they had better stay there. We can get along without them. Please write soon and let me know who has charge of my farm.

But I must stop writing. Direct as before. Give my love to all who inquire after me.

Your friend and well wisher,
Adam Patterson.

P. S. The weather is as warm here as in June. It makes me feel lazy, but I suppose you will think that natural."

"Chattanooga, Tenn.
June 19, 1864.

Dear Sir:

Once more I must address you from the hospital which is not a pleasant place to write from, nor a pleasant place for the friends of a soldier to hear from. We left Ringgold on the 5th of May in pursuit of the 'Rebs' and did not go far until we found them. We had a hot fight but came out best. We were under fire for ten days in succession.

I left the regiment on the 16th of May when we were three miles on the other side of Resaca and then they were still in pursuit of the 'Rebs'. I never saw the boys in better spirits. They thought of nothing but victory. The 98th had been lucky up to that time. Her loss was only one killed and five wounded. This I think was doing well after ten days' skirmishing. We would see the 'Johnnys' in thousands every day. I think their loss must have been a great deal heavier than ours. Generals Sherman and Thomas were right up with the march all the time and just in as much danger as anybody else. The boys put great confidence in them and think that they can use strategy enough to whip the Devil.

About six white men and ten 'Nigs' are taken out of the Cooling House every day from this hospital.

I was pretty sick when I left Resaca and came to the General Field Hospital here in Chattanooga and am weak yet. It is a sickly time in Georgia—many more come back sick than wounded. The season is wet, days hot, nights cool, which is not wholesome. Write soon and give me the news in general. I have had no word from home since March. Tell me who and how many joined the 100 day service. I wish you would send me $10.00 as we haven't been paid since January. Uncle Sam gives his boys very good grub, but sick boys like a little change.

A. Patterson.

Direct to
Ward F.,
General Field Hospital,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Give my respects to all the friends and tell them I am coming home to see them as soon as the war is over."

The battle at Bentonville was a stubborn fight and had in it an element of surprise. It was when Gen. Sherman's army was marching towards Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, where the Confederate Gen. Hardee was in command, the left wing under command of Gen. H. W. Slocum, the right, under that of Gen. O. O. Howard, were marching at a distance of about six miles. On the morning of the 18th Gen. Sherman, being assured by Gen. Slocum, that he could

successfully contend against the cavalry of Gen. Joe Johnston, left to join the command of Gen. Howard. Shortly thereafter, so confident was he that he could do so, that he sent a messenger to Gen. Sherman to advise him to that effect; but later Johnston pressed him with great vigor and on the morning of the 19th had a large force of infantry to support his cavalry. Slocum's command, including the 20th and the 14th army corps, and in the latter of which was the 98th O. V. I., advanced and were repulsed repeatedly. His men did the best they could to form barricades of fence rails, even using their caps and tincups to throw them up and it was in a fight of that character that Adam Patterson was killed.

When Gen. Slocum found the unexpected strength of his enemy, he realized the importance of sending to Gen. Sherman for assistance, for it was Johnston's purpose to take first Slocum's wing, and then take Howard's. For that purpose Gen. Slocum selected a young man of his staff, under twenty, and told him to ride well to the right and not to spare horse-flesh. The young man did so, delivering the dispatch to Gen. Sherman about sundown of the 19th, and got back to his command about midnight, his horse and himself much spent. For that act he was made a Captain. Subsequently he was made Governor of Ohio, and represented his State in the United States Senate—Joseph Benson Foraker. This account is taken from Vol. 34 at page 936 of the Century magazine for 1887.

Jasper N. Markle of Company B. of the 30th, O. V. I., was our teacher in the old Creal country school during the winter of 1860-61 and boarded at our home. He was an optimist, when with father and the men, but rather stern with the boys. I remember he put upon me one day the rather severe duty of going out of the school to get a switch with which to give me, what he thought was some needful discipline. I got the switch all right, not a very big one, and made some incisions with a knife on the side, which were not easily visible, and with the result that after the first lick or two it went to pieces.

He did enjoy the winter evenings around the big wood fire, the apples and the nuts, and especially, the roast turkey on holidays, the carving of which he did, and all of which found a friendly echo in his letters from the war.

At the week's end he thought nothing of walking a distance of eight miles to and from his home in Franklin. He enlisted at the age

of 22 years. His Captain was David Cunningham, afterwards promoted to Major, and was lawyer and banker at Cadiz, Ohio, and was my first preceptor in the law.

The last I remember of Jasper N. Markle after the war, he was a druggist in Minerva, Carroll County, Ohio.

Young's Point, La.
March 15, 1863

Mr. Jno. Harrison,

Sir, as this is a wet day and we are confined to our tents I concluded to devote my time to the entertainment of my numerous friends at home, and as you form one of that number I will use this sheet in endeavoring to enlighten you in regard to my position and prosperity.

You will notice from the heading of this note that the author is *somewhere "down South"* in the State of Louisiana, at Young's Point.

Now this Point is opposite Vicksburg and all around the town are big black guns that howl like the devil when we go toward them, spit fire and throw iron, etc., but as there is a Mississippi river between them and us, we are not very much alarmed at them; although they do drop a "squeeler" among us occasionally.

We have been working on the canal which has been in progress for a year and is calculated to avoid the Rebel batteries along the bluffs commanding the river in front of Vicksburg. We have done all that can be done with shovels and are now completing it with two steam dredge boats which dig out the bottom of the canal and draw the stumps. They will do as much work as 300 men and can work in water 20 feet deep. The canal is 60 feet wide and 20 feet deep and is now full of water so that boats can be run, and as soon as the stumps are removed we can then get our gunboats below Vicksburg and can silence their batteries and land immediately in front of the town. When the move will be made, or whether it will ever be made, I know not, but I think you will hear something from this point before long.

We have been paid for two months and to show you how we get clear of our 'greenbacks' I will give you a list of prices and such as I know to be so, for I buy myself.

Bread, one lb. loaves, 15c;
Pies, half size, 25c;
Apples, 3 for a quarter, of $15 per bbl.;
Eggs, 50c per dozen;
Potatoes, 8 for 10c, if large, 6 for 10c;
Onions, 6 for 10c;
Pickles, 3 small ones for 25c;
Tobacco, 15c for a small plug;
Tomatoes and berries, in small cans, $1.00;

Peaches, in quart cans, $1.50;
Ham, 30c per lb.;
Pigs feet, 15c apiece, and ale $1.50 per gallon, etc.

If I only had the apples that were wasted at your house the winter I was there I could make a fortune, enough to retire for life. How are you off for apples this season, and what are the market prices?

In regard to our health I can speak very favorably of our Brigade, but the remainder of the troops are dying off very fast. Last evening while walking up the levee I saw a squad of men burying 32 men in one ditch and the levee is literally filled with graves, it being the only dry place for them.

Well, I suppose you still have a school on the hill. Who is teaching and what do you give per month? How is my 'Dulcianna' on the hill? Is she married?

I must not indulge in too much inanity at once as it is taxing my mental powers and I must bring this to a close.

I do beseech you to send me a letter soon for letters are in great demand here. Write me a good one and I will forever be your debtor. You can address:

J. N. Markle,
Company B, 30th O. V. I.,
c/o Lieut. McConnell,
Gen. Ewing's Brigade,
Young's Point, La."

"Young's Point, La., April 21st, 1863

Mr. Jno. Harrison,

Sir: I received your note of a few days since and will proceed to answer it. Things are in a quiet state here at present but how long they will continue I am unable to say. We had a little sport the other evening. Six gunboats and four transports ran the blockade before Vicksburg, and all got through but one transport which was burned. It was caused by the explosion of some shells in bales of hay she had on board.

We have now quite a fleet below Vicksburg and will perhaps use it in crossing, taking troops up Black river to cut off railroad communications from Jackson, Miss. Our Division is encamped on the Point and have a fine view of the place. We will, most probably, have to hold it and if there is an attack by way of the Black river we will not be engaged, but no one can tell and we may have more to do in holding this Point than if we were to aid in the assault. We have a battery right in front of town that has been giving them fits for a day or two. It manages to burn three or four houses every day. They are not answering it yet from their batteries and some think they are evacuating, but I have no such opinion. Our guns are mounted behind

20 feet of solid timber and two thicknesses of railroad iron. The Rebs probably think that their ammunition can be better used.

As to the health of the camp it is now pretty good. Only six of the regiment have died since our arrival here three months ago.

I have seen none of the boys you mentioned except Joe Markley and that was six months since. I think the 82nd is with Rosencrans.

I was pleased to learn that Mc. (James McLandsborough) had a boy but don't fancy the General he named him after (Gen. Reno). I presume I have a better acquaintance with him than Mc. for I fought my *second* and *his* last battle at South Mountain. I saw him shot. It was in the evening when our hard day's work was about to close. There was skirmishing here and there in the woods. In front we lay upon our arms in readiness to move at a moment's warning. Reno was riding to and fro just behind us, cursing his orderlies, cursing his guard, and cursing everybody that had anything to do with him, when one of the stray balls that was quite frequently passing over our heads wanted to go in about the direction that Reno was and not having as much respect for the General as one of us poor d——d privates, went through him instead and consequently he resigned.

You may think this is cool talk, but I feel as cool as the talk for I can see such men as he die without feeling sorry. I hope the boy may turn out to be more of a man than the General. Tell Mc. if he does not wish to incur any more of my criticism to call the next boy McClellan, and then come out and fight a year with him, and if he don't then like the name, take Rosencrans, a name which would suit me.

Politics is not my citerion for judging a good General.

I will not tire your patience longer. Write me soon again and oblige an old friend who longs to carve a gobbler for you and argue the point in the meantime.

My respects to the wife and babies.

J. P. Markle."

Hezekiah Steward was a boy of 18 years when he lived with us and worked on the farm. He became so imbued with the war spirit that it seemed to be never off his mind. He talked it and carried it into his work. He used to mow thistles about a stump of a tree and when done climb upon the stump and wave his cap and shout, "I have captured Fort Donelson, etc."

I have but a portion of one of his letters. It was in August, 1862, when he enlisted in Company A, 126th O. V. I., and before he left he took from his trunk two books and gave one to me and one to my brother Madison. Mine was a natural history, the animals mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago I gave it to his nephew, Stanton Kail, of Scio, Ohio, knowing that he would greatly cherish it as a souvenir of his uncle.

Poor Steward! He died of typhoid fever at Martinsburg, Va., a victim of the miserable sanitary conditions which prevailed in many of the camps during the Civil War.

"North Mountain, Va., Dec. 17, 1862.

Dear Sir:

D. V. Markley is our guard today. Our Colonel has gone to Washington City to attend a court martial. Our Captain has been sick, is behind in the drill, but expects soon to take command of the company.

Yours,

H. Steward

P. S. Please write soon. Give my best wishes to Joseph and Madison. Address: North Mountain,

Berkley, Co., Va."

If any one reading these letters should think that a note of bitterness is found therein, he should reckon that it was of that time, not the present. In any war the *backwash* is such, after it is over, that it takes many years to wash away the stains of blood, and *some scars* always remain.

Happily, we are again a united country. Lately, we have been able to put true values upon men and upon events, and upon all the great causes of irritation. Henry W. Grady's great speech on the "New South", in 1886, and the Spanish-American war marked the real beginning of a better understanding.

It was the Confederate General, Joe Wheeler, climbing up a tree to look for the enemy; Lieut. Richard P. Hobson of Alabama, sinking the collier Merrimac, at the entrance of Santiago Harbor in 1898, and *all of the United States,* participating in the World War, which settled forever, that *all* are for the Union.

The great heart of Lincoln is better understood at this time than ever before, and his fame becomes greater as the years go by. When Gen. Robert E. Lee mounted his horse at the old homestead, since made the Administration Building for Arlington Cemetery, and rode away to the Civil War, never to return again to that homestead, he did that which justified itself to his own conscience, he had made his decision to cast his lot with his native Virginia, which had gone into the Confederacy, rather than with the Union, which had educated him at West Point.

All concede that he was a great man and a splendid soldier. American valor is not hemmed in by state lines. It is found wherever its citizens dwell.

SCIO COLLEGE

As it appeared when first erected in 1867.

CHAPTER XVII.

Scio College, A. D. Lee, President—Two Distinguished Scio Boys—Commander Alfred B. Canaga and Judge John Byron Waight.

Scio College.

THE first time I ever heard of Scio College (to be) was in the winter of 1866-7, when Prof. A. D. Lee, then president of Rural Seminary at Harlem Springs, Ohio, and James Houser came in a sleigh to our home to solicit father's support to help build it in New Market (afterwards named for the Post Office, Scio.)

Mr. Houser's farm, near the village, was the most eligible site, being on the same side of the valley as the railway, and his contribution was six acres of land, the deed to which was taken in the name of Prof. A. D. Lee. That was at a time before athletics had taken such a strong hold on college life and was deemed ample acreage for the purpose. George A. Weight, Frank Grace, Eli Canaga and others contributed in money. Father's contribution was $500.00 in oak lumber which he had sawed by our old water mill and delivered to the college during the course of its construction.

I remember during that visit Prof. Lee put his hand upon my head and said, in a fatherly way: "Here is a boy, Mr. Harrison, who will soon be old enough to go to college." That was my first inspiration along that line.

The removal of the institution, then called Rural Seminary, from Harlem Springs, which lay to the north-east and 12 miles from the railroad, to New Market, offered many advantages. It would save the transportation of students between the two places. The site selected was a beautiful one, fringed about by a deep woods to the south and the higher ground in the rear. The growth of the college was a decided uplift for the village and the whole community. Many boys and girls in the neighborhood got an opportunity for a higher education, which, otherwise, they would not have received.

Prof. A. D. Lee, who was a graduate of Allegheny College at Meadville, Pennsylvania, was an ideal teacher. He was a tall, slender man, wore a dark prince albert coat, standing collar, and dark cravat,

a closely cropped dark brown beard, had an aquiline nose, and his manner always inspired confidence and enthusiasm on the part of the student.

After his graduation he had founded Rural Seminary at the place of his birth, and its environment as a delightful place for study was unquestioned. His maternal grandfather, Alfred Dobbins, was a man of strong character and intensely religious, so much so, and so much in earnest was he, that if he met a man on the highway he would prevail upon him to stop and kneel down and pray for him. It evidently was an inherited zeal which possessed Prof. Lee, but it was in the cause of education.

Mrs. Lee, too, was most helpful in the management of the College, which was also a dormitory for the coeducation of the sexes; the boys, who were non-residents, occupied the east end, and the girls the west end of the building.

It was the custom to have chapel exercises in the morning which all the students were expected to attend. Prof. Lee, however, could never make the finances keep pace with his methods of management and of study. He was ambitious to make it a great college, indeed, aspired to make it a University, and actually gave it the name of the "One Study" University, which it bore for several years. He conceived the idea that it was better for the student to study one study at a time and get through with that before he took up another, and made many arguments in its favor. They no doubt had merit, especially as against the method of pursuing many studies at one time. The members of the faculty were not of one accord as to the change. Prof. R. B. Smith, who was our good professor of mathematics, was never in favor of it, and with a light lisp in his speech, used to say: "You can't make a p-p-pig a hip-po-potamus by calling it a hippo-potamus."

In September 1873, Prof. Lee deeded the college property to Prof R. S. Hogue, who had been a member of the college faculty since the beginning, was known for his able reckoning as a financier, and who agreed to reconvey for the price paid, viz. $6,000.00. He had charge, until a movement was set on foot in February, 1875, to repurchase, and Prof. Lee was again made president. When $3,600.00 had been subscribed for the purpose, seven of the citizens gave their notes for the remainder, expecting to be reimbursed by additional subscriptions. There was a failure to collect all of the $3,600.00, or

to get other subscriptions, and that which was collected was applied to other purposes, and the seven men became liable for $6,000.00. and the financial owners of a college, with the Methodist Church holding the deed, and claiming that the conditions under which it had accepted it was that it was to be free from debt. And in August, 1875, Prof. Hogue deeded the property to the Methodist Church, which was accepted in March 1876, and the management was lodged in a board of trustees.

At the beginning of the school year in September 1876, I began to teach in the college and live in the building, having graduated the year before. The outlook was gloomy; the accumulation of debt, the accretion of interest, when "day and night you hear its ceaseless gnaw", had a depressing effect upon Prof. Lee. On December 23rd, he told me he was going to leave Scio and the College. On the 26th he shipped his household goods to Mansfield, Ohio, and on the 28th, he left Scio never to return.

The success in founding a college which he had anticipated at Mansfield, did not come, and later, he removed to a farm in Kansas where he died. His fate was a sad one, but no student whom I have known has ever said a harsh word about him. He failed to realize all his ideals. Who does? He gave of his life the best that was in him to the cause of education. His influence upon thousands of young lives was an uplift. He was their benefactor. I have often wondered what became of his widow and their sons, and what was their fate, for there was no time in their lives when they could not truly say, "He was a kind husband and a gifted father."

After his departure the Welch family, who had the concession to furnish the boarding for the institution, remained to continue under a new management; the solitary chirp of a cricket was a grim reminder of what had been the one-time glory of the administration of Prof. Lee.

The college being under the patronage of the Methodist Church, the trustees named Dr. Thomas S. Storer as president, and he and his family moved into the college building. Prof. ———— Schwinger then of Hopedale, returned to teach music as he had done once before in the college. It was arranged that the most advanced pupils in the village school should go to the college, and assistance of public funds helped some, but it was a hard struggle. Prof ———— Schwinger left the following August. In 1877, Dr. E. W. Ellison was elected to

succeed Dr. Thomas S. Storer. I assisted him in the beginning of the next school year until he could complete his clerical engagements, attending conference at Cleveland, Ohio, etc., and on September 21, 1877, I taught my last day in the college, and a few days thereafter entered the Cincinnati Law School.

I have a distinct recollection of Dr. Storer as a most congenial man and whose company was always delightful. One evening in June, 1877, he said to me "Joseph, I want you to go along with me to help marry a couple". It was a query in my mind what I could do in such a matter, but I liked the Doctor so well that I was always ready to engage in anything he would suggest; then my experience had been so versatile in Scio, that I would try almost anything at least once, and I consented.

With our "livery" team, we drove out over the ridge to the south-west about six miles, and then turned down a lonely road into the valley of the Stillwater, where lived a family named Grace, and in one of the oldtime houses, we found the expectant Bride and Groom and the immediate relatives and friends awaiting us.

The table was spread with a most bountiful supper. Then I saw where I could, and did, render assistance. But before that, we had the ceremony. I recall some of the words of Dr. Storer, who pronounced them in a most solemn and becoming manner: "Marriage is a most honorable institution. It was sanctioned by St. Paul, etc." We drove back at a late hour that pleasant summer evening, chatting all the way, and letting the horses find the road, as livery horses are sure to do upon a *return trip*.

It was inevitable that the financial affairs of the college were bound to come to a crisis, and that the liability of the seven men might dwindle to that of a smaller number for the payment of the $6,000.00. Accordingly, in 1878, John Harrison and others, instituted a suit in the court of Common Pleas to subject the property to a sale and apply the proceeds to the satisfaction of the debt. A judgment was had, and the property was advertised to be sold on October 14, 1878. Then the sale was postponed from time to time. The appointment of a receiver intervened, and it was not until November, 1913, when the final sale was made to Prof. W. H. Ramsey, representing Mt. Union College, for the sum of $5,500.00, and with that institution Scio College was finally merged under the hyphenated name of Mt.

Union-Scio College and this was the end of Rural Seminary—New Market—One Study University—Scio College.

From 1878, to the date of the sale, the affairs of Scio College had a fitful experience. In that time it never reached the peak of interest it had once attained under Prof. Lee. The period was marked by alternate efforts at revival and periods of depression, and during the latter, the discussion at times took on an acrimonious character. It was a painful event to many to see the college go, but it was a battle that could not be waged successfully, because of the conditions which surrounded the situation. The number of students and graduates gradually fell off, until an unlooked for event struck the town. In 1898, Scio *struck oil*, and the *boom* settled the college. *Oil and Education would not mix.* Collegiate efforts were feeble after that.

Through it all, there was a noble band of women in Scio, known as the "Lady-Workers" who worked hard for the college. They supplemented all that might be reasonably expected of any group of men not, in affluent circumstances.

There were occasional gleams of hope. During that period a new brick building was erected as an adjunct to the old college building which was first constructed.

Prof. J. H. Beal after his graduation from Scio College in 1886, established a School of Pharmacy connected with the college administration, which achieved much more than a local reputation, and he himself became known as one of the great chemists and pharmacists of the country. I have often thought that the success which came to him there, and the interest which he created in that sience was not unlike that of Prof. Louis Aggassiz, as a Naturalist, in the "seventies" on Penekeese Island, New York.

But the Oil Boom put a crimp in that splendid effort and in about 1906 he removed to Urbana, Illinois, where his son, George Denton Beal is a Professor of Chemistry in the University of lllinois.

Prof. J. H. Beal combined with his ability as a chemist that rare quality in a teacher, a business instinct in financial affairs which served him a good turn in the prosperity which the oil development brought to Scio. He was a director in the bank, took on active interest in the brick paving of "Main" street, the building of the waterworks, and while he was not a Scionian, native born, he was of the valley

of the Tuscarawas, and served a term as a member of the Ohio Legislature from Harrison County.

He is now Chairman of the Pharmacopeial Committee of the United States Pharmacopeia issued every ten years by the American Pharmaceutical Association and with which he has been identified as a distinguished member for many years.

In Mt. Union with her prospective endowment of $2,000,000.00 is our last hope. With her the embers of Scio College are still burning. With her all that is to be perpetuated exists and if by the decree of fate we cannot call her Mother let us make respectful obeisance to her as our Step-Mother.

Of the small college a learned writer has this to say:

"What the small college can do in the way of producing men of wide influence on American life is illustrated in the career of James Abram Garfield of Hiram College, and in the careers of the two Elihu Roots, one of Amherst, the other of Hamilton. The great universities perform a noble service in the advancement of learning, they deserve all the support which they are receiving from the munificence of American wealth. But the small college, while it cannot create great equipments in buildings, great research laboratories and great organizations of technicians, can and does produce great teachers who ought not to be forgotten in the annals of American education."

Lawrence F. Abbott, OUTLOOK, Vol. 143, p. 307

For a pen picture of the olden days, and especially of the Literary Societies, I could not do better than quote a part of a description I sent to the Scio Collegian, which appeared in that publication of May, 1906.

"I recall the picture of the "Seat of Learning" and its surrounding in those early days. The old building now standing among the trees and shrubbery (not then started) then stood out plainly on the hillside in the "Houser Pasture", where formerly roamed the mild mannered cow and frisky young cattle. It seemed then to be of enormous size, and the pillars which supported the roof of the high portico in front had the apparent strength of a Hercules. We were required to enter the door at the south end and were not allowed to go through the office of President A. D. Lee, which was in front. The boys were also required to leave their boots and shoes in an ante-room near where they entered, and to wear slippers while in the building.

"There were no houses on that side except the railway station near the lower bridge; and the "big woods" on the hill in the rear

and to the south, frowned down upon this bold venture to start a college. The boys skated on the ice in the creek and ponds below and darted hither and thither among the alders and the willows. In the springtime when the mild south winds blew, the frogs in these same ponds croaked in the evening. There were the little ones in high treble, saying (in the interpretation of the Irishman) 'cut and slash', 'cut and slash', and the big fellows saying more soothingly, 'mod-thur-ation,' 'mod-thur-ation'."

In those days the college building was also used as a dormitory for the non-resident boys and girls. At this distance one of the sweetest sounds that comes to me down through all these years, are the notes from the flute of Lorin Carr, student, as he sat crosslegged on the sill of his window during the gathering twilight and joined with the frog chorus that went up from the old Conotton Valley.

It was also before the advent of the Wabash Railway, or the "Oil Boom", and when the Pennsylvania Railroad had only one track. In the winter season the Grace store at the station with its old cannon stove was a convenient place to warm within, and the nimble student danced on the platform without while waiting for trains, and anyone who ever made a purchase will remember when he received the package the cheery lisping voice of Johnny Grace asking, "Anysin-else?"

The high board walk which then was on the north side of the street leading across the valley was a favorite promenade for students. In its use we were immune from mud and floods. Our poet laureate, William M. Howes, has embalmed its memory in the college treacle in these words: 'Over the board walk, the buoyant student stalks', About this time Scio foreshadowed the advent of the bicycle in an event which caused a local sensation. 'Black Sam' (Samuel Johnson) rode one of his own make across that walk and lived to tell the tale.

My home lay over the hill to the north of town a mile and a half away, and when I walked it was through the "big woods" where now the oil derricks and water tanks point sky-ward. Occasionally on the outbound trip from home I carried a shot gun and practiced geometrical angles aiming at quail, pheasants, squirrels and rabbits which I seldom hit. The hollow log where I hid my gun until my return from recitations has long since disappeared.

I think it was the winter of 1868-9, when I first became a member of the Linaean Literary Association. The meetings were held in the east end of the attic story of the Old College Building. The Pomonian Hall was on the same floor in the west end. There was a fierce rivalry between the two societies in those days. A new student was a favorite of all until he joined one of the societies and thereafter the lines were as closely drawn as ever separated the Roman from the ancient Saxon.

Harvey Willet then wore a cap of black velvet in such a jaunty

manner as to foreshadow the successful builder and "city father" he is today. Byron Waight in the "Seminole's Reply", declaimed its "Blaze with your seried columns, I will not bend the knee," in such fiery fashion as to indicate the future Judge, or as would bring a flag of truce from a regiment of Russians of the present day. And Alfred Canaga had already foreshadowed his career in the navy by joining a company of town boys to fight General Morgan. I can see him yet as the company, led by fife and drum, moved south on the west side of Main St., near the postoffice. Alfred in a pair of distended soldier pantaloons rolled up at the bottom and full of the spirit of war.

Our society was conducted with decorum and there was a general rivalry for the offices. There were triumphs and disappointments. One incident will illustrate: There was a spirited election for president and the side George W. Huddlestone was on won. I was sitting near him when the result was annouced. Our opponent was much crestfallen and Mr. H. noticing this, whispered audibly: "See him, a king without a crown, a monarch without a throne."

Our library was in a small case and consisted of only a few books. I well remember it was there I first saw an encyclopedia. And what an impression it made on me! There was to be found everything, and I could go and help myself. It was a revelation—the opening of a new world. Later Prof. R. B. Smith helped us select some new books, and among them I well remember "Everett's Orations", "Georgia Scenes", and the "Asperities and Amenities of the Bar". It was with awe that I attended the first meeting and how natural it was to think the member who made the last speech or spoke the loudest had won the debate.

We took turns taking care of the lights when we met on Friday nights. They were oil lamps set in brackets on the wall, and swung in a chandelier from the ceiling. Even the word "chandelier" was new to some who were surprised to know that it was not some sort of musical instrument. When I think of oil lamps and danger from fire from that source to the old frame building, its escape is truly remarkable. The critic was the official every one feared and when the thought of his or her report and the ordeal of getting up to speak or read before the whole society came over the new beginner, it was indeed a time for palpitations of the heart, and the nearer the time approached the worse it got.

It may not be considered fair in this letter to tell on the other boys without implicating myself. To illustrate I will mention one incident: Daniel R. Kinsey, a successful lawyer in Kansas, (but

since deceased) and always a great favorite in the L. L. A., and I were engaged for a public debate on "Protection vs. Free Trade" as a part of a literary exhibition to be given in the Methodist Church. I was the champion of Protection and about the time I wanted to emphasize my subject by quoting from Henry Clay, that "Protection has always been the sheet anchor of our prosperity, the main spring of our success, etc.," my cuff became unfastened and came down over my right hand and spoiled what I thought the proper gesture. Instantly, in a moment of anger, I caught the cuff with the left hand and gave it a fling over the audience and across the church. I dare say this hasty act was remembered much longer than any of my arguments.

A few incidents of class life may also be interesting. During most of my course I pursued the "One Study" system and we had the topical method of recitation, each student being privileged to tell the whole or selected parts, of what he said he had learned. Frank H. Bailey was in my class in geometry. He brought in the whole of the first book for his first lesson—he literally ate it up—all the axioms and I think 27 propositions. Coming from Western New York he was of a large frame and had the "caow" habit of pronounciation. It may not be generally known that Bailey (now deceased) became a Lieut. Com. in the U. S. Navy, was the chief engineer of the Raleigh at the battle of Manilla, and served in a similar capacity on the Olympia in bringing Admiral Dewey home.

It was student Smith who said in demonstrating a proposition in Geometry that he "bisected a line in the middle." Luther Rader in reciting a lesson in Civil Government that an alien to become naturalized in this country had to take out "civilization papers".

Somehow our impressions in youth are the strongest, most lasting and he would be an ungrateful Alumnus who would find fault with his Alma Mater when three decades have passed. We were nearly all poor in purse, but rich in energy of purpose. Genius has been defined: "Man's ability to get work out of his fellowman".

I believe President A. D. Lee had that genius. He was original in his methods and stimulated the student to do the best that was in him. We made mistakes, (who does not?) but who of us has made the same mistake the second time? In our day there was no football or cigarettes; but there was plenty of hard work and enough recreation. One commendable feature has always characterized the

town of Scio, her loyalty to the college. This has been shown in the efforts of the Lady Workers, the public character of the Society Anniversaries, "Senior Performances," Lectures and Commencement Exercises. Who does not remember the latter in front of the old college building, in the grove on the hill to the north, or among the forest trees east of the college? The generous outpour of the people on foot and on horseback, in buggies and in wagons, the basket dinners, the profusion of flowers, and the farewells at the station. "The past arises before me like a dream," nor would I forget it, since I know it was a pleasant reality."

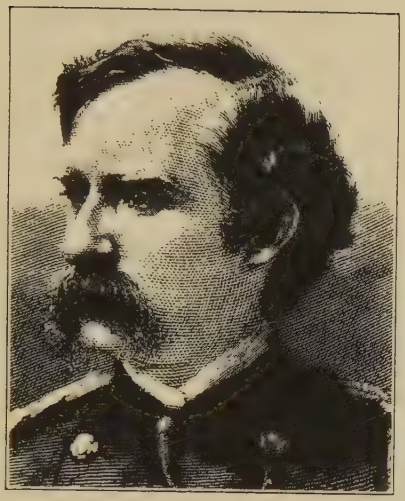
Two Scio Boys.

I was more intimately acquainted with the student and after lives of John Byron Waight and Alfred B. Canaga, than any other of the Scio students. The former, son of George A. Waight, merchant, was a few days younger than I, and lived in the village; and the latter, son of Eli Canaga, farmer, was three years older than I, and lived a short distance west of the village. As they were so intimately acquainted and were lifelong friends, it seems natural that any account of them should be given in one and the same chapter.

About my first acquaintance with "Byron", as we all knew him, was through an incident mentioned by my mother. When he was quite a young lad, he and others came up from town one day and asked for some apples, which request was always readily granted; and when they had gotten all they wanted from the orchard, he returned to the house and said: "Mrs. Harrison we thank you for the apples". After that Mother reminded her sons that what Byron had done was what a polite boy should do.

They both entered New Market College at the beginning of its career and graduated in the classes of 1871 and 1872, respectively. Byron entered upon the study of law under Lewis Lewton, Cadiz, Ohio, and was admitted to the bar in 1874, when he was barely 21 years of age. Alfred entered the Naval Academy at Annapolis in the fall of 1872, and was graduated therefrom in 1875. We were members of the same Literary Society, Byron always aggressive in debate, Alfred, diffident in speech, excelled in the written production. His strong fort was mathematics.

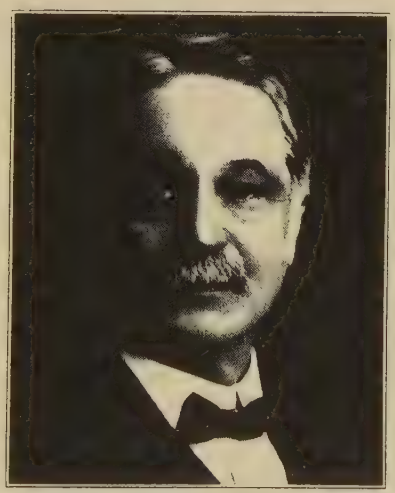
Byron began the practice of law in Toledo, Ohio, but finding discouragements there, located in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, in 1875, which continued thereafter to be his home.



GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER

CAPT. TOM W. CUSTER

LT.-COM. ALFRED B. CANAGA,
Scio, Ohio



JUDGE JOHN BYRON WAIGHT,
Mt. Vernon, Ohio

One of his early experiences was to be a candidate on the Republican ticket for Prosecuting Attorney. His opponent urged his short residence in the county against him and he was defeated, but his opportunity came in 1891, when he was elected Common Pleas Judge, and served a term of five years. In his early practice he had to meet some doughty champions at the bar, among them William C. Cooper, and so good an impression did he make upon him, that he became associated with him in the practice, which continued until Mr. Cooper's death.

They were both fortunate in their marriages. Byron married Miss Kate M. Ready, daughter of a prominent lawyer in New Philadelphia Ohio, April 13, 1882. In January of 1885, he wrote me that Mrs. Waight was desirous of visiting Cincinnati and of attending the Opera Festival, and would I show her the attention of an escort? My prompt answer as a bachelor friend was followed by her arrival, and from her hotel we enjoyed several pleasant evenings at the opera, theatre and one of the splendid lectures that were then given in the Unity Club course. Mrs. Waight was enthusiastic in her enjoyment of the entertainments. She was sprightly and vivacious in her conversation and thoroughly enjoyed the visit, as did the writer.

It was my pleasure afterwards to be a guest at their home in Mt. Vernon, and to meet their only children, Armistead, now of New York, and Jennie, now Mrs. Carl Ricketts, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio. I remember a pleasant drive we took in a carriage along Owl Creek, known to people acquainted with the beauty of the surrounding country.

Byron's profession brought him occasionally to the United States court in this city and his visits to my office, at my home, and to points of interest in the city, were always "red letter" days to me. Then, too, we met from time to time at the meetings of the State Bar Association and at political conventions held in this city and elsewhere in the state.

Later I saw him when he brought his daughter to attend Miss Ely's select school in Cincinnati.

Those were fair days and would that I could have pushed back the cloud which afterwards overshadowed the lives of Judge and Mrs. Waight. It came in the early days of the use of the automobile, that engine of destruction which has left in its trail such a long list of casualties. On August 24, 1913, with friends they were out for a

drive near their home, and Byron was at the wheel. In passing another car the firmness of the newly made edge of the road was misjudged and their car was overturned with fatal results to Mrs. Waight. Byron, although not physically hurt seriously, never recovered from the shock. The anguish of his soul was but partially expressed in a letter he wrote to me shortly afterward. The Night had come. He could not believe there would be another fair day, and he, at less than 61 years of age, in the prime of life, with higher honors in fair prospect, and after a short illness, was taken away March 16, 1914.

The testimonials of his brethren of the bar at Mt. Vernon, Newark and elsewhere, were highly appreciative, and were given a permanent place in the records of the county.

The romance of Alfred's life extended over a longer period. It began at Scio College, and little wonder, for Miss Elmina Carr, was easily among the first of the most popular and attractive young ladies of the college. Neat, though small in figure, with dark hair and eyes, fair complexion and a winsome smile, she had many admirers. With Alfred's three years' duty at sea, and then on land for an equal period, with furloughs so hard to get, he did not have an equal chance with the local swains 'round and about her home in Leesville, Ohio. But what he lacked in an opportunity to make personal visits, he must make up in correspondence, and here was where he *made good*, for few men could excel him as a correspondent. Our correspondence began in 1872, and continued as long as he lived. I have had letters from him from all parts of the World. From the ports of South America, Europe, Africa, China, Japan and the far away Philippines and Madagascar. His accounts of receptions extended to those on his war-ship, by the Navies of other countries; of the different races of people he met; their cities, manners and customs were always interesting. Occasionally he would send curios from other lands which I still treasure as mementos, always to be associated with his memory. One is a book-mark, a leaf from a tree in Africa, used by artists on which to paint water colors, which has on its underside a fine satin finish, and on which is inscribed his autograph.

Then, too, his observations while at sea of the god Neptune, who came on board while crossing the Equator, and when the young sailor was given a ducking by way of initiation to the perils of the sea. Why the boys were always glad when northward bound from the southern hemisphere, and they had crossed the Equator and could see

the North Star again, for then they would soon be home; also, crossing the International Date Line in the Pacific Ocean where one may lose his birthday in that year, for if the same were on the 5th of the month and they crossed it in going west on the 4th, it would be instantly the 6th after crossing it.

Once an incident of his visit to Cincinnati in November, 1877, is recalled in a letter received from him afterwards, written from a South American port. We had visited the Cincinnati Zoo, and in his letter he wished to know what that inscription was which was written on the stone immediately above the stone bowl, into which the water flowed at the spring in the garden. I had forgotten it and made a special trip again to the Zoo to learn it before I answered the letter, and it was this:

"Water, pure water for me,
Wine for the trembling debauchee."

Upon his vacations at Scio, I would try, if possible, to be there at the same time, and I recall some target practice we had with a revolver, and I think some marks of it may still be found in the frame of the old wooden covered bridge which crosses the Dining Fork near its intersection with the Conotton. In this connection I should also make grateful acknowledgment of the dinners we enjoyed, not only with our mutual relatives, but those of Mr. and Mrs. Frank-Grace, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Hogue, in Scio.

But to return to Alfred's sweetheart. During the winter of 1875-6, I taught school in Leesville, and was a frequent visitor at the home of Miss Elmina Carr. Alfred's suit was swaying a little in the balance. He had written me something of, to him, the long intervals between his receipt of her letters and how disconcerting it was. I may say truly it was not a case of John Alden, but I was sincerely interested in the success of his suit. In one of my letters to him, I had brought to bear what seemed to me some logical reasoning upon the subject, and I recall his answer. It was a paraphrase of:

"Cato thou reasonest well, but cold reason is
a poor substitute for an affair of the heart."

Finally Miss Elmina said to me: "If I could find Alfred's last letter I would answer it." A short time passed and upon the occasion of my next visit she said with apparent pleasure:

"What do you think happened today? When the dresser in my

room was moved I found Alfred's last letter, which had dropped behind it, and which I feared was lost. I shall now answer it."

The following summer he came home and they were married. In our exchange of photos shortly afterwards he wrote: "I shall always look upon yours as one of the principal characters in my romance of life."

How else may others know the intimate springs which affect our lives except by relating them, and this one I trust will not be considered too sacred to mention, for to me it has always been a pleasure to remember, as well as to realize, that truth is likewise as strange as fiction.

Afterwards, I had the pleasure of entertaining them at my home in Cincinnati; but a visit which followed some years later at the old Harrison homestead is more intimately connected with the Dining Fork. It was a dinner in which we all participated. His daughter Dorothy, was then about seven years of age, and about the same age as my daughter Louise. To our delight they had a great time out in the old barn. There was enough hay in the "mow" to make a great rebound when they leaped upon it from the beam overhead, and their shouts of laughter, and their appearance as they brushed away the hay to regain their feet, is a picture of memory which will never fade.

Time passed, and Alfred became a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy. His last assignment was at the Boston Navy Yard. On Christmas Morning, 1906, I glanced at the daily paper and read:

"Lieut. Com. Alfred Bruce Canaga died in Boston yesterday P. M." It was a great shock. He was a man of stout build. Death came to him suddenly. No doubt the tired heart so true to friends and to all mankind, could do no more and it ceased to move, like the string when the Harper lays his hand upon it to soften the vibrations.

The Army and Navy Journal of the issue of December 29, 1906, published the following account of his sudden death:

"Comdr. Alfred Bruce Canaga, U. S. N., head of the steam engineering department at the navy yard, Boston, Mass., dropped dead while on his way from the steam engineering building to his home in the yard, on December 24. He had been in the best of health recently and his death is supposed to have been due to heart disease. Commander Canaga was born in Ohio, Nov. 2, 1850, and entered the U. S. Naval Academy as a cadet engineer, Oct. 1, 1872. He was

graduated in 1874, and his first sea duty was on the flagship Worcester of the home station, where he served from June, 1874, to April 1875. He was next attached to the sloop Colorado, where he served for two months in 1875. From October of that year until September, 1877, he was attached to the flagship Richmond of the South Atlantic and South Pacific Stations. His next duty was on the old side-wheeler Michigan, on the lakes, where he was stationed for one year. He was also attached to the U. S. S. Vandalia; was on duty at the Naval Academy; the U. S. S. Lancaster when she was the flagship in European waters; on the east coast of South America and on the east and west coasts of Africa. He was on the ill-fated Trenton on the voyage home on special duty in connection with the trials of boilers and engines until November, 1877. He was also on duty at the Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y.; on the U. S. S. Chicago, cruising in the South Atlantic, and in the home and European squadrons. He was on duty as inspector of machinery for torpedo boats at the Columbia Iron Works from July, 1895, to March, 1896. In the Spanish war, he served in the Bureau of Steam Engineering, of the Navy Department, and next was on duty at the Cavite naval station from December, 1899, to 1901. He had been in the Charleston Navy Yard since June 30, 1906, and was engineering officer of the yard since then. He leaves a son, Bruce L. Canaga, who is a midshipman in the Navy."

The Army and Navy Register of the same date gave an account of the honors with which he was buried in the Arlington National Cemetery:

"The remains of Commander Alfred B. Canaga, U. S. Navy, who died suddenly from apoplexy at Boston last Monday, arrived here Thursday about 9:45 o'clock over the Pennsylvania Railroad. They were placed on an artillery caisson from Fort Myer and escorted to the Arlington Cemetery, where the interment was made with the usual military honors. Funeral services had been conducted in Boston and the religious services here were confined to burial services at the grave, which was conducted by Rev. Ulysses G. B. Pierce, pastor of All Soul's Church. The escort consisted of a company of blue-jackets and marines, headed by the full Marine Band. It was commanded by Commander Theodore C. Fenton, U. S. S. Navy, retired, with Ensign Semmes Read, U. S. Navy, as adjutant. The honorary pallbearers were Commander Isaac S. K. Reeves, Commander Wythe M. Parks, Commander Frank H. Eldridge, Commander Robert S. Griffin, Commander Benjamin C. Bryan and Commander Frederick C. Bieg."

In February, 1911, I was in the city of Washington and visited Arlington, and while in the old homestead of Gen. Robert E. Lee,

which is now the Administration Building of the Cemetery, and from which he rode away at the beginning of the Civil War, never to return, I asked the Superintendent if he could show me the grave of Lieut. Com. Alfred B. Canaga, and he turned to the records and said:

"I will go with you and show you his grave."

This he did, and as I looked down upon that little mound, a flood of recollections came upon me, and how I wished that those mute remains might rise again, and greet me as in the days of yore.

It was a coincidence that John Byron Waight and Alfred B. Canaga, two of Scio's most illustrious sons, each left a son and daughter, Bruce, son of the latter, was an officer on the U. S. S. Omaha, and as she was in the Pacific waters during recent years, his Mother and sister Dorothy have lived mostly on the coast, principally at Long Beach, California, and Bremmerton, Washington, to be near him when that opportunity is afforded. He is now Commander of the Naval Station at San Diego, California.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Oil Boom—Old New Market (Now Scio)—Men About Town—Aaron B. Moore—Voorhees, Weight, Canaga Families—Story of Two Boys.

The Oil Boom.

IN THE fall of 1898, "the slow moving clouds of June," which had hung over Scio, lifted and she found herself in the midst of an "Oil Boom".

Her normal population of 500 was suddenly increased to more than 2,000. A seething mass of humanity, all milling around, and all talking oil. Farming land 'round about was in active demand for leasing purposes, and large bonuses were paid, in addition to one-eighth of the oil, if discovered, was agreed to be paid to the land-owners. Town lots were leased upon extravagant terms, the railroad right-of-way, and even the cemetery was invaded for the drilling of oil wells. In the early spring of 1899, to stand upon the hill to the north of the town and look down in the night time, was to see a forest of derricks, a lot of twinkling lights and smoke, to hear the ringing of anvils, a well beginning to "spud", or the deep sound of the drill near the "pay" rock, in which oil was found, so that one was reminded of what a traveler once said about Pittsburgh, when he looked out upon it in the night time through a car window—"It looked like h——l with the lid off".

The innocent cause of all this excitement was an aged and somewhat eccentric man named H. A. Snyder, or "Hy" Snyder, as he was called. He had succeeded in getting a number of the citizens to organize a corporation, known as The Scio Oil Company, and from the sale of stock, sufficient money was obtained to drill a well in the first ravine north of the town.

Oil was "struck" and immediately the value of the shares was doubled, and later on, when the holdings of the company were sold the following January, as much as 16 for 1 was realized. Then the "Boom" was on. This venture was all the more remarkable for the reason that the oil wave which was started in 1858-9 by Col. E. L.

Drake on Oil Creek in Western Pennsylvania, had reached Scio in about 1866, when a well was drilled in the little valley just over the hill to the east of the Snyder well, but the "bit" stuck, just above the "pay", and the well was abandoned as hopeless, and nothing was done in the intervening time at Scio in oil development.

The oil in the Snyder well was found in the Berea sandstone at a depth of about 1100 feet. It was a beautiful amber fluid and was classed as Pennsylvania oil, which has always commanded the highest price.

Snyder had no other reason to suspect oil in the vicinity than from the appearance of the outcroppings of sandstone, which in places, had a brown, or burned appearance, which was really due to the presence of iron. If the reckoning of geologists is correct, that the surrounding hills are but the roots of much higher hills which once existed in that locality, the now exposed ledges of sandstone rock may once have contained oil, but there is certainly no trace of oil in them now.

Natural gas is always found in connection with petroleum which has the effect of forcing the oil into the bore, and when sufficiently strong, blows out the contents and makes, while the pressure lasts, a flowing well. The oil occupies the pores of the sandstone like water in a blotter, likewise the gas, but the latter at a higher level, and being lighter, sometimes comes out first, and then the bore settles down to be an oil well, from which the oil and water are pumped into a storage tank, where they separate, the oil standing on top, and the water at the bottom, which has to be drawn out periodically before the tank of oil will accumulate.

There are thrills in the oil business. It is an intense moment when the "bailer" is let down and its contents brought up, to see if there are any "rainbow" colors indicating oil. This is done when the "pay", as at Scio, has been drilled into, i. e., the Berea stratum which contains the oil. This is overlaid by a hard cap of shelly limestone, impervious to gas or oil, which serves the purpose of confining the oil and preventing its escape, as the lid of a steam kettle confines the steam.

There is another thrill when the well is "shot". This is done with nitro-glycerine, usually 60 to 80 quarts, and in the region of the "pay", to fracture and lacerate the rock in the immediate vicinity, to accelerate the flow of oil and gas into the well. To accomplish this,

the bore is made a few feet below the "pay", but not too far, for fear of letting in the salt water, which sometimes comes in so strong as to hold the oil back and may destroy a well. A tin device known as the "anchor", a long slender tube like a "dipper" handle with a cup shaped bowl at the top to receive the first shell of the explosive is first put down, then other shells are lowered until a sufficient amount is thus deposited. To get the best result a few hundred feet of water is allowed to rest upon the shells so that the energy of the shot is exerted latterly to break the adjacent rock, otherwise the force of the explosion would come out of the well and no side rock would be broken.

When the shot is fired is the intense moment. This is done by concussion, by allowing a weight to fall upon the charge and set it off. For this purpose a slender piece of cast iron called the "go-devil" is dropped into the well. To hear it rattling down and striking the sides of the well in its descent, gaining velocity every second, is to realize the danger in not getting far enough away, for when the contents of the well come out, they spout high in the air, and if too close, one is in danger of getting drenched, if not hit with some flying stones.

There is also a hazard to a "shooter", especially if in the process of putting down the charge, the well should start to flow, then there is danger that it will carry up the charge and drop it on the floor of the derrick and the consequent explosion might mean death and destruction before the "shooter" could get away, and to everybody around him.

I recall one instance where the "shooter" realized from the sound in the well that it had started to flow after he had lowered the charge. To run would not have given him time to get far enough away, and he just waited until the shining top of the charge appeared in the flow, and *grabbed it*, and peacefully lowered it and prevented the probable explosion.

I recall another instance where the horses left standing hitched to a load of the explosive, while the driver's attention was diverted to something else, ran away, and traveled the highway, and turned in at an open gate, where a number of men were engaged in threshing, but they turned around in the yard and stopped without upsetting the wagon or causing an explosion.

Early one morning while sleeping in the paternal homestead,

I was aroused by a shock which rocked the house. I learned that it was at a *cache* of the explosive, which had been stored in a lonely ravine, about a mile away, and a "shooter'" had gone there with two horses and a sleigh, to get a sufficient quantity to shoot a well, and it was supposed that in carrying it to the sleigh, he had slipped on the frozen ground and set-off what he was carrying, and that which he may have had in the sleigh. Strange to say, that which was left in storage was not exploded, but pieces of the sleigh, found far up on the hill-side and remnants of the horses and the man, anyone of which would not weigh 15 pounds, told the terrible story.

The peak of the oil boom was reached in a few months, for oil is not in continuous secretion, at least not perceptible, in one lifetime; if anything, it is decomposing, turning into gas, matter in the last stages of decomposition, so that when the definite quantity is depleted beyond the mechanical means of recovery, that is the end of the field. It is reckoned that in every field there is always *one-fourth* of the oil that is never secured, to get it all, one would have to take the rock out and boil it, and that, of course, is impracticable. The production gradually goes down until it cannot be produced in paying quantities, and thus it was at Scio, although that field was one of the greatest ever discovered in the Berea sandstone.

The result of the "Oil Boom" was to make money plentiful, and indirectly it led to the use of natural gas for street lights, heating and domestic use; also, to the paving of the main street with brick and the construction of water works. The source of the latter supply is from driven wells located on our old farm, and from which the water is pumped to tanks on the intervening hill, which gives a pressure of over 100 feet. The first location was in the valley about 1,000 feet north of the college, but the abandonment of the numerous oil wells inthe vicinity so contaminated the water as to make it unfit for domestic use, and the new location was selected and pumping station built in 1902.

A gas engine, and the use of natural gas for fuel, makes its operation efficient for both the "air-lift" and pumping, so that nowhere in Ohio may a town be found with more advantages for the village resident than Scio.

In the span of a lifetime Scio felt the influence of an educational wave which was far-reaching; beneath its surface was the discovery of a wealth which it would take more than six figures to reckon. It has

shared the common lot of all villages, to emerge from one having had water wells and cisterns, tallow candles and kerosene lamps; its mills, tinshop, shoe shop, wagonshop, wagonmaker shop, tailor shop, blacksmith shop, harness shop and old-time tavern; has seen them disappear and, largely replaced by the city mail order house, city factory machinery for agriculture, railroad, telegraph, telephone, automobile and the radio; but in the changes it cannot be hoped it will make for a better citizenry than were those of the olden days.

Old New Market.

In the early sixties the peak of the early industries of New Market had been reached. It is true, that it saw the advent of the railroad, the old Steubenville and Indiana in 1854, but the most that could be said of it was that it was headed in a westerly direction with no certainty as to its ultimate terminus. The railway station was located on the south-west side of the track near the west bridge which crosses the creek. The Jolley flour mill was on the same side of the railway not far from the east bridge which crosses the creek, and there was a general store near it of which Charles Medary was the proprietor.

Where the water came from which turned the Jolley mill could not be readily determined at the present time, but the location must have been the scene of considerable activity in its day. Then there was another flour mill which stood just east of the east bridge, which took its water from Irish creek which has its source near New Rumley, but in the early sixties this was converted into a shop for the manufacture of buggies, etc., by Edward S. Woodburn, Englishman, who came to town about that time and continued to reside there until his death.

The Almspoker Tavern was on the S. E. corner of Main and Carrollton Sts., and in which was located the postoffice. One day I asked Sam, the son, if there were any letters there, meaning, of course, for our family. He answered: "Yes, but not for you!" There was a little sting in that reply, but it taught me to be a little more specific in after years in putting a question.

Another incident was a visit to the room of my Uncle William C. Harrison, then a young man attending a private school, taught by Aaron B. Moore. It was on the first floor of a building now gone which stood on the west side of Main St., about 300 feet north of the east bridge which crosses the creek. What impressed my memory

particularly was the fact that he opened his trunk and gave me a ball and a small telescope with a red barrel.

The blacksmith shop, where Canaga's store now is, with Dave Moody at the bellows, was a well known landmark in the olden time, and it was a pleasure, during school days, to look in at the open door and see the sparks fly, hear him stutter in his speech, and hear the metal ring as the blows of the hammer fell upon the anvil.

Next door west was the carriage and wagon-maker shop of George A. Weight, with a flight of stairs on the south side leading to the second story. On the opposite side of Main street was the harness and saddlery shop of Harry Stephenson, father of the soldier boys of that name in the Civil War, and a little west of it was the home of Timothy Kearns, and the shoe shop of "Billy" Brake, an eccentric character from the Isle of Wight, whom the boys liked to tease, and if they were not smart in getting away, they felt the weight of his "knee-strap", which upon such occasions he could take off in a hurry.

I have often heard the story of a young apprentice in Weight's employ, who was asked to step across the street with an old tincup and get from William Brake, the shoe-maker, some "strap-oil". The visit was never repeated, because "Billy" removed his knee strap, and suiting the action to the word, said:—"My Lardy, I'll give you strap ile", and the apprentice left hurriedly with the tincup and never went back again for "strap-oil".

Further west, at the corner, was the home of John Giles.

There was a lifelong friendship between my father and John Giles. He had been father's teacher in an old school house which stood perhaps 1,000 feet "down the lane"; immediately south of the present Creal school house. As a carpenter he built the dwelling which grandfather occupied during the latter years of his life, and also made additions to and improvements in the home dwelling. He was often a visitor at our home, walking out the mile and a half distance on Sunday mornings, and always discussed topics of real interest to the family, so that it was perfectly natural that he should come out to say "good-bye" just previous to his leaving for the war. His death occurred July 13, 1889.

On the S. W. corner opposite to him was the store of Frank Grace, who had the genial habit of giving picture cards to boys. It was afterwards, and for many years, the residence and shoe-shop of

Thomas Somerville. On the corner next west, was the home and office of Dr. William Beadle, a skillful physician, who had the fortunate manner of making sick people forget their misery. And who does not remember Dr. William W. Custer? He perhaps traveled as many miles on horseback in his practice as any other physician in Ohio. East and opposite to Dr. Beadle's office was the tailor shop of George Hines, an old pioneer. He used to take my measure for clothes, and when he sewed on the buttons they never came off. As to the seams, if a boy's clothing caught on the fence or in an apple tree, he swung helplessly in the wind, for they never ripped nor tore. Further west from him was the home of Jesse Crogan, and a few steps beyond him was the pathway (it may now be a street) which led to an open lot, on which was built the school house of octagonal shape, surmounted by a belfry which made it look like a huge bottle.

It was in this building I got some schooling when ours had ceased to function in the early spring, and when Thomas W. Giles was the teacher. His copy was written with many flourishes, and for me to imitate in practicing penmanship.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
and waste its sweetness on the desert air,"

comes down to me like the scent of the rose, also, with the suggestion:

"Shatter the vase if you will,
The scent of the rose will linger there still."

Between the school house and the Main street was Ramsey's tanyard, and which could always be located without the sense of sight. In one respect it was a fine place in which to test limburger cheese, by the method which pronounces it good, "when a piece the size of a pea, will drive a dog out of a tanyard". It was improved somewhat under the regime of its successor, William Tipton, and still more when it was entirely abandoned, and James Patton built a substantial residence near its old location. On the opposite side of the street a little later was the tin shop of Joseph Crogan.

The above latter places represented about the northwestern limits of New Market, while the southeastern limits did not extend further than the east bridge, near which stood the Somerville house, and the Woodburn and Scott houses nearby on the north side of the road to New Rumley. Near the Jolley mill was the residence of Dr. William W. Custer, and later that of Dr. D. J. Snyder. There were no other houses on that side of the creek.

The Methodist and United Presbyterian churches were between Main street and the creek and near the bank thereof, in a continuation of Eastport and Carrollton streets, respectively.

There were three others of the old town features that figured in its history, the tinshop of David Foster on the eastside of Main street overlooking the east bridge, the store of Gail Smith a little to the west on the same side, and the home of Aaron B. Moore almost opposite and used as a private school. The home of "Doc" Foster was just south of the Almspoker tavern, and his implement store was on the corner opposite.

A little before the new Presbyterian church was built the U. P. church ceased to be used as a place of worship and came into the possession of Dr. J. G. Kennedy, and was known as "Kennedy's Hall", in which political and other meetings were held. And here were heard the speeches of James A. Garfield, John Sherman, Col. Joseph C. Taylor, Jonathan T. Updegraff and George L. Converse, in the exciting campaigns of their day.

Perhaps no town of its size was more profoundly stirred by the Civil War than old "New Market". Many men who were boys then will remember the soldiers taking leave from the old station near the lower bridge which crosses Conotton Creek. Well, do I remember the morning when the company making up a part of the 126 O. V. I., departed from the station. George W. Voorhees was Captain and James and Henry King were first and second Lieutenants; John Giles, Hezekiah Steward and David V. Markley, John, James, and R. Thompson Stephenson were also in the company.

I had gone down with Jennie Lyle, who lived with us, to see the soldiers leave. Among them was John Coleman, her sweetheart, whom I last saw on the rear platform of that train, waving his handkerchief and Jennie, with others, crying. He was doomed never to return. Married men were carrying about comforts and articles of bedding, which their good wives had provided for the weather exposures they were destined to endure. And then, there was the band—whose music of fife and drum, caught the small boy and made him wish he, too, was a soldier.

Those were anxious days during the war. A trip was made every day from our home in the country to town to hear the latest news. The larger boys caught the spirit during the time of the John Morgan raid. He who could get a pair of old blue trousers, or a

soldier's blouse was thought to be fully as formidable as any regular soldier, if he should happen "to meet Morgan".

There was one unusual character, Aaron B. Moore. He was indifferent to dress, but of strong mental grasp and self educated. He was of medium height, had a fine shapely head, beetling eyebrows and dark piercing eyes. His love of learning was all consuming and he was so indifferent to acquiring money, that he simply lived upon the bare necessities of life. He was learned in the use of language, a surveyor, an astronomer and a profound mathematician, and had dug it all out himself. He could calculate an Eclipse, name all constellations in the Heavens, and make a clock, showing the minutes, hours, days and months of the calendar year; the phases of the moon, and a few other things. For a long time he wrote for the New York World over the nom-de-plume, "Tangent", and answered all their hard puzzles.

It was said of him that he once had a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad near Pittsburgh as station agent, which paid him $2,500.00 a year, which was reckoned a good salary at that time, and although he was attentive to every duty and strictly honest and accurate in his accounts, he insisted upon going in his bare-feet in the summer time, and it became a cause of complaint on the part of ladies who had to deal with him at the ticket office. The superintendent notified him that he would have to change his habits in that particular; and his reply was that his personal habits were a matter of his own concern, and if they did not like them, they could assign someone else to the position, and he resigned.

Afterwards, and when I knew him best, he had the humble position of pumping water for the locomotives of that company at Scio, and his salary could not have been more than enough to support him in the most economical way; yet he knew everything about that little engine he had charge of, and could tell *why* it did its work.

And here I must state a secret which has not been related heretofore. When I taught in the college and found a problem in mathematics which *stumped* me, I went to Aaron B. Moore to help me out; when I, who was called a "Professor", and a college graduate, found "the light", from that humble and unpretentious man.

The world is slow to appreciate how much it owes to such men.

The case of "Old Man Schlichter" of the Wisconsin University comes to me now. He was never so happy as when engrossed in study, and the harder the problem, the better he liked it. The faculty asked him one day to tell them what becomes of all the rainwater which falls upon the earth during the course of a year? Schlichter studied the porus character and texture of rocks; the declination of rock strata; and the law of gravitation. He drilled one well in an upper valley and another in the valley about two miles below the first one. He connected the two with a copper wire and put salammoniac in the first well, and then went down to the second well, and waited for the bell to ring. He knew then that the water from the first had reached the second well, and all he had to do was to divide the distance by the time and he had the rate of flow.

He found that the rate is between 8 and 22 feet per day, and from his experiments reckoned that there is *one-third* as much water percolating around through the earth as there is in all the oceans, lakes and rivers *on* the earth.

Jesse Crogan

Another was Jesse Crogan, who for many years was the teamster about town. If he were living he could tell more about bad roads, mud, rain, snow, ice and floods in that locality than any man of his time.

He was sexton of the Methodist church and at revivals in the winter season his appearance remains a vivid picture, as he opened and closed the door of the old cannon stove with the large brass key which he carried to the church door; and upon such occasions his visage appeared more solemn than any man ever was.

No family was better known, nor identified for a longer time with Scio than that of Jacob and Elizabeth Voorhees. He had come from New Jersey to Jefferson county, and was descended from ancestors who came to America in 1670. In 1833 they settled on a farm of 172 acres on the road to New Rumley, about one-half mile northeast of Scio.

John A., Carolus F., George W., Crawford B. and Richard Marion Voorhees, whom I knew, were sons in a family of nine children.

John A. Voorhees remained upon the farm all his life, but was so well known in town that he seemed a part of it.

George W. Voorhees was a Captain in the 126th O. V. I. during

the Civil War. Abe, his son, was a little younger than I, attended the public school in Scio, and the last time I saw him was during the administration of Grover Cleveland as president, when he called upon me, on his way from his home in Raton, New Mexico, to Washington city, where he hoped, as a lawyer, to get the appointment of U. S. District Attorney. I knew Abe at once, although I had not seen him for many years. I knew him by his smile, for it was one that would not come off. Any one seeing it once would never forget it.

Two of the sons of Jacob Voorhees naturally took to the law. Carolus F., began the study under the same tutor as did John A. Bingham, who was afterwards our congressman for sixteen years; judge advocate in the trial of the assassins of Lincoln and Seward; and afterwards Minister to Japan.

Carolus F. Voorhees settled in Millersburg, Ohio, in the practice of law, and afterwards became the Common Pleas judge of that district, embracing Holmes, Wayne and Coshocton counties. He was also a member of the Ohio Constitution Convention of 1872. I knew his son Daniel Doddridge, who attended Scio College; also, his daughter, who married Sherman Elder, a practitioner of dentistry in Millersburg.

Richard Marion Voorhees was also in the Civil War, and located in the practice of law in Coshocton, Ohio, where he became judge of the Ohio Circuit Court, now the Court of Appeals. My father was fond of speaking of him as "Dick" Voorhees, whom he knew at school, and whose returning visits to Scio were always a pleasure to both. I remember one, when he came out to see us and found us in the harvest field. It was before he became a judge, and like all of his brothers he was tall and slender. I can see him yet in his shirt sleeves and gray pantaloons, which must have been shortly after the close of the Civil War, and as he picked his way among the sheaves of wheat, and as he talked with father about their boyhood days. Later, when I happened to be at home on a vacation, and after he became a judge, he and his nephew, Charles W. Voorhees, son of Crawford, whom we will mention later, drove out from Scio to our home, and with father and the rest of us we had a pleasant visit. Judge Voorhees wanted to see more of the scenes of his boyhood days and invited me to go along with him and Charles, and in our drive, went out the ridge road to New Rumley, and thence around by way of the ridge road, which lies south of Irish

Creek and to Scio. Poor Charley! It was perhaps the last drive he ever made, for he was then marked with the fatal symptoms of tuberculosis. He too was a lawyer, born at Scio, January 22, 1867, had settled in Columbus and was Prosecuting Attorney of Franklin county at the time of his death, December 19, 1898.

It is my pleasure to know Campbell M. Voorhees, Esq., son of Hon. Richard M. Voorhees, a lawyer in Columbus, Ohio, whose prominence in his profession and in the state, sustains the fine traditions of the family.

The following, in part, a "Tribute of a close Friend", to be found in Vol. 13, page 237 of the Ohio Law Reporter, was spoken of his father by Hon. Maurice H. Donahue, now one of the judges of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, residing at Columbus, Ohio, upon the occasion of his funeral at Coshocton, Ohio, July 25, 1915, and who was one of his associates on the Fifth Circuit of the Ohio Circuit Court:

"There lies before us, all that is mortal of one of the dearest friends that ever gladdened my existence. A man who, notwithstanding the disparity of our ages, for years was closer to me in the confidential relationship of a true and unselfish friendship than any other man, woman or child, outside the immediate circle of my own fireside.

* * * * *

It is not my intention to speak of Judge Voorhees as a lawyer or as a judge. His professional life is an open book in which no page is blurred by unethical practices. As a judge he was honest, capable, industrious. That is the sum total of human possibilities in any line of endeavor.

Rather would I speak of him as a man, but not to flaunt his virtues nor apologize for his faults. He needs no apologist. What faults Judge Voorhees had were so sweetly human that they endeared him to his friends instead of estranging them from him, whatever weaknesses there were in his character, they were that type of weaknesses begotten by love and sympathy and kindness for his fellows. If many of us possessed the same kind of weaknesses we would be better men, and if he had been imbued with the selfishness that dominates many lives, he would have been perfect in business, professional and judicial sagacity, but incapable of the splendid self-sacrificing heroisms that distinguished his career.

This is, by no means, the first time I have said of him that he

was the only man I have ever known who had lived a long, active and useful life, and still retained implicit faith in humanity. In all the years of my close association with Judge Voorhees, I never knew him to voice a single selfish wish or desire. There never was any project in which he was engaged, no end he sought to accomplish, that did not comprehend in its purposes the pleasure and the happiness of others. For himself he dreamed no dreams of place or power; he planned no plans for greed or gain, but for others there was no limit to his ambition, no struggle too fierce for him to enter."

* * * * *

Crawford B. Voorhees, father of Charles W. Voorhees, was a soldier in the Civil War and died at his home in Scio, April 15, 1895. In his young manhood he was easily among the first to suggest, and to manage the form and ceremony of a dance. He, with George Heckler, Joseph Stephenson, and others, used to come out to our home in a sled with a party of girls, in the winter season and have a dance. They would bring their own oysters, which, with the accessories the Harrison larder furnished, made the refreshments. It was late on such nights when I retired, for I did like to sit by the chimney corner and hear the fiddler discourse such tunes as "Little Brown Jug", "Turkey in the Straw", and "Pop Goes the Weasel".

The quiet smile of Joseph Stephenson and the fancy vest that George Heckler wore, also linger in my memory.

Silas W. Canaga

Silas W. Canaga was identified with the mercantile interests of the town for more than half a century. It was a joy to meet him; his greetings were always cordial. When I first knew him he had just returned from the Civil War. He began civil life again by taking a commercial course at Duff's College in Pittsburgh; and then engaged with "Gail" Smith in a store on the east side of Main street near the east bridge. A little later (1868) he married Elizabeth Weight, daughter of George A. Weight, and thereafter, with his father-in-law, was engaged for at least 40 years in merchandising under the firm name of Weight & Canaga. His death occurred July 10, 1925, at the age of 80 years.

He was Mayor of Scio in the seventies; member of the Board of Education; Trustee of Scio College, and member of the official Board of the Methodist Episcopal church. He took an active interest in

General Custer Lodge, Knights of Pythias, and Scio Masonic Lodge, and an especial interest in Henry G. Hixon Post of the Grand Army of the Republic at whose reunions he was an earnest member, for they were the reminders of some twelve hard fought battles, including the mine explosion at Petersburg, Va., in which he had participated as a soldier of the 13th Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

He and his wife were hard workers for Scio College, and its removal was perhaps their bitterest disappointment.

The last time I saw him was about two years before his death when he had reached the age when his strength only permitted him to take short walks and to occupy a chair in front of the store and greet his friends.

We took a slow walk together, crossing the west bridge, and thence along College street, and around over the east bridge to Main street and back to the store. We chatted all the way, and when I left him, I felt it was for the last time, and that when he had gone, Scio would never be the same to me again.

The Story of Two Boys.

They were father and son and to each an interest attaches concerning both Cincinnati and Scio.

It was in 1885, when I first knew the father, then a stoutly built boy of thirteen years, wearing a 7 3/4 hat, and under which was a shock of yellow hair which hung well over the collar of his coat.

His father christened Dennis, whom everybody liked, was the last parent to survive, and kept a little grocery in Mt. Lookout, a suburb of Cincinnati, and when he was taken away in November 1885, left four young daughters together with the son, who was the eldest and for all of whom I was appointed Guardian.

It had been the task of the son to drive the delivery wagon, and so energetic was he in going about that he usually hit only the high spots in the bumpy streets.

When that home was broken up and the caretaker gone, I found homes in private families for each of the orphaned children. That for the son in 1888 was with Thomas Swift and wife at Pleasant Ridge, now a part of Cincinnati, two sturdy old English people whose children had all grown and had gone from the parental roof. The boy was to learn the trade of a blacksmith and to be treated as one of the family. He was urged to reciprocate in kind, the attentions shown to him by the household, and he came to be

esteemed as a son. When he had learned to put shoes on a horse and tires on the wheels of a wagon, it became apparent that he needed and desired more education.

Under the Ohio Laws, volume 53, page 254, (1856), each county in the state, on recommendation of the County Auditor, is entitled to free tuition for one student at the Ohio University at Athens, Ohio. This was secured for him from Hamilton County and he left in the autumn of 1891 for that institution with the admonition to secure a country school in the following summer for the ensuing winter.

This he did, the Ames school in Athens County, and with such success did he teach the school that he was reemployed as teacher for the same school for the second winter. His intervals for study and attendance at the college enabled him to graduate later as an Electrical Engineer.

Upon his return to Cincinnati, in 1895, the writer secured employment for him with the Edison Electric Light Company, where he began by winding armatures and later became superintendent of the plant.

About this time a change, for political reasons, took place in the company, and he had to seek other employment.

In 1899 he was persuaded to go to Scio and take charge of the producing oil wells of the Dining Fork Oil and Gas Company, of which I was president, and although without experience in that line, he soon learned the mysteries of the gas engine used for pumping power, could take "oil runs", "pull rods", and operate "lame" wells.

There are those who will remember how happily he and his sisters Mary and Martha lived together and his passionate love of flowers, especially the Begonia whose plants he had growing everywhere about their home.

It was during this period that the company bought for him a horse and "buckboard" wagon, and shipped them by river from Cincinnati to Steubenville, Ohio, and with which he drove from Scio to the oil field two miles east.

He must have tried to duplicate some of his early experiences as a driver for upon one occasion he did not reckon upon the resiliency of that "buckboard" and a rebound threw him out either in the mud, or it may have been upon the frozen ground.

It was during this time he became acquainted with Minnie the daughter of the School Superintendent, Mr. Jesse Catrel, and

on July 4, 1900, married her, and they lived in a cottage two miles east of Scio in the oil field with all of the luxury of free natural gas for lighting and cooking, running water piped through the house, a cultivated garden, and there was cream from the cow in the pasture for the blackberries which grew upon the hillsides.

He had a thirst for knowledge. Botany interested him and he understood something of plant life. If two mud wasps had a fight he studied them to the end.

Once when on the field in the Autumn he showed me the interesting process by which the female grasshopper deposits her eggs in the ground.

The cut in this book showing the Harrison Homestead near Scio was made from a photograph taken by him.

It was there that the other boy, his son, was born at the time of the "big snow", April 18, 1901, and they named him for the writer, Joseph Harrison Lane.

Time passed and when the property of the company was sold in 1902, Cornelius J. the father, took employment as chief engineer for a coal company operating mines at Sherrodsville, Ohio, some eight miles to the west.

He bought there a home and took place at once as president of the town council, and a foremost citizen in the community.

And here the curtain fell. The dread scourge of typhoid fever laid its hand upon him, and I saw his remains laid away in the cemetery at Leesville, Ohio, on November 1, 1903. "Corry" Lane as his friends knew him was no more.

And now the story of the other boy begins.

The mother of little Joe did not long survive the death of her husband and he was left an entire orphan.

He was the care of his aged grandmother, Mrs. Catrel (nee Umplebey, a family of English note in these records) in Canton, Ohio, until September 3, 1913, when the writer, at the instance of Lafayette Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Cincinnati, of which his father was an honored member and officer, went to Canton after him and took him to the Masonic Home at Springfield, Ohio.

Joe learned to play the violin, took part in the Christmas and other activities of the home until he was big enough and old enough to earn wages and then, when honorably discharged May 15, 1917, took employment in a rubber factory at Carrollton, Ohio.

He is now a resident of Dennison, Ohio.

He has a worthy heritage in the life his father led, and in him a noble example of what character, intelligence, and energy will accomplish.

CHAPTER XIX.

Old Neighbors on the Dining Fork—Markley, Hendricks, Creal, Custer, Gutschall, W. C. Harrison, Rutans, Allens, Amos, Hogue (Nivin, Judge Wm. Johnston), Calcott, Graham, Shambaugh, Kirby—Dining Fork at the Close of the Last Century by William W. Harrison.

Our Old Neighbors.

NEXT below us in the valley was JONATHAN MARKLEY, whose dwelling was on the opposite side and could be seen to the south-west. He was one of the pioneer stock which succeeded the war of the Revolution. He drew his inspiration as to public affairs from the times of Andrew Jackson and so continued until his death. There was just one way to farm and that was the way his father had done.

It meant to be up with the break of day and with sheer bone and sinew attack the hardest work and keep at it as long as there was daylight. It produced results, but at the expense of aching bones and tired muscles on the part of himself and the boys. And the horses had to do their full share. Their "Old George" was an example. If he had gone to the lower world as often as he was banished to that region, and could have come back each time for more work, he would have been the most remarkable horse in Christendom.

There were those on the ridge to the east of us whose broad acres extended down into the valley and were intimately associated with its history. The nearest of these was the *HENDRICKS* family of sturdy Pennsylvania Dutch stock, whose close attention to the care of the farm, fat sleek horses and barn of ample dimensions, rather than a too showy ostentation in the dwelling, were the chief characteristics. No lurking briars were allowed a place in the fence corners; the live stock were well housed; and it was just the place where apples, peaches and cherries were found in abundance. When it came to the apple pie it had a thickness which made one cross section look like a full meal. We found this out

when we helped them to thresh, and when the neighbors combined for the purpose of receiving like assistance in return.

There were seasons when they had so many cherries that they allowed their neighbors to pick them, "on the shares". I remember one occasion, when a boy, I engaged in that service; but they hung mostly on the outer limbs and were hard to reach, and the result was that I did not get more than half filled the pail or bucket, as we called it. When I showed them to Grandmother Hendricks and told her to take her share, she withdrew her pipe as she sat upon the old split bottom chair, and peering down into the bucket, said: "Oh, take them along Joseph, there won't be more than one apiece for you anyhow."

Emanuel, the head of the house, was of stout build with a ruddy face and wore a broad brimmed felt hat. His favorite expression when he wanted to be energetic was to say "By Kraut". He kept dogs of the bull variety, and this made the boys careful when they had a disposition to take chestnuts or fruit in a clandestine way. I may say now with safety, at this distance, that once when with some other boys we felt the call for chestnuts and divided our forces, with some of the boys up in the tree to shake them off, and others on the ground to pick them up, that "Uncle Manuel", came upon us unexpectedly, and the first thing we heard him say, in a loud voice, was, "By Kraut, whose got possession here, you or me?" We did not remain to argue the question.

The grades were such in that country that he usually used four horses to draw a load. The wagon was of stout creaky build, and upon it was a most wonderful box or bed. It was deep and turned up at the front and in the rear, something like the old galleons in which Columbus sailed to discover America. It always required two men to operate the wagon, one to ride the rear wheel horse and do the driving, and one to go behind on the descending grades to apply the brake. I can see him yet as he sat upon his horse when hauling a load of lumber, and when negotiating the steep hill which led up from our sawmill to his home, the single line in one hand leading out to the leader in front, a large "blacksnake" whip in the other, more for demonstration than for actual use, and hear him say, "Steady Polly." No Major General ever sat upon his horse in review of his battalions with greater dignity than did "Uncle Manuel", when he thus drove those four horses. If he was tenacious

of his rights, he was not unmindful of his duties. He was an honest man.

Shortly before his death and when he was confined to his bed, an incident occurred which at that time was the sensation of the neighborhood. A robber, a stranger in the locality, planned to rob him, but a confederate weakened before the time appointed for the deed, told some of the neighbors, and Father, Uncle William C. Harrison, James Amos and others determined to protect him. While some of them secreted themselves about the house, Father and James Amos took positions in a room adjoining the darkened one which Mr. Hendricks occupied. About the time the robber was expected his stealthy foot steps were heard. When he had advanced to the bedside where the sick man lay, father and Amos burst through a door with a lighted candle, which was put out in the scuffle, and captured him. He was subsequently convicted and sent to the Ohio Penitentiary. When one reflects as to what might have happened in thus apprehending an armed robber, the escape of his captors without injury, was not less remarkable than was their courage commendable.

A sequel to the above occurred many years afterwards. Charles E. Waddington, an orphan, and cousin of my aunt, Mrs. William C. Harrison, when a small boy lived with them when the attempted robbery occurred. When a young man he took service with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and was a passenger conductor for many years running between Philadelphia and Harrisburg until he retired a few years ago, where he went to live with his sister in New Philadelphia, Ohio, where he died May 15, 1927.

One day when seated at a dining table in Philadelphia, when stories of adventure were being told, a man seated at the same table told of an adventure he had one time at a place called Scio, out in Ohio. Charles listened until it became apparent that the man was telling of his part in the Hendricks affair, and then Charles said: "Why I was living at Scio when that happened." The garrulous man said no more, nor was he seen at that dining table afterwards.

A little further north was the CREAL Family. The father, John Creal, after his pioneer experience in coming from Maryland in 1820, and living in a hewed log cabin upon his 160 acres of wild land, built a substantial two-story brick house by the New Rumley roadside overlooking the valley. His children were Joseph, physician

EMANUEL CUSTER

Whose mount was "Dandy" the favorite horse
of his son Gen. George A. Custer.

"COMANCHE"

Horse of Captain Miles W. Keogh. Only survivor found alive on the Custer Battlefield. Mounted remains in the University Museum, Lawrence, Kansas.

in Arkansas; Mary (Mrs. Jacob Jones) of Kansas; Abraham B. Wakeman, Wesley, John and David. The latter died in the Civil War.

Abraham was the best known in the community, being a teacher, brick mason, and manufacturer of brick. After the death of his father he and his wife (Lydia) and six children occupied the old homestead until his death, December 12, 1885, and was occupied by his widow and children thereafter, until her death several years later.

The fine Bartlet pears which grew about the home always started the boys to thinking when they would be ripe; and the big apple orchard near the school house always had a lure for the boys and Tom Custer was chief demonstrator.

During his lifetime there was no brick-work in the neighborhood which was not fashioned by his hand. The burning of brick was always celebrated during the last night of the process, by the roasting of corn in the husk, in season, and the roasting of potatoes in the hot ashes of the kiln.

He was a large man, a devout Methodist, quick spoken and universally respected. There are men living today who must remember the plain copies he "set" for their instruction in penmanship, and the home made ink (from the poke berry) which he furnished. There was never any doubt of his vehemence in a religious revival. As so many men are remembered by their peculiarities, Mr. Creal may be remembered by one incident in his life. A phrenologist had come to town (Scio) and he was giving a lecture on the subject in the old Methodist church. Finally he asked for volunteers to come forward and have their heads examined and he would state publicly what their "head-bumps" meant. Mr. Creal volunteered as one subject, and the examination proceeded very well until he described some "bumps" on the back of his head which were not, in his judgment, so favorable, and when Mr. Creal could not maintain his silence any longer, he burst forth with the exclamation: "You have talked enough about me, suppose you talk about yourself awhile."

The home of EMANUEL CUSTER, father of General Custer, just prior to the Civil War, was also identified with the Dining Fork. He came from Maryland to New Rumley, Ohio, in 1824, where his coming had been preceded by Jacob Custer, a relative, also of Maryland, and who laid out the town. He was the father of Dr. William W. Custer and Robert Custer, of Scio, and of John M. and Henry L. Custer, of New

Philadelphia, Ohio. The town of New Rumley is at the head of a parallel valley (Irish Creek) to the east of the Dining Fork, and from its location where the General was born, commanded a fine view, looking south in the direction of Scio, where the stream entered the Conotton. As if to select another home, which would be as inspiring in a landscape view, the next one selected by Emanuel Custer was on the ridge about midway between New Rumley and the Creal School, and to the west there was a fine view of the east branch of the Dining Fork.

He was the proprietor of a blacksmith shop and was a well known and highly respected man in the community. I remember him as a visitor to our home, and his comments upon his son Boston, who was an energetic youth requiring at times some parental discipline. Undoubtedly, it was the Civil War, and the meteoric success of the General, their brother, which led both Boston and his older brother Tom, to join him in the spirit of adventure, so natural to them, and which led them to the same fate in the Indian battle on the Little Big Horn.

"Father" Custer's picture in this volume shows him mounted upon "Dandy", one of the General's favorite horses, which after the fatal battle was brought to Michigan to end his days. It was taken soon afterwards in front of the residence of his son Nevin Custer, Monroe, Michigan, with whom his father spent the last years of his life.

THE GUTSCHALL family, Daniel, Jacob and Samuel, resided upon the Ridge and were about the last in that locality to the northeast, to come into intimate touch with their neighbors in the valley. Samuel was a former teacher of the Creal school, but in the later years of his life was a substantial farmer, owner of the Manbeck farm on the ridge, where the big heart cherries grew. In spite of me that juvenile taste persists in these later years.

Jacob was a stone-mason and so well known was he in that trade, that I doubt, if there was any work of that kind done in the neighborhood during his time, that was not the product of his skill. Certainly there was none of that kind done on our farm that he did not do.

He was of medium height, stoutly built, had a large ruddy face and complexion, and in the later years of his life wore a shock of curly grey hair upon his head. To see and hear Jake laugh was to

see one laugh *all over*—he fairly shook with merriment, and his peals of laughter could be heard both far and near. His personal appearance was such that I have often thought what a fine subject for a painting he would have made. The last time I saw him was in the springtime when he was riding a big fat horse with a broad back, his short legs stood out at almost right angles, and as horse and rider weaved away the alternate feet of the horse, were pulled out of the mud with a sharp report, and the body of the rider swayed to and fro in gentle rhythm with the slow movements of the horse.

I should like to hear his merry laugh again. I could pay him no higher compliment than to say he was a good artisan—an honest man. He strove always to do his duty as he saw it, and to live an upright life.

Next above us was the farm and home of uncle William C. HARRISON, on the east branch, the dwelling being only a short distance above the junction of the two branches. He purchased it in the "sixties" from an odd character, George Smith, bachelor, who was satisfied to live in primitive fashion in a log house, and did not let the deep woods with which he was surrounded worry him to any appreciable extent. It was a good farm, in the making, which it took a lifetime to improve for cultivation, the raising of an orchard and building of a barn and dwelling. It was the home of the family until the death of the father at the age of 75 years, November 22, 1912, and the birth-place of all his children, save the eldest, and is now occupied by Joseph his youngest son.

Next above him was the home of SILAS AMOS, whose large acreage extended across and far up the hills on both sides of the valley. From his land could be seen that oldest sentinel of the valley, the "Wood Standing-Stone", referred to elsewhere.

He was one of the numerous family of the same name mentioned below.

RUTANS, of whom Alexander, who came with his father, Peter, from Pennsylvania in 1818, was the head of the family, lived in a big white house next above Silas Amos and below the Allen farm. They were the only family, to my knowledge, in the neighborhood who had a piano. The daughters had exceptional educational advantages and they and the boys stood well in the front rank in the matter of social accomplishments. One, Hon. James S. Rutan, known among his intimate friends as "Smith" Rutan, was a lawyer at Beaver, Pa.,

a soldier in the civil war, was State Senator for three terms, U. S. Marshal at Pittsburgh, and at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives.

His political alliance was with the Republican party and his official preferment had much of the good fortune of Hon. Matthew S. Quay, also from Beaver, who for many years was a United States Senator and a great power in the politics of that state.

I remember to have seen him only once. He was tall and slender —had an engaging personality, and if met anywhere would be taken for a distinguished man. It was in the winter of 1868-9 in the old combined railway station and merchant store of Frank Grace at the lower bridge and near the college where students were wont to stop and warm around the old cannon stove and enjoy some of the excitement of the arrival and departure of passenger trains.

He was returning from a visit to the old family homestead which was about three miles to the north-east of Scio. With his younger brother, D. Oliver, they had driven in the early morning in a sleigh over the glistening snow to the tune of tinkling bells and in time to catch the east-bound train.

I can see him yet dressed in a style befitting his rank as a law-maker of that day, when he observed the time, by taking from his pocket a splendid watch of shining gold and of an apparent value far beyond anything I ever hoped to possess.

Another, David Oliver, nicknamed the "Deacon", was also a soldier in the Civil War, was Treasurer of Carroll County, and a member of the Ohio Legislature. In his later life he lived upon a farm near Carrollton, in a home having all the appointments for comfort and contentment At this writing it only came to my knowledge through a letter from his daughter, Miss Sarah Oliver Rutan, that he had passed away in Florida in the spring of 1926. To have seen Oliver in any company, tall and slender in stature, and his winsome smile, was to put every one about him in a good humor.

The ALLENS were a large family and occupied the traditional two-story brick house, with a hall in the center, which was the successor of the log cabin in the settlement of the country. They had the distinction of having a place of worship nearby, to take the family name, known as "Allen's Meeting House". Like many of such country churches it has now fallen into decay and the adjoining cemetery is so grown over with briars and locust bushes, that it

would take an enterprising rabbit to penetrate it. The leaning and fallen tombstones tell their mute tales of bygone sorrows.

Uncle William Patterson stated that when the Allen girls were married they were given the old fashioned *charivari;* that upon one occasion Father Allen added a little whiskey to the hard cider which was dispensed, with the result, that some of the boys were not able to report for duty for a day or two. There were mutterings of a reprisal, when the next daughter was married, but Father Allen allowed that he had been a trifle unfair at the previous wedding and reduced the alcoholic percentage to bring it within safe limits.

The only one of the family I ever knew was David Allen, who became a prominent lawyer at the bar of Lebanon, Ohio, 28 miles north-east of Cincinnati, and in the "seventies" was the seat of a Normal school.

About 1880, I had occasion to go to the little city upon a Saturday, and met Mr. Allen for the first time. He was cordial in his greeting, especially when he learned of the neighborly acqaintance of our families upon the Dining Fork. He invited me to remain with him that night and the next day. That evening we called upon the Hon. George R. Sage, afterwards Judge of the United States Court at Cincinnati, at his residence, which was the old Tom Corwin homestead, and whose daughter he had married. The next afternoon we took a drive behind his spirited horse which took us to an old Shaker village about seven miles distant, where we met one of the patriarchal residents, Oliver Hampton by name, who addressed Mr. Allen as "David", and he in turn called him "Oliver". Finally Oliver asked David how he was getting along with The Cincinnati and Miami Valley Railway? This was a painful subject to David, who had lost considerable money in its construction, and was likely to lose more. "Well", said David, "I never think of that railroad without feeling like swearing." And Oliver quietly replied by saying, "Well, David, does thee feel *unnatural* when thee feels like *swearing?*"

One other incident I recall. His niece, Ruth Creal, daughter of Mr. Allen's sister who had married Wakeman Creal, had come to Lebanon a few years before to attend the Normal school. One day she said to her uncle, who had been her good advisor: "Uncle, I have a confidential quention to ask you." "Certainly", he replied. "What is it?" "Why, I think very well of a certain young man of my acquaintance, and I would like to know if you would sanction my

marrying him?" "Ruth", said he "are you engaged?" "Yes", said she. "Well then its no use, for my experience is that when a girl is engaged all creation will not prevent the marriage."

In the latter "eighties" David Allen left Lebanon and went to Reno, Nevada, and after a short stay in that city went to Los Angeles, California, where he died some time in the "nineties".

BENJAMIN AMOS, the pioneer of the Amos family, came from Maryland and located near the head waters of the east branch of the Dining Fork, where his mill, known as the "Amos Mill", was the only flour mill in the valley. His sons, like their father, were men of tall stature and wore long beards. They were known for their thrift and became extensive land owners; James and Silas, also like their father, each had a large family. The other sons were Robert, Frank and Joshua, the latter was a soldier in the Civil War.

The daughters were Mary (Mrs. George Heckler) and Elizabeth (Mrs. John Ritchey) and Mrs. Rev. A. W. Decker. Robert was the exception in wearing a long beard, he wore a long drooping mustache which gave him the appearance of the leading man in a melodrama. James had the most extensive acquaintance, chiefly on account of his skill as an auctioneer. He could describe a horse or a suit of clothes, giving more points of excellence in their favor than the owner ever dreamed of; and woe to the man who tried to disconcert him by asking him a question, or when he made a side remark in his hearing he was sure to get an answer which made him appear *second best*, and was lucky if he was not withered by the laughter and ridicule of the auditors.

At the extreme head of the East Branch, where springs made rivulets and they in turn made "shoe string" meadows on a fine farm for grazing, was the home of Uncle William Hogue, mentioned elsewhere.

It was there that his only brother, ROBERT G. HOGUE, spent the last days of his life. He had never married, was tall and slender, and in a suit of black, with frock coat, looked like a clergyman.

His quiet self possession, sense of humor and general intelligence, made him a welcome guest anywhere. He could always see the better things of life and had the soul of a poet.

He used to visit our home for days at a time to the delight of

all, especially the boys, with whom he made himself companionable and instructive.

I went with him once when a small boy to hunt squirrels, i. e., he did the hunting and I carried the big gray squirrels which fell before his gun. It was seldom if he heard one's scolding bark, or saw him leap among the branches of a tree that he did not get him.

In his early life he had been a teacher in Tuscarawas county, and later at Roscoe, Coshocton county, and Washington Court House, Fayette county. Writing to Father under date of August 26th, 1868, he gave an account of a republican meeting at the latter place when Gen. Grant and Horatio Seymour were candidates for the presidency which reflected the temper of the time, and which now, may be received with a sense of humor. The banners, and the inscriptions thereon, attracted his attention: "Democratic Canaan—Canada". "Democratic Party, Peace Party in War; War Party in Peace."

In August, 1870, he gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. O. H. Hoover, county auditor at New Philadelphia, Ohio, to assist me in obtaining employment to teach a public school, and was very kind in advising me how to discharge a service of that kind. He once said to me, "In your contact with the world, make a friend wherever you can".

At that time he was engaged in the mercantile business at Perrysville, with his brother-in-law, William Crim. In February of the following year, I had a letter from him written from Butler, Missouri, to me in Carroll county, where I was teaching my first school, and it was the place to which he had gone to engage in general merchandising. He was there until the summer of 1874, when he returned to the home of his brother in Ohio on account of failing health. Letters during that period gave a glimpse of life as he saw it in that new country, both from the standpoint of a merchant, and that of the banker in which business he was later engaged.

In February, 1871, he wrote:

"There is too much of this country for me to attempt any description of it. When you come from the hills of Ohio, and get out on one of these western prairies, it seems as if all the kingdoms of the world lay spread out before you. The eye becomes wearied in surveying their dimensions. It seems as if the flood of immigration might keep pouring over them for years, before they would be filled up. * * Four years ago dead silence reigned almost supreme where this town now stands. During the war it was burned to ashes. There are only a few traces of its former existence."

That was the picture of a rich country, which lies only 50 miles south of Kansas City, Mo., the great metropolis of the west.

And there were bandits in those days. Our post-bellum World-War days have nothing more novel in that line, than had the bandits 50 years ago, except the quick get-away in the auto car.

In February, 1874, he wrote:

"Three of us have been sleeping in the bank. Two of our party think of leaving, and that would leave me alone to guard the bank. I do not know whether I will move my quarters or not. A fellow stands a chance, when sleeping in a place like this, of being gagged almost any night and tied to the bed, while his nocturnal callers look through the vaults. We have been keeping a good stand of arms, but they do no good, if a fellow is caught napping."

In the last days of his life he always found something to do—was cheerful, and always interested in something, and never complained of an impending fate which he knew was soon to overtake him. On the 29th day of November, 1876, he fell where he stood, and while lending a helping hand to his brother. A brittle artery, the work of tuberculosis, had broken, and he was no more.

No finer character ever came into my life than that of Robert G. Hogue. His remains rest at Kilgore, located at the extreme limit of the source of the Dining Fork, and thus he lies at the head of that fine body of men who were identified with the valley.

While here and standing upon the divide south-west of Harlem Springs where one can look westwardly from the source of the east branch of the Dining Fork and almost throw a stone into the headwaters of the McGuire creek, which runs westwardly and enters the Conotton near Sherrodsville, let us look for a sketch of two other interesting characters.

There dwelt near the source of the McGuire in Carroll county a remarkable man, WILLIAM NIVIN, "Uncle Billy" Nivin, as he was affectionately known, and whose broad acres were many and may have overlapped the sources of both streams. He was the leading farmer in that part of the country, a philosopher, and a thoroughly good man. His home was my home when, as a boy I taught my first school. He never thought, acted or worked without a purpose and that was to conserve every effort to the most practical and useful end. If he took a load to market he always managed to bring one home with him. To spend time hauling an *empty wagon* was an absolute loss. If he were out on the farm for

FOUR PATTERSON SISTERS

Left to right—Mrs. Robena Rutan, Mrs. Martha Doty, Mrs. Euphemia Harrison, Mrs. Isabelle Hogue.

a walk he never returned empty handed, if the only thing he brought was a stick of wood which might otherwise decay and be wasted—it would come in handy for fuel by just that much. He mixed brains with his business. His boyhood home had been on Yellow Creek, Jefferson county, and there he knew in his youth JUDGE WILLIAM JOHNSTON, afterwards conspicuous in the history of Ohio. He said of Judge Johnston that his youth was spent in poverty; that a log cabin was his home; and his daily toil was to battle with the *backwoods* in his effort to raise a crop.

On November 11th, 1886, it was my good fortune to meet Judge Johnston in his old age, quite by accident in Cincinnati, and to have had with him one of the most interesting conversations I ever had with any man. He was an intimate friend of Judge William M. Dickson, whose untimely death occurred October 15, 1889, as the result of an accident when a truck bearing a street car on which he was a passenger, broke away at the head of the Mt. Adams Incline in Cincinnati, and descended with frightful velocity to the bottom of the hill. I met Judge Johnston near the door of Judge Dickson's office where he had gone to get his assistance in reading some proof of his (Johnston's) forthcoming book of speeches and arguments which he had made in the course of his professional career, among which was his defense, together with Hon. Thomas Corwin, of Ex-Governor William Bebb, of Illinois, indicted for manslaughter in 1858; the Suspension Bridge case, and that for the Piatt heirs upon the claim for army supplies furnished the soldiers in the war of 1812 by their ancestors and for which the government had never made payment. When he found the office closed I invited him into my office which was near by, and there we had our visit.

He was then eighty-three years old, tall and gaunt and his gray hair hung at considerable length from his head. His home was then and until he died at Loveland, twenty-five miles east of the city.

He told me that when he was a boy he walked from his home eighteen miles to Steubenville to get his first law books; that he knew Edwin M. Stanton when he was a boy in a book store in that city when he was so short in stature that he was scarcely tall enough to look over the counter. He related that he first began the practice of law in Carrollton, the county seat of the new county of Carroll which in 1832-3 was formed from portions of Jefferson, Harrison, Tuscarawas, Stark and Columbiana counties, and it was

then the raw beginning of a pioneer settlement where the tallest and strongest man in the community was "king".

He said that the demand for his talents in the law were not so great but that he had time for something else and he and some other sympathetic souls organized a literary society; that he prepared an address, taking for his subject the play of Julius Caesar, and to which he gave his best thought, and at his present age, would not be ashamed to read before any critical audience.

But lo and behold, when he read it before that local society, the then *strong man* in the audience demanded to know who he (Johnston) meant by "Julius Caesar, why he means that whig Henry Clay, and who does he mean by 'Brutus', why that other old whig Daniel Webster; I move that this here literary society be broken up." And so it was.

It must not be thought that Carrollton did not recover from that adolescent period for her "Fighting McCook" history and subsequent reputation for the excellence of her schools, standing of the Bar, and general thrift, have given her a fame not surpassed by any other of the smaller cities in the state.

It was then he decided to leave Carrollton and come to Cincinnati where he was shortly thereafter elected Prosecuting Attorney of Hamilton County, became a prominent member of the bar, and later was appointed one of the judges of the Court of Claims at Washington by President Lincoln.

I think Judge Johnston was once a candidate for the nomination for Governor of Ohio. He had a unique experience in 1851, at the time of the adoption of the constitution which subsequently established the free school system in the state. In the campaign for the adoption of the constitution the school question had very earnest advocates both for and against it. Judge Johnston was for the free schools and one of his illustrations made at that time, gave him a nickname which stuck to him for the remainder of his life. He said that when he was a boy on Yellow Creek, which he pronounced "*Yaller Creek*", he began as a small boy to go to the *pay school* late in the fall, when the farm work was all done and about the time when the snow began to fly. That he commenced with the letters of the alphabet, spelling words of one syllable, and by the time the short term of school closed in the early spring, when he had to return to the farm work, he had advanced far enough to spell words of two

syllables—he could spell "b-o-o-b-y". When he began the next winter, after the long interval of hard work on the farm, he had forgotten all that he had learned the previous term and he began a second term with his letters and his *a-b abs*, and by the time that term closed he could again spell "b-o-o-b-y". He never got further in that "pay school" than to spell "Booby".

The illustration was so apt that he was ever afterwards known as "Booby" Johnston. He was of the Lincoln type of man. His oratory partook of the emotional character which was so prevalent in that day, when the biblical metaphor bestrode the period, rather than the close cogent reasoning of an Elihu Root of the present day. He was in his time a most persuasive advocate before a jury.

At a meeting of the Bar of Hamilton County held in the United States Court room, October 31, 1891, eloquent tributes to his memory were paid by the older members who had known him.

Before we begin the ascent of the west branch we may start from the junction and take a side trip to the north-west up a little valley to the home of the CALCOTTS.

Robert, the original proprietor, an Englishman of sturdy build and severe facial expression, had dropped down between the high hills near the source of that stream for his habitation. He could not have found a quieter one away from the traveled roads, and where his live stock would have had a better opportunity to return to the wild state, which in their actions they seemed to have accomplished, than the one he chose. Yet there, living the life of a pioneer, with his trusty gun hung above the door ready for use, he found time to improve his farm and have about him a fine apple orchard and vines bearing luscious grapes and large yellow raspberries.

He had a liking for large Newfoundland dogs which have since become so scarce, and to see him out with them after the nimble rabbit, when he wore the big hunting bag in which to carry the game, was to have a reminder of Robin Hood, save that he had the firearm instead of the bow and arrow.

The first farm and family at the beginning of the ascent of the west branch was the PATTERSON family mentioned elsewhere.

Next came JOSEPH GRAHAM and his good wife, Jean, who childless lived many years in that locality. Strange, isn't it how we remember people by their peculiarities or some humorous story connected with their lives? And then, too, when once told how long it

persists, and often grows into greater proportions than was ever originally intended.

The trading in that locality was done at the general store in Perrysville nearby. Such stores were the meeting places for the community and for the dissemination of news. The proprietor was usually an active energetic man, a good judge of human nature, and was always anxious to please his customers in matters of trade.

It was told of Mr. Graham that he called at the store one day, and the clerk recognizing him, politely said: "Mr. Graham, what can I do for you today?" Said he, "I would like to have a bottle of gargling oil". "What", said the clerk, "for man or beast, Mr. Graham?" His answer was, "It's for 'nary one, its for Jean".

His knowledge of farming was better than that of the genus *Homo*, for he lived a quiet, contented life, which came to a close March 12, 1877, and he was quietly laid away in the country church yard at the "Ridge" church, six miles to the south, where so many of his old time neighbors sleep in the quiet of the grave.

The SHAMBAUGH family lived next above in the valley and was no exception to children in point of numbers. Their forbears came from Pennsylvania and were of Dutch ancestry. Their enthusiasm and good nature in all matters of domestic life and social gatherings made them good neighbors and thrifty citizens.

At the headwaters of the west branch was the KIRBY settlement. They were the descendants of Joseph Kirby, deceased, whose widow Catherine, with eight children, Anne, Isaac, David, Susan, Mary, Ephriam, John and Elizabeth, came originally from Bedford County, Pennsylvania, in 1824, and settled upon what seemed to be a large tract of land at that time, but became greatly reduced, as to each one, when it was later divided among the large families which grew around them.

They brought with them from their native state a taste for the fox chase and every early spring when a light snow made the pursuit of the quarry an easy matter, the whole valley and the adjoining hills rang with the deep mouthing of the hounds.

And what a raft of them there were. There were two Henrys, "Big" Hen" and "Little Hen", "Old Dave" and Young Dave". There seemed to be hardly enough names to go around, consequently the Christian names of some cousins were the same. "Big Hen" I remember best of all. He was a good soldier in the Civil War—

member of the same company and regiment as Uncle Adam Patterson, Company H, 98th Regiment, O. V. I. When a boy, and I used to ride on horseback to picnics and camp meetings, he was sure to invite me to have lunch with him, and thus do men enshrine themselves in the memories of boys.

Harry Walter Kirby, now deceased, son of Ephriam, was another who served in the Civil War and became Captain of Company A, 80th O. V. I. He had, perhaps the most extensive acquaintance of any of the family, was a learned teacher, editor and lawyer, although he never practiced the latter profession.

Evan B. Kirby, cousin to the latter, was also a soldier, teacher and lawyer; and in 1896 and for several years thereafter was Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, Harrison County, Ohio. His death occurred November 11th, 1910.

THE DINING FORK VALLEY AT THE CLOSE OF THE 19TH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM W. HARRISON.

As one turns the half century mark and starts down the long trail which leads to the end of this earthly existence, the tendency is to look upon life in retrospect rather than in anticipation.

A week's visit with my cousin, Joseph T. Harrison, in the spring of 1925, and the many conversations we had together about our Grandfather Joseph Harrison, and Great-Grandfather John Harrison, who had come into the Dining Fork Valley in the early years of the nineteenth century, when Ohio was the "Far West", have brought up many recollections of my childhood days.

It is either a clear recollection or a very vivid dream that I have of sitting in the old Methodist Episcopal church in New Market (Scio) at the funeral services of my Grandfather, Joseph Harrison, on April 15th, 1878, the third anniversary of my birth. No man was ever more beloved by his children and grandchildren than he, and it has been always a pleasure to hear my father and mother tell of his fine qualities, and a matter of keenest regret that he went on the long journey, before I was old enough to know him, and sit on his knee and experience the feeling of love and veneration that a worshipping grandchild always has for a kind and good grandparent.

After his death I remember of going with other members of the family to take a harvest supper over to his farm for my father and the hired hands who were putting up hay, and of eating black currants which grew on bushes along the garden fence. To me it was a wonderful journey, a journey of exploration, that made an indelible impression on my young mind. In my mind's eye I can still picture just how the house looked, the spring and the path leading down to it, the garden and all the surroundings. What a wonderful place it was to me. The house and other buildings were long since moved to their present location on the same farm near the valley road by my cousin James Madison Harrison, but I can still picture them just as grandfather left them.

I like to think also of my maternal grandparents, William Waddington, born near Otley, England, in 1815, who died in 1890 at his home near New Philadelphia, Ohio, and Ann Wallace Waddington, native of this country, born in 1820, and died in 1881, both herein mentioned, and whose young lives were identified with the Dining Fork.

I like to think of those early days in my life, my first year in the district school, how I loved my teacher, Jennie Tipton, and how kind and good she was to me, and what a wonderful adventure it was to me to be with all of the school children. It seems to me now that the winters in those days were colder, and there was more snow than there is now. In times of deep snow we would go around the road instead of up over the hill through the woods, and what fun it was to walk through the drifts over our boot tops, and if there was a crust on the snow, to walk on the crust and not break through. In the fall after the frosts had colored the leaves we would come home around the road and gather chestnuts and black haws and hazelnuts, and wade through the leaves which had fallen; but the chief reason for the longer journey around the road was to be with the other children as long as possible.

School days were a never ending pleasure to me, and I always looked forward to the first day of school with eager anticipation. My favorite seat mate was Jason Hendricks and we always contrived to obtain our favorite desk. "Jase", as we called him, was easily amused, and he had a habit of holding his nose to keep from laughing aloud, and when he lost his grip it always gave us away, and many times got us into trouble with the teacher. The fifteen minute recess,

both forenoon and afternoon, and the full hour at noon, were wonderful breathing spells, and how we did crowd them full of fun. In the autumn we hunted chestnuts and wild grapes. One boy would climb the chestnut tree and thresh the chestnuts out of the burrs, and the others would pick them up, and then *divvy* up with the thresher. When we found a wild grape vine it was "every one for himself and the Devil take the hindmost". In the winter when the deep snows came we used to play tobogganning, or sled riding as we called it, or hunting rabbits. How well I remember my first sled. My dear brother Ed bought it for me from another boy for a nickle. It was made entirely of wood, but how it would run. We always rode "bellybuster", and there was not a sled in school that could outrun mine. How proud I was of it.

In this connection it is amusing to recall a sled that one of the little girls brought to school one day. Her mother had made it for her, and it was built like a chair, but unfortunately it would not run and she was heartbroken about it because the other children, thoughtlessly cruel, made fun of it. Our favorite coasting place was the "Germantown" hill and it was great fun when the hill was covered with snow and ice to ride down the long stretch, almost a half mile long, make the sharp turn at the steep place safely, and see who could come nearest to reaching the "Red" bridge across the flat.

The rabbit hunting was great fun when the snow was deep, and the rabbit had small chance when surrounded by fifteen or twenty boys and a half dozen dogs. We would surround Creal's thicket, the dogs would stir out a rabbit, and then we would run him down in the deep snow.

Another favorite amusement was *hopping* sleds on the road which ran past the schoolhouse. We would all go out the road to the old Chestnut tree at the forks of the road, and hop the first sled which came along, ride past the schoolhouse to the foot of Creal's hill, and catch one coming the other way, and keep it up as long as the play period lasted.

In the spring of the year we played "town ball" and "prisoner's base", and when the ground was soft practiced jumping. We couldn't jump far enough on the level, so we usually jumped down hill until we would all be stiffened up so badly that we couldn't walk downstairs.

A short time ago I revisited the old Creal schoolhouse and

walked over the old familiar fields and scenes; walked south down the old lane that led down past the "big rock", and the sulphur spring to the Gibson barn, and then walked down the old school path, and it seemed that every foot of the ground reminded me of some childhood pleasure.

One of the prettiest views in the world to me is on this old school path from the top of the "Byers" newground hill on the old home farm looking up the valley of the Dining Fork creek, towards Kilgore, about six miles away. To my mind no landscape could be more beautiful than that. The stream winding down the valley, the gently sloping fields dotted here and there with cattle and horses, the beautiful trees of various kinds, oak, maple, hickory, elm, chestnut and walnut, the lines of willows along the streams, the orchards, woods and fields of growing crops, the landmarks, such as "Jim's Big Hill" and the "Standing Stone" on the Wood farm, all combined to make a picture that will last as long as life itself.

One of my earliest recollections is of a very vivid dream of the old log house in which I was born being surrounded at night by big black bear and my looking at them out of the bedroom window. I can close my eyes now after a lapse of forty-five years, and see them all as clearly as I did then.

We kept the farm stocked with sheep in those days, and I can see old Dan Fisher, a one-eyed colored man, who lived in the tenant house across the field, taking a flock of sheep down past the house, and the old ram took a run for him and hit him between the shoulders and knocked him to his knees.

It was the same ram which took after my brother Ed, and ran him into the house, and as Ed neared the house, he slipped and fell and thought he was a "goner". I can hear him now calling for Mother. The same ram *treed* my Father on the fence above the barn, and I can see him striking the ram over the head with a grain measure.

Every farm of any size in those days had a tenant house, and some had two or three, and every house had a family with several children. The district schools were all full and running over, and many a man raised a large family on $15.00 to $20.00 a month. The high cost of living was a term then unheard of.

One of the happiest recollections of my childhood is the first time I was allowed to go to town for the mail. I rode little "Bird",

a beautiful strawberry mare, as round as an apple and as easy to ride as a rocking chair.

Other memories include visits to the tile factory on Uncle John Harrison's farm, with Virgie and Milt, my cousins, helping Cousin Will, "Little Bill", we called him, stack tile and not getting home until after supper, and when Father scolded me for staying so late, and my giving what I thought was a fine excuse, that "I was helping Will"; playing with Virgie and Milt in the big barn which Grandfather Harrison built in the early thirties; seeing Great Uncle "Bill" Hartley wearing a flannel vest during a hot day in summer come over to see Father; playing with other boys on the "Red" bridge that spans the Dining Fork Creek, and in running over the arch at the side of the roadway; falling down and nearly going over into the creek; gathering "Mountain Tea" on the wooded hill top across south east from the house; trapping muskrats in the spring and fall and selling the skins for eight to ten cents each (the same skins would now bring $1.50 each); hunting raccoons at night with Brother Ed, Frank Umplebey, the Irvin boys, and Jim and Orin Amos, to my mind the finest sport in the world. The first dog I ever owned was a little black and tan terrier, named "Dexter", bought for me by Brother Ed, and how I grieved at his being found worrying sheep, and Father having to take him out and shoot him; how grieved I was about it. Going up to "Allen's Meeting House" to Sunday School and coming home to find the whole Dining Fork Valley flooded, and being unable to cross the creek to my home and having to go home with Jim and Orin Amos to stay over night are also memorable incidents. The visits of Grandfather and Grandmother Waddington, who would drive up from New Philadelphia twenty-five miles away; but such a terribly long distance as we thought, and what a glorious event their visits were to us. The death of Grandmother Waddington, when I was only six years old, and the terrible feeling I had about it; the long drive to the funeral, starting before daybreak in Woodburn's barouche, with a team of white horses, and coming home late at night; the large crowd of people at the funeral, and the extreme sorrow that everyone manifested because of the high esteem in which she was held in the neighborhood; occasional visits to Grandfather Waddington's and to New Philadelphia, a wonderfully large and fine place in my eyes; trips to Scio with my Father and Brother Ed, and through

them becoming acquainted with George A. Weight, Silas W. Canaga, George Heckler, John Giles, Dr. Snyder, Joseph Stephenson, and many others of the fine men of the little town; my first knowledge of the College and what an interesting and wonderful place it was!

Perhaps the most interesting event of my early boyhood was the advent of "Chat", an abbreviation for Chattanooga, a young deer brought from Tennessee, by Dr. D. J. Snyder of Scio as a present to his son, "Bert", now a lawyer, living in Lorain, Ohio; but as it proved to be a troublesome pet to have in town, Dr. Snyder prevailed upon Father to bring it out to our farm, and it devolved upon me to take care of it. We had it about three years, and it was a truly wonderful pet. "Chat" would follow us to school, and the boys would urge on it their dogs, but "Chat" had no trouble outdistancing any dog in the neighborhood, and it seemed to us that it could jump over a house. "Chat" had a habit of running, evidently for exercise or its own pleasure, in the evenings, about sundown and I have seen it clear a high gate or fence, and jump across the hollow that ran down by the house, easily jumping a distance of thirty feet. "Chat" got the wanderlust, and roved all over the surrounding country, sometimes being away for a week at a time, and as it would eat flowers, vegetables, etc., became rather destructive and some unknown person, in the neighborhood, who should have had a greater sympathy for its innocent nature, drenched it with hot water, and later we found its remains as the result. "Chat's" death like that of all wild animals, was a tragedy.

CHAPTER XX.

Creal School—Somerville Sketch of Former Teachers and Pupils—Addenda by Joseph T. Harrison—The Boys He Knew—Final Closing of the School—The New Era.

NO STORY of the Dining Fork would be complete without some mention of the Creal school. It took its name from the Creal family, who lived near by, and its members were identified with it for many years, as pupils, directors and teachers.

My first attendance upon it was in 1858, in the log house built in 1843, on the location of the present building, which is on the ridge about one and one-half miles north of Scio, and on the west side of that branch of the road leading to New Rumley, and a short distance north of the well known Chestnut Tree at the Fork, where the other branch leads northwardly to Perrysville.

There were two windows in each of its south, west and north sides, with a door near the north-east corner, and the remainder of that side was surface for the blackboard. A large cannon stove occupied the center, and the flat side of a planed slab made the portable bench for seating the pupils when they recited their lessons. The desks were of the inclined variety with a shelf beneath for the storage of books and writing material. In my day they bore considerable evidence of the scholar's whittling, which was evidently the work of the jackknife when the teacher wasn't looking.

At that time a lane ran westwardly on the line between the Harrison farm on the south, and the Creal farm on the north, to a "big woods", which extended down to the valley beyond. There was also a lane which descended a hill to a hollow towards the south, and was the favorite toboggan slide in the winter season. Near the foot of that hill was the spring from which the scholars took turns to bring the drinking water for the school. East of the school building was the Creal orchard, whose trees were especially tempting in the fall when the apples were ripe.

The ball ground was in the Harrison field immediately west of the schoolhouse, and a bank was on the side of the road on which

it stood. It did not occur to the patrons in that early day to provide ample grounds for scholastic exercise, the reason being to save the land for farming purposes.

Miss Eliza Anne Cameron was my first teacher. My first day at school did not mark an auspicious beginning. Mother had provided me with a little tin bucket and beneath the lid of which was my lunch. After climbing the long, tiresome hill to the chestnut tree, and being weary, I sat down beneath it to rest. One look towards the schoolhouse which was in sight convinced me that I still had some distance to go. And then, most naturally, I thought of my lunch and the good opportunity to refresh myself. This I did with such an appetite as only boys have, replaced the lid on the bucket, and returned home. The next day my Aunt Elizabeth Patterson was delegated to *see* that I got to school.

I find that in 1896, I laid away an historical sketch of the Creal school which was written by John D. Somerville, a former teacher, and which was published in the Harrison County Democrat of Cadiz, under the date of April 8th, of that year. It is so complete as to detail that we quote it in its entirety:

The Creal School

"Knowing the general lack of information with reference to the history of one's immediate neighborhood, especially of the school, and the extreme importance of the same, we have with the generous aid of the many good people of the Creal district (No. 3 North township) collected considerable data with reference to their school.

The first term of school was taught 1839-40 by John Giles, in a log house situated about 25 rods due south from the present school house—the same being in a rough hollow and surrounded by woods. This might be termed 'one of the houses you read about'. In one end there was a huge fire place in which there burned a monstrous fire and the only light that pervaded this 'seat of learning' stole through a few panes of glass and some greased paper that filled a crevice made by cutting out a log on either side. On rainy days it was almost impossible to see to read. The desks and seats were made of slabs hauled from Harrison's saw mill. Pins were driven into the wall and upon these rested a slab which formed the desk, while the benches had no backs. Here Andrew and John McLandsborough, John Harrison and others received their start.

A. B. Creal taught in this house 1840-41 and 1840-42. The next year 1842-43 he taught in the kitchen of another house somewhat near the present site, but east of it, while he and his wife lived in

another room of the same house, Mrs. Creal tells how she used to peep through the cracks when Mr. C. was dispensing the "lickin' and learnin'," and says they were so crowded in that small room that Mr. C. could not whip one without hitting several. In 1843, a new log house was built on the site of the present frame building which was built by James Patton in 1867, the same year in which the first Scio college building was erected. Mr. C. taught in this building till about 1848, when he moved to Scio. Eli Canaga, taught 1853-54 and 1853-55, the years before and after the summer in which the locomotive first steamed into Scio, on the Panhandle. George Skipper, Thomas Fox, and Silas Robb taught during the interim between 1848 and 1853. Mr. Creal from 1855 to 1857, after which the following persons wielded the birch:

William Foster, 1857-58; Samuel Gutschall 1858-59; William Foster, 1859-60; Jasper N. Markle, 1860-61; James McLandsborough, 1861-62; Maggie Evans (Mrs. Thomas Moody) 1862-63; Ruth White, 1863-66; Maggie Evans, 1866-67; Eliza Lyons, 1867-68; Adam Palmer, (one month) 1868; Ruth White, 1868-69; Rudolph Graybill, 1869-70; Nettie Hill, 1870-71; L. H. Davidson, 1871-73; James Madison Harrison, 1873-75; L. H. Davidson, 1875-77; R. H. Evans, 1877-79; Laura Moore, 1879-80; Jennie Tipton, 1880-81; L. S. Tipton, 1881-83; Esther Patton (Mrs. Samuel Cole) 1883-84; L. S. Tipton. 1884-85; W. H. Finnical, 1885-86; Evan Kirby, 1886-87: S. A. Peregory, 1887-89; S. C. Albaugh, 1889-91; J. D. Somerville, 1891-92; A. W. Sampson, 1892-94; J. D. Sommerville, 1894-96.

Summer Terms

Eliza Anne Cameron, 1858; Elizabeth Evans, 1865; Ruth Jolley, 1877; Jesse Cook, 1879; Jennie Tipton, 1880; Ida Amos, 1881; L. S. Tipton, 1882; Mrs. Eunice Hough, 1889; Lizzie McCarty, 1890; Samuel Albaugh, 1891; Harry Umplebey, 1892; A. W. Sampson, 1893.

The following persons served as directors: Joseph Harrison, Sr., Emanuel Hendricks, A. B. Creal, John Wood, Jonathan Markley, James Amos, (Boss) James Gibson, W. C. Harrison, John Harrison, Jonas Hendricks, Jeremiah Arbaugh, E. S. Thompson, Jonas Wood and J. M. Creal. A. B. Creal was director for over 20 years.

This like all schools has developed and progressed with time.

In its early years the three "R's"—readin', ritin' and rithmetic—formed the course of study.

When Silas Robb (Brother-in-law of Bishop Weaver of the U. B. Church) taught, he and John Harrison used to attend a grammar school taught at night at Perrysville by John Weaver of Secret Order fame. School was in session on alternate Saturdays when wood was used as fuel.

The farmers would chop and haul wood on those days while the larger boys would do the chopping during the week.

The "ten-plate" stove followed the fire place, and many a poor boy was made to sit near the stove and withstand a severe "roasting" as a means of punishment. The Christmas treat consisted of apples and on one occasion George Wood brought a small sack to take some home to "Jane". Every teacher had to treat or be shut out on Christmas day. George Skipper was fond of his "tea", and often was on a spree for two or three days, during which time the school "adjourned from day to day". Eli Canaga used to bring a dog with him and take the boys out rabbit hunting at noon, quite often remaining out for two or three hours, and on one occasion, some of the pupils drove Johnny Creal's pigs into the school room.

In this school were educated the several members of the Amos, Arnold, Markley, Canaga, Creal, Custer, Harrison, Gibson, McLandsborough, Mott, Thompson, and other families, of whom we will say the most distinguished was Gen. George A. Custer, who was born in New Rumley, December 5, 1839. His parents lived for several years on the farm now owned by Jacob Gutschall and George and his brothers attended this school, classmates of James McLandsborough, Jonas Hendricks and others. It is said that he used to like to play soldier at school, and was a very mischievous pupil. John Harrison who had been blessed with a "full house", might be classed the greatest patron of the school. His twelve children attended throughout the period beginning 1858, when Joseph, the oldest, first started, and ending in 1893, when Virginia, the youngest stopped going. Joseph is now a prominent lawyer in Cincinnati; James Madison is engaged in farming near Seattle, Washington; John, Abraham and Belle are deceased, the latter dying the 24th inst. Charles S. is in Kansas, and the remainder are at home.

Steve Creal is in Uhrichsville; Wesley Creal is in Allegheny, Pa.; Philip and Jonas Hendricks are living in Scio; Miss Pearl Amos is teaching music in Scio College; Emery Arbaugh is running a butcher shop in Scio; O. O. Amos is one of our most popular auctioneers; S. W. Canaga is one of the leading merchants of Scio; J. Tillman Thompson is a leading horse merchant in Scio; Joseph McLandsborough is building post driving machines at Scio; John and James McLandsborough are farming in North township; Mary Harrison, now Mrs. Melvin Liggett, is living on a farm near Leesville.

Of the Custer family we will add that George, Thomas, Boston and Nevin all attended this school. The latter is living in Michigan while the first three, as any school child knows, were killed in the fatal Custer massacre near the Little Big Horn in the southern part of Montana, June 25, 1876. This battle was with the Sioux Indians under the famed Chiefs Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the-Face. The latter is still living and a policeman at one of our Indian Stations.

General Custer was attending school at Hopedale, the classmate

of William Host, William C. Harrison and Richard M. Voorhees in 1856, when he received his appointment as a cadet to West Point. It was through the efforts of Hon. John A. Bingham that he received the appointment, and the Judge considers this one of the most distinguished acts of his life.

Of the teachers we will mention that among the deceased are: A. B. Creal, John Giles, W. H. Finnical, Eli Canaga and Rudolph Graybill.

Laura Moore and Jennie Tipton are in Kansas; A. W. Sampson is attending school at Scio College; R. H. Evans is a leading contractor in Zanesville; Evan Kirby is clerk of the court of Harrison county; L. S. Tipton is a prominent lawyer in Boise City, Idaho; William Foster is practicing medicine at Superior, Nebraska; Jasper Markle was a volunteer soldier in the Civil War; S. C. Albaugh is engaged in raising small fruits near Scio; Maggie Evans, now Mrs. Thomas Moody, is living in Dennison; L. H. Davidson resides near Jewett, and is engaged in house plastering. S. A. Peregory is in the ministry and working for the good of the M. E. conference; Elizabeth Evans, now Mrs. J. W. McDivitt, is one of the leading women of Smithdale or Pleasant Valley; Adam Palmer is farming in Stock township. He taught one month, having been employed to finish the term of Eliza Lyons, resigned.

And last, and shall we say least, John D. Somerville is now engaged in teaching. The present term of school began September 30, 1895, and will close April 17, 1896. The following are names of the pupils enrolled: Clara Creal, Florence Harrison, Blanche Arbaugh, Esta Creal, Fay Thompson, Leah Wood, Lena Creal, Bessie Amos, Virginia Carter, Linn Arbaugh, Joseph Harrison, Milton Wood, Edson Creal, Leroy Wood, William Barnhouse, Charles Thompson and Jesse Arbaugh.

The average attendance has been excellent, several having not missed a single day, and some few not more than three or four days. On account of the school being small the pupils have had extraordinary advantages, and we are not sorry to say that they have to a great extent gotten away from the text books, and have done good work in composition, drawing, declamation, letter writing, language work, home geography, history, literature and many other kinds of work that can and will be used after they have left the school room.

We will not, as of yore, treat with candy this term, but have procured for each pupil a choice book (though of cheap edition) which we know will be of more use, and will serve as a memento of days gone by. We will add here that we have the very best regard for the patrons and pupils of this district who have been exceptionally kind to me. For this and their request of me to teach the school the coming year, I ask them to accept my thanks. In conclusion I may say, educate your children, furnish them with good books and papers,

create in them a desire to read, and they will never seek bad company. Do this, even though you may be compelled to wear that old coat another winter. 'This will be the true bread cast upon the waters which will return to you after many years, not alone, not impaired, but increased a hundred fold.' Then in your old days you can look back with pride to the legacy left your children and country, far better than silver or gold.

John D. Somerville.

Scio, O., March 30, 1896."

ADDENDA.

The "Kitchen" schoolroom of 1842-43, mentioned in the above account, was in a house which stood in the field near the south side of the road about two hundred feet east of the present school building. I imagine there is scarcely a trace of its location to be seen at the present time, but when I attended upon the present site of the schoolhouse, the marks of the old foundation were plainly to be seen, and there I found an old rusty pocket-knife, which, no doubt had done service in cutting rods for the punishment of unruly boys.

Of the teachers mentioned I recall an incident of the winter when William Foster taught the school. There were some deep snows during his term and because of the great drifts along the ridge road over which the Custer children had to travel they had difficulty in reaching the school.

I recall that he used to take Margaret (Emma) Custer, sister of General Custer, upon his knee, remove her shoes and warm her feet at the old cannon stove.

Jasper N. Markle, another teacher, was a son of Dr. Markle, of Franklin, Ohio, and was a great favorite of father's and letters from him to father, written during the Civil War, will appear elsewhere in this volume.

James McLandsborough was a cousin of father's, and also lived with us when he taught our school. I recall his tact and good nature in correcting my pronunciation of a word. It was the word *physician*. In school I had insisted on pronouncing it "psys-i-kan". He remonstrated and I insisted that the spelling indicated my pronunciation. He said, "Joseph, ask your father about it when you go home this evening". I did, and the laugh I received settled the pronunciation of that word thereafter. It had a convincing value

which no amount of argument on the part of the teacher could have given.

Ruth White was my last teacher in that old school. She was a good teacher, as her father had been before her. Their home was in Uhrichsville.

In the fall of 1869, I started to Scio college, and only knew of Rudolph Graybill in a general way. His home was in New Rumley and he was one of those modest, honest, substantial old Germans, whose learning was greater than that of the average teacher. He was advanced in years when he taught our school, and to the pupil who was earnest in the pursuit of his studies, was a valuable teacher. My brother, James M. Harrison, took some German lessons from him, and always respected him highly.

James M. Harrison, my brother, with his wife (Ora Holmes) and two children went to the state of Washington in 1889, and he has resided there ever since. By his thrift and industry at Sedro-Woolley he has met with a good measure of success, and is at present a member of the Senate of that state, having also served as a member of the House of Representatives in 1901-2. It was his misfortune to lose his wife, who passed away on March 21st, 1925.

Robert H. Evans, afterwards graduated from Scio College, returned to his home in Zanesville, studied law, but never practiced that profession. He engaged in the manufacture of brick at that place and became wealthy. I have lately learned that he is dead.

Of the teachers mentioned, Evan Kirby and James McLandsborough are dead. Of the patrons and pupils mentioned, and who are known to have passed away are: Joseph Harrison, Sr., John Harrison, Wm. C. Harrison, John P. Harrison, Charles S. Harrison, Ella (Carter) Harrison, Wm. H. Harrison, Emanuel Hendricks Jonas Hendricks, Philip Hendricks, Alfred Hendricks, A. B. Creal, Joseph M. Creal, Stephen Creal, John Wood, Jonas Wood, Jonathan Markley, James Amos, James Gibson, E. S. Thompson, Silas W. Canaga, John McLandsborough and Nevin J. Custer.

John D. Somerville, named after Rev. John Dempsey, a famous Methodist preacher of eastern Ohio, of that day, had a fine reputation as a broad-minded teacher, who introduced many up-to-date methods in his teaching, has been for many years, a teacher in Drake Business School at Passaic, New Jersey, where, with another Scio boy, Linn M. Arbaugh, as president of the institution, they

have met with success. He is a son of Thomas Somerville and Rebecca (Evans) Somerville who, for many years conducted a shoe store at Scio.

The Boys I Knew in the Creal School

Thomas Custer, Nevin J. Custer, Stephen Creal, Joseph, Henry and Frank Markley, Philip, Alfred and Jonas Hendricks were big boys when I was a little boy at the Creal School.

Tom Custer easily comes to my mind as the leading spirit among them, for he always had a kind word for the little boy, and it is a pleasure to remember him. He was the adventurer who climbed the trees in the late autumn season in the Creal orchard and shook off the apples for us. He also took care of the small boy in the toboggan slides in the lane to the south of the schoolhouse. His device was a long board, of tolerable width, which turned up slightly at the front end, and with him at the head to steer; the other boys sat behind him in the order of their sizes, and at the extreme rear end sat the smallest of the boys. The grade was steep enough to cause the board with its freight to go down the hill with great velocity, but as the mid-roadway was lower than the sides, there was no way for it to get off the track, but it frequently caused a "spill" at the foot of the hill. Such exercise was pretty hard on clothing, and Tom kept within his desk an old pair of trousers, which he pulled on over his others for such sport.

If baseball had been known then, as it is now, he would have been a leader in that game as he was in the old game of "town-ball". His feats as a batter, frequently drove the ball clear off the only level ground there was to play upon, and it would be occasionally found at the foot of the hill or in the woods.

In those days it was the custom to "bar the teacher out" at the holiday season if he did not treat the scholars. On one of these occasions, Tom Custer called the scholars together when the teacher was not present, and commenced preparations for the ceremony. The first thing was to secure the door from the inside so that it could not be opened from the outside. To accomplish this the long bench seat was lifted so that the upper end fell below the cross piece at the top of the door, and at the lower end it was held from being pushed down by the poker, which had been heated in the old cannon stove, and burned through the floor. As a preliminary to all

this, he had asked the small boys to sit still in their places at the side of the room, with the promise that if they did so, they would all get candy. Then when all the windows had been fastened, but one on the lower and highest part of the house, Tom got out first and helped the small scholars down to the ground. No key could then open that door, and the teacher had to capitulate before he could resume teaching.

Nevin J. Custer had difficulty in making the signs on the blackboard, used in Apothecaries weight, to the satisfaction of William Foster, teacher, and he was called upon frequently to describe what he meant by the rude figures which he drew, some of which looked like pictures of bugs.

Boston Custer was the youngest of the boys and was frequently the envy of other boys of his age in his ability to stand on his head or execute a handspring.

What boy does not remember a kindness shown him by a larger boy? Instead of an overcoat, my outdoor wear in the winter weather was a cape or cloak. At the signal for closing the school for the day there was a rush to leave and to get home. When I had difficulty in adjusting my cloak, and the other boys were likely to get ahead of me, Frank Markley assisted me in putting it on, and I have never forgotten it.

In passing, I recall another incident concerning Frank Markley. It was during our recitation in geography. I had not studied the lesson very well and when the question came to me to name the five races of men I named them correctly, and then I was asked to state to which race I belonged. There was where I faltered and took a chance on making a guess. It occurred to me that I must belong to one whose name sounded the best and I answered, "Mongolian". I can see Frank Markley yet, big boy as he was, laugh until the tears came in his eyes. That cured me of guessing when reciting a lesson.

Alfred Markley was older than I but near enough to my age to assist me in arithmetic. I had difficulty in understanding the meaning of "minuend" and "subtrahend" in subtraction. They were vague terms which I could not comprehend, especially "borrowing" one when the lower figure was greater than the one above it. I was not taught the reason for it. The same way in division, why the "divisor" was contained so many times in the "dividend". It seemed

like guess work to me, but Alfred Markley gave me a better understanding of it than the teacher ever did.

Queer, isn't it how some little things will persist in one's memory? The Markley boys were always kind in letting me have the use of their slates when I had none, and the memory of it has stayed with me through all the intervening years. Likewise, the recollection of some of the copies written by the teacher for my use in practicing penmanship: "Time and tide wait for no man"; "Many men of many minds, many birds of many kinds"; and that terse sentence of Lord Bacon's: "Reading maketh a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing a correct man".

Any one who attended a public school in Ohio in my day cannot close his recollection of that experience, without a thought of the McGuffey's series of readers and the splendid selections they contained. The address of Patrick Henry; Websters reply to Hayne; Byron's poem on the Battle of Waterloo; The Voice of the Sluggard; It Snows Cries the School Boy, and the Old Eagle Tree, are selections which easily come back to memory.

The echo of The Old Eagle Tree came to me some years ago, in a letter from my brother James M. Harrison, written from Seattle, Washington, under date of March 9, 1889, describing some of the gigantic trees in that country. He mentioned one standing on a farm near there, to which was fastened a telegraph wire, and was said to be the tallest telegraph pole in the world. It was a cedar, 34 feet in circumference, and over 300 feet high. Also, of a cedar stump which stood near by and measured 44 feet in circumference, and then added a quotation which he remembered, from the Old Eagle Tree, "A gigantic tree standing solitary and alone is a sublime object."

And now, in this year 1926, word comes to me that the Creal School has been closed and that the few remaining pupils will have conveyances to take them to Scio, which expense will be less than to maintain the old school, and thus we have noted its beginning and end. This is not an exception concerning the old district schools of Ohio, for many of them have gone out of existence for lack of scholars and due to the improved means of transportation. The *muscular* means of getting to school in the old days were not considered insuperable at that time, but times have changed. To what shall we attribute it? Has race-suicide been a factor? Certainly

there is not the number of husky youths seeking an education in the country districts as in former years. It may be that the relative growth of the towns and cities has increased above that in the country; but whatever may be the cause, the "little red school-house", was an important influence in every community, and whether the change augurs for better results remains to be seen.

Some day a poem, akin to the Epic, may be written upon the subject of the country schools in America. There are those who feel the impulse, but the man or the woman is yet to come who has the vision, the fancy, the imagery, to cast into poetic mould that era in American life.

May I not indulge the hope that some son or daughter of the Creal school will rise to the occasion and typify in history an expression which will strike a popular chord in the breasts of those who drew their first inspiration from the lessons taught them in the "little red school house".

The New Era.

Our story thus far has been of the Past. What may be said in closing of the Present and the Future? Fortunately an adventure, an event that will live for centuries to come has occurred which typifies the spirit of the present age.

The Atlantic ocean voyage of twelve weeks in a sailing vessel was in sharp contrast with that of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh, that young American, who left San Diego, California, on the evening of May 10, 1927, and came up like a Young Eagle out of the West to St. Louis, a distance of 1550 miles in fourteen hours; started again on the morning of the 12th and got to New York, 950 miles, a little after noon of that day; rested there for favorable weather, took off again alone in his monoplane "The Spirit of St. Louis", for a non-stop flight, with four sandwiches and a bottle of water on the morning of the 20th, and reached Paris in thirty-three hours and twenty-nine minutes on the evening of the 21st, *two and one-half hours ahead of schedule time.* Or that other non-stop flight of Capt. Clarence Chamberlin and Charles A. Levine, when in another monoplane named "Columbia", they hopped off also from Roosevelt Field, New York, at five o'clock Saturday morning, June 4, 1927, and landed within 100 miles of Berlin at 11 p. m. the following Sunday, reckoning according to Cincinnati time.

With human airflight, which had its origin with the Wright Brothers of Ohio, barely nineteen years old, what may we not predict as to its ultimate results?

Indeed, our bird-men have taken a different course from that of their prototype. Instead of the migratory flight from pole to pole they go to meet the rising sun and follow the course of the setting sun. Commander Richard E. Byrd last year flew over the North Pole where no bird was ever known to have been; and then on the 29th of June this year (1927) with three companions, George Norville, Bert Acosta and Bernt Balchen, took off from New York in the monoplane "America" and in a non-stop flight reached France early on the morning of July first. Lieut Lester J. Maitland and Lieut. Alfred F. Hegenberger with their eyes to the west on June 28th, set off from San Francisco in a monoplane flight of 26 hours and in a non-stop flight of 2400 miles reached Honolulu.

When one reflects upon the possibilities of Air Navigation and considers what future generations may witness when they scan the horizon of achievement in the years to come, he must be a rash man who would doubt still greater triumphs.

One Neon has written a book titled "The Great Delusion" with a preface by Arthur Hungerford Pollen, published in both England and this country in which the author says:

"It will be shown that airships can never be safe or practical as commercial vessels, and that they are useless in war; that airplanes can never be made to pay in peace as passengers or freight carriers, and that in war they have proved themselves to be unreliable, ineffective, and unprofitable, no matter how brave the pilots or spectacular their exploits."

That author may be fixing for himself a place in history in which he will be pilloried in the future, just like our own American Congress, when an appropriation was asked to build the first telegraph line in this country from Washington to Baltimore, and some of the *wise* members made fun of it, likened it to an effort to establish a telegraph line to the Moon, and the resolution to appropriate the money only passed by a majority of one vote.

Lawrence F. Abbott in the issue of the *Outlook* for June 8, 1927, under the title, "up in the Air", quotes Captain Lindbergh as saying *"Its practical and commercial development is assured"*, and then proceeds to say:

"The historical repetition lies in the fact that the same things were said of the impracticability of steamships and steam trains.

In 1803 Robert Fulton successfully propelled a boat by means of a steam engine on the river Seine. But the French Government looked upon the experiment skeptically, so the inventor returned to his native land and in 1807 made a trip from New York to Albany in the steamboat Clermont at the speed of five miles an hour 'in the presence of thousands of astonished spectators.' It was more than ten years however before the first ship was driven by steam across the Atlantic. In 1819 a paddle-wheel vessel of 350 tons, the American-built Savannah, made the voyage from Savannah to Liverpool in twenty-five days, aided by sails. When the weather was too rough the paddle wheels were unshipped and taken in on deck. In 1838, thirty years after Fulton's demonstration, the Sirius and Great Western began regular trans-Atlantic trips but shippers and passengers scorned them and they were unprofitable. It was not until 1840 that a Nova Scotian, Samuel Cunard, with the help of the British Government, firmly established the line of steamships which still bears his name. Paddle wheels were for a long time the accepted propellers and the screw did not finally displace them for deep-sea navigation until 1870. Thus more than sixty years were required to develop the essential principles of steamship transportation as we now understand them. The internal combustion engine and the steam turbine are only refinements of the fundamentals of 1870.

In railway transportation the obstacles were greater although they were more quickly overcome. George Stephenson built and operated his first successful locomotive, or "traveling engine" as he called it, in 1814. Its original principle was that the driving wheels were smooth. Against all the engineering advice of the day he contended that the adhesion or friction between the metal wheels and the metal rail would furnish sufficient tractive resistance. But it was not until 1829, that his faith in the locomotive as a transportation machine was justified in the minds of scientists as well as the lay public, by the successful and dramatic test of the "Rocket".

In the meantime Stephenson survived an almost unbelievable flood of vituperation and opposition. When the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was first proposed in 1825 the "Quarterly Review," which was to the English Intelligensia of that time what the "Atlantic Monthly" is to ours today remarked:

What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling *twice as fast* as stage-coaches. We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off, upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate.

When the promotors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway applied to Parliament for a charter its opponents bitterly attacked

Stephenson. A distinguished barrister appearing before the Parliamentary Committee argued thus:

Who but Mr. Stephenson would have thought (of such an undertaking). It is ignorance almost inconceivable. It is perfect madness in a person called upon to speak on a scientific subject to propose such a plan. . . . Every part of the scheme shows that this man has applied himself to a subject of which he has no knowledge, and to which he has no science to apply. . . . Locomotive engines are liable to be operated upon by the weather. You are told they are affected by rain, and an attempt has been made to cover them; but the wind will affect them; and any gale of wind which would affect traffic on the Mersey, would render it *impossible* to set off a locomotive engine, either by poking of the fire or by keeping up the pressure of steam until the boiler is ready to burst.

But even this was not enough. When Parliament had reluctantly granted the charter and Stephenson had with rare skill built the railroad, its directors were undecided as to the motive power. They employed two independent engineers to study the problem. These scientists reported in favor of stationary engines and ropes! Their proposal was "to divide the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester into nineteen stages of about a mile and a half each, with twenty one engines fixed at the different points to work the trains forward."

In despair Stephenson urged a test which resulted in the famous competition at Rainhill, near Liverpool. The "Rocket" emerged victor and the modern railway was born. Of this achievement the "Scotsman" newspaper truly said at the time:

The experiments at Liverpool have established principles which will give greater impulse to civilization than it has ever received from any single cause since the press first opened the gates of human knowledge to the human species at large. They may be said to have furnished man with *wings*—to have supplied him with faculties of locomotion, of which the most sanguine could not have dreamed a few years ago. Even steam navigation gives but a faint idea of the wonderous powers which this new agent has put into our hands. It is no exaggertion to say that the introduction of steam-carriages on railways places us on the verge of a new era—of a social revolution of which imagination cannot picture the ultimate effects.

In view of this history those who prophesy, even on carefully collated scientific data, the impossibilty of practical aerial transportation are very much 'up in the air'. At all events the airship begins its career under more promising auspices than the steamship or the steam-cariage."

On September 12, 1927, when the printer was calling for "copy" of the last pages of this book an event occurred which

brought back a flood of memories of the Dining Fork, and likewise exemplifies the spirit of the present age.

I had just returned to the office from luncheon and an elderly man rose to greet me. As we shook hands I said to him, "I think I have met you before, but I am now unable to recall your name." Then he smiled and I said instantly, "You are Joseph M. Anderson whom I knew at Scio, I have not seen you, it seems to me for forty years."

I remembered that many years ago he was the minister at the Northside Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati. He is now retired and lives at Hyattsville, Md., near Washington City.

I knew his wife before she was married. She was Miss Lulu Godfrey, daughter of Hon. Thomas J. Godfrey prominent lawyer, member of the Ohio Senate and of the Constitutional Convention of 1873, and resident of Celina, Ohio. She graduated from the Glendale Female College near Cincinnati in 1881, and was the valedictorian in her class of eighteen.

My recollection of him went back still farther—to his father, Robert Anderson, Millright and Farmer, whom I knew when a boy, and remembered that he had built and installed the turbine water wheel and burrs in the old Harrison mill previously mentioned.

Well, the questions and answers flew thick and fast about events and persons during his short visit and the long time of our separation.

The home of his youth and that of Beatty Anderson, his oldest soldier brother, was on the ridge on the south bank of the Conotton, almost opposite and nearly in view of the covered bridge which crosses the Dining Fork near its junction with the Conotton.

He and his sister Belle were students at Scio College in 1872; and he afterwards graduated from Franklin College, New Athens, Ohio; but the subject to which the greatest interest attached was the experience of the younger of his two sons, who is now an instructor in Meteorology at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, New Jersey. He was one of the 18 fortunate survivors of the great dirigible airship Shenandoah commanded by Lieut.-Com. Zachary Lansdowne of Greenville, Ohio, who was among the killed, and which was brought down in a violent thunder-storm on September 3, 1925, near Sharon, Noble County, Ohio, about 50 miles southwest of Scio.

The Literary Digest of September 19, 1925, stated the following in regard to his son, Lieut. Joseph Bruce Anderson:

"Says a Lakehurst dispatch to the New York Times:

"Checking up of the stories told by survivors of the Shenandoah indicates that a 'twister' or cyclonic disturbance which wrenched the nose off the Shenandoah was responsible for the wreck. The theory advanced by Capt. Anton Heinen, former Zeppelin pilot, that the removal of eight of the sixteen safety-valves was responsible, is scouted by all of the remaining crew of the dirigible.

"All agree that the actual breaking-up of the ship occurred at or near the 3,500-foot level when the cells were only normally inflated, and point out that had the break been due to the bursting of one or more gas-cells, it would have occurred when the Shenandoah was shot up by an 'air geyser' to a height of 7,000 feet.

"Lieut. Joseph B. Anderson, aerological officer of the ship, states that as the airship started up after coming down from her highest altitude, Commander Lansdowne ordered gas to be valved, but when she shot downward again he tried to steady her by loosing some of the water ballast. He then gave orders to point her nose down and drive through the storm, but at that moment the ship seemed to be seized by two parallel currents of air, one of which was traveling upward at a far greater speed than the other."

The same publication a week later contains the following:

"Lieut. J. B. Anderson was the last man to leave the control-car alive. One end of the car broke loose and Anderson was dangling with it in the air.

Lieut. R. C. Mayer, who never was a cowboy, but who knew the use of a rope, threw one with the accuracy of a plainsman, lassoed Anderson and dragged him to safety before the other end of the car broke loose and fell.

Anderson is cited as 'perhaps the most fortunate of the survivors' by the Herald Tribune, which continues:

He was the last to leave the control-car in which thirteen perished. So close was he that the car practically dropped from under his feet.

'We were 3,000 feet up,' said Lieutenant Anderson, 'when I felt her suddenly pop up into the air with incredible speed. I glanced at the altometer and read 7,000 feet. I started for the ladder to the catwalk and just reached it as the car dropt off into space. When I saw we were 7,000 feet up I knew we had reached the "ceiling" for the Shenandoah. Commander Lansdowne told me to release 800 gallons of gas to lighten her, and that was when I started for the ladder. After I reached the catwalk she dropt dizzily to 2,500 feet, groaned in every girder and fell apart."

When the youthful Lindbergh, that solitary Pilgrim of the

troubled sky, fared forth upon an uncharted route through the air from the new hemisphere to the old, now dipping almost within reach of the angry waves of the ocean, now soaring above the clouds to avoid the wind and rain and hail and sleet, upon that lonely night over the Atlantic, and winged his way straight to the Air-port in France, he gave the whole world a thrill.

His achievement merited and received the plaudits of the rulers and people of the world. In his triumph he bore himself like a hero. He disdained the temptation of sordid wealth. His was an ideal exemplification of the spirit of the American youth.

And when he returned to his native land he was greeted by the President of the United States and all her people, by the most magnificent receptions ever given to one man by the cities of Washington, New York and St. Louis; and when we read that it cost $16,000.00, and required 2,000 "White-Wings" to clear away the next day, the 1800 tons of waste paper and confetti from the streets of New York, one may understand the semi-delirium of her people.

He put the whole world in a good humor. Strange isn't it, that if *one young man* can do that, why may not all the rest of mankind *keep it so!*

AFTERWORD.

Now that my appointed task is done after devoting to it such spare time as I had, during a period of nearly three years, I feel a sense of loneliness when I think of nothing more which might be of interest.

If what has been written of the history and traditions of the Dining Fork may be regarded by the general reader as distinctly local in character, and what attached to but one community; it has had its counterpart in human interest and aspirations in many others of our common country, but in other respects it had an individuality all its own. Indeed, one friend said to me with admirable *naivete*, "You are the only person I have ever known from there." If this be the penalty which attaches to obscurity, it also has its compensation in a serenity of mind which the spotlight of publicity can never give. If the general reader shall find in this narrative anything the like of which he has known in his own experience, then I shall know that he has been interested.

It has been a pleasant task and how well performed is for others to say. No doubt time will disclose much that might have been added, as well as portions which might have been omitted, yet all has been done with the cheering hope that it may have an interest to the general reader, and a greater interest to those in whose veins runs the blood of the persons mentioned.

The story has been told largely in the language of others and better than could have been done at second-hand. It gives a glimpse of the early pioneers; it gives an account of their sturdy sons and daughters; and it gives a close-up view of a generation within the memory of men still living.

The days when the chipmunk ran the sinuous line of the old rail fence are gone forever; likewise the days when the farmer had no thought of locking the door of his dwelling at night; and when he felt perfectly safe in signing his check in blank and sending it to the County Treasurer to fill in the amount of his taxes and return to him a proper receipt.

To the writer a strange interest attached to the life and character of John Harrison the first English settler in the valley of the Dining Fork. He was one of the type of men of the Cromwell period, in many respects the most interesting in all English history. His was a grim life, enlivened by no thought of the world of beauty in mountain and valley, forest and stream, cloud and sky and the starry spheres above him. To him this was a hard world and a grim service on earth was the best and only preparation for the life to come.

It was not so with his son Joseph. He delighted in the companionship of his fellowmen. The song of a bird or the fragrance and petals of a flower attracted him. He took delight in the great achievements of men. A look at St. Paul's Cathedral or Niagara excited in him emotions of grandeur and sublimity. He lived with Byron and his poetry, and he had daily communion with Burns in his visions of the Good the True and the Beautiful.

It is with emotions of the retrospect and the prospect that I close this story. Some lines come down to me after a lapse of fifty years. When or by whom they were written I do not know; but the story of the last one hundred years naturally suggests, What shall be the next one for a like period?

ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

"Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mightly millions be,
A hundred years to come?
We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our land will till,
And others then—our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as today
A hundred years to come."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Grateful acknowledgment is here made to those who have assisted me in gathering the material for this book, among whom it is a pleasure to mention:

Miss Sarah Ann Reffitt, London, England; Mrs. Sophia T. Watson, Lawrence, Mass.; William W. Harrison, Scio, Ohio; Joseph McLandsborough, Dennison, Ohio; Mrs. Samuel T. Logan, Crafton, Pa.; Mrs. Sherman F. McKlveen, Scio, Ohio; Mr. John T. Giles, Uhrichsville, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Dr. J. L. Otterman, Kansas City, Kansas; Miss Millie Stephenson, Gaylord, Kansas; Mrs. T. E. Hastie and Mrs. Anna Giles, Columbus, Ohio; Miss Emma Giles Moore, Mineral, Ill.; Miss Elizabeth E. Canaga, McKee's Rocks, Pa.; Mrs. Alma Compher, New Philadelphia, Ohio; and not to be forgotten, Miss Helen Stapleton, Cincinnati, Ohio, stenographer and typist, whose patience was often tried to decipher my notes and give attention to the many details required to prepare the manuscript.

APPENDICES

Harrison Family Tree

JOHN HARRISON

First came to Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A., in 1814, went back, and returned in 1816, bringing with him his son Joseph, then 16 years of age, and who was the ancestor of the family of that name in North Township, Harrison County, Ohio. The father and son returned to England in 1823, Joseph returning again in 1826, when he settled permanently upon a farm one mile north of New Market (now Scio, Harrison County, Ohio).

Joseph made another, his last, trip to England in the summer of 1854, and of which he kept a diary of his visits in England and Scotland and return via New York, the Hudson River, Albany, Geneva, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and Cleveland, Ohio, which is now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Frank McCullough, Richmond, Ohio.

HARRISON FAMILY TREE

(Beginning with a grave-stone in Otley Church Yard, Otley Independent Chapel Graveyard, and the Church Register at Otley, England. The years of birth and death are given so far as known.)

* Deceased.
§ Children.
Figures in parentheses represent generations succeeding Michael Harrison.
1728–1798—Years of birth and death.

(1) MICHAEL HARRISON—ANN HARRISON
1728–1798 1735–1800
Otley, England

§

John Harrison	Michael Harrison	Sarah Harrison
1762–1834	1765–1800	1775–1800
		Thomas Chippendale

(2)JOHN HARRISON—HANNAH BROWN HARRISON
1762–1834 ——1834
Otley, England

§

Michael Harrison 1793–1810
John Harrison 1795–1852
Hannah Harrison 1798–1857
Joseph Harrison 1800–1878
Benjamin Harrison ——1874
Sarah Ann Harrison Joseph Reffitt ——1875
Rachel Harrison James Walker
Mary Harrison James Trees
Ann Harrison ——1796
Elizabeth Harrison Mrs. John McLandsborough ——1839

---

(3)JOSEPH HARRISON—ELLEN HARTLEY HARRISON
1800–1878 ——1853
Scio, Ohio

§

John Harrison 1830–1908
William C. Harrison 1837–1912
Joseph Harrison 1840–1847

---

(4)JOHN HARRISON—EUPHEMIA PATTERSON HARRISON
1830–1908 1830–1920
Scio, Ohio

§

Joseph T. Harrison 1853——
James M. Harrison 1855——
John P. Harrison 1857–1895
Charles S. Harrison 1858–1899
William H. Harrison 1860–1909 (Twins) Isabelle Harrison 1860–1896
Ellen Harrison 1862–1909
Abraham L. Harrison 1864–1888
Thaddeus S. Harrison 1866——
Euphemia Harrison 1868——
Milton B. Harrison 1870——
Virginia Harrison 1872——

---

(5)JOSEPH T. HARRISON—VANELIA SMITH HARRISON
1853—— 1856–1921

§

Louise Harrison
1890——

---

(6)LOUISE HARRISON SNODGRASS—LARNED I. SNODGRASS

§

(7)Anne L. Snodgrass
1913——

---

(5)JAMES MADISON HARRISON—ORA HOLMES HARRISON
1855—— ——1925
Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

§

George Harrison 1881—— | Elmina Harrison | John Harrison

---

(6)ELMINA HARRISON SCOTT—GEORGE F. SCOTT
1883——
Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

§

Howard H. Scott | Earl Scott | Wilbur Scott | Lorin Scott

---

(6)JOHN HARRISON—ANN HARRISON
1889——
Sedro-Woolley, Wash.

§

Robert Glen Harrison | Betty Grace Harrison

---

(5)WILLIAM H. HARRISON—ADDIE BAKER HARRISON
1860–1909
Scio, Ohio

§

(6)John Baker Harrison

---

(5)ISABELLE HARRISON CARTER—NELSON CARTER*
1860–1896
Atlantic, Iowa

§

(6)Virginia Carter

---

(6)VIRGINIA CARTER COOPER—PERRY COOPER

---

(5)ELLEN HARRISON CARTER—NELSON CARTER*
1862–1909
Atlantic, Iowa

---

(5)EUPHEMIA HARRISON McKLVEEN—SHERMAN F. McKLVEEN
1868——
Scio, Ohio

---

(5)MILTON B. HARRISON—OLA HAINES HARRISON
1870——
Scio, Ohio

§

Wilbur L. Harrison — Famy M. Harrison — Delmar S. Harrison
Virginia B. Harrison — Mary E. Harrison — Dorothy M. Harrison
Mabel Harrison

---

(5)VIRGINIA HARRISON WHITTAKER—HARRY F. WHITTAKER
1872——
Cadiz, Ohio

---

(4)WILLIAM C. HARRISON—ELIZABETH WADDINGTON HARRISON
1837–1912 — 1841–1925
Scio, Ohio

§

Elmer Ellsworth Harrison 1861–1862 — Benjamin Edgar Harrison 1863–1924 — Mary Harrison 1864——
Annie E. Harrison 1865—— — Laura Harrison 1872—— — William W. Harrison 1875——
Grace Harrison 1877—— — Joseph Harrison 1880—— — Florence Harrison 1883——

---

(5)BENJAMIN EDGAR HARRISON—SADIE MARKLEY HARRISON*
1863–1924
Scio, Ohio

§

Byron Harrison — Ralph Harrison — Eva Harrison
Frederick B. Harrison — Susan C. Harrison

---

(6)BYRON HARRISON—SUSAN CRAWFORD HARRISON
Scio, Ohio

§

Robert Harrison — Eugene Harrison

---

(6)RALPH HARRISON—PERA EASLICK HARRISON
Scio, Ohio

§

Elaine Harrison

---

(6)FREDERICK B. HARRISON———— ————
Scio, Ohio

§

Edgar Harrison

---

(5)MARY HARRISON LIGGETT—MELVIN LIGGETT
1864——
Leesville, Ohio

§

Thomas H. Liggett Laura Fern Liggett Evangeline Liggett
Beatrice Liggett

---

(5)GRACE HARRISON STEWARD—EDGAR ROSS STEWARD
1877——
Carrollton, Ohio

§

Elizabeth Steward

---

(5)JOSEPH HARRISON—EVA CARPENTER HARRISON
1880——
Scio, Ohio

§

Charles Harrison Catherine Harrison Mary Harrison

---

(5)FLORENCE HARRISON ADRIAN—CHESTER E. ADRIAN
1883——
Dennison, Ohio

§

William Chester Adrian Donald Adrian

---

(3)ELIZABETH HARRISON McLANDSBOROUGH—
——1839
JOHN McLANDSBOROUGH
1782–1857
Scio, Ohio

§

Andrew McLandsborough John McLandsborough
Elizabeth McLandsborough James McLandsborough
(Janet Ferguson, half sister)

---

(4)ANDREW McLANDSBOROUGH———— McLANDSBOROUGH
——1886
Mahaska Co., Iowa

§

Mrs. Ida McL. Roberts, Lacey, Iowa

---

(4)JOHN McLANDSBOROUGH—CATHERINE ELY McLANDSBOROUGH
1824–1900 ——1883
Scio, Ohio

§

Andrew McLandsborough Janet McLandsborough Joseph McLandsborough
Alice McLandsborough William McLandsborough Siegel McLandsborough
A. Lincoln McLandsborough John McLandsborough
——1893

---

(5)ANDREW McLANDSBOROUGH
1850–1914
MARY ARBAUGH McLANDSBOROUGH
1852–1923
Dennison, Ohio

§

Minnie Viola McLandsborough Grace Florence McLandsborough

---

(6)MINNIE V. McLANDSBOROUGH LOGAN—SAMUEL T. LOGAN
1873——
Grafton, Pa.

§

(7)Anna Blanche Logan Mary Isabelle Logan
1896—— 1900——

---

(6) GRACE F. McLANDSBOROUGH HAYES—OLIVER B. HAYES
1877——
Pittsburgh, Pa.

§

(7)Jean Matilda Hayes
1903——

---

(7)ANNA B. LOGAN RUSSELL—BRYAN RUSSELL
————, Wyoming

---

(5)JANET McLANDSBOROUGH CALCOTT—BENJAMIN CALCOTT
1852——
Scio, Ohio

§

John Calcott Elmer Calcott Anna Calcott Alice Calcott

---

(6)ANNA CALCOTT TOPE—DR. U. I. TOPE
Lamertine, Ohio

§

Mildred Tope Wilma Tope

---

(6)ALICE C. MARKLEY—ABE MARKLEY
Scio, Ohio

§

Grace Calcott (Mrs. Raymond Bell)
Helen Calcott (Mrs. Wendell Heaston)
Thomas Markley Florence Markley Earl Markley

---

(5)JOSEPH McLANDSBOROUGH—
ELIZA CAMERON McLANDSBOROUGH
Station Fifteen, Ohio

§

Pearl S. McLandsborough Alice McLandsborough*

---

(6)PEARL S. McLANDSBOROUGH BROWN—JOSHUA BROWN

§

Frances E. Brown (Mrs. Doyle K. Hendricks)
Ray M. Brown Wilma J. Brown Eugene E. Brown Joseph J. Brown
Carl E. Brown Edna Brown Howard Brown

---

(5)WILLIAM McLANDSBOROUGH—
CHARITY AMOS McLANDSBOROUGH
Scio, Ohio

§

Paul McLandsborough Ray McLandsborough

---

(5)JOHN McLANDSBOROUGH—
WINIFRED LIGGETT McLANDSBOROUGH
Station Fifteen, Ohio

§

Kathryn McLandsborough (Mrs. Thos. Greer)
Siegel L. McLandsborough Mary L. McLandsborough
John McLandsborough, Jr. Robert and Roberta McLandsborough (Twins)
Edmund S. McLandsborough Alice L. McLandsborough
Winifred E. McLandsborough

---

(5)SIEGEL McLANDSBOROUGH—INA LIGGETT McLANDSBOROUGH
Scio, Ohio
(No Children)

---

(5)A. LINCOLN McLANDSBOROUGH———— McLANDSBOROUGH
——1893
Pittsburgh, Pa.
(One Daughter)

---

(3)BENJAMIN HARRISON—MARY WINTER HARRISON
——1874
Otley, England

§

Ann Harrison John Harrison Hannah Harrison Sarah Harrison
Mary Harrison Joseph Harrison (Twins) Benj. Harrison
Rachel Harrison Michael Harrison

---

(4)ANN HARRISON FEARNSIDE—MATTHEW FEARNSIDE
Bradford, England

§

Joshua Fearnside Annie Fearnside

---

(5)JOSHUA FEARNSIDE———— FEARNSIDE
York, England

§

Henry Fearnside (Australia) Frank Fearnside (Australia) Stanley Fearnside (Canada) Inez Fearnside (England)
Kate Fearnside (England) Margaret Fearnside (England) G. Alan Fearnside

---

(5)ANNIE FEARNSIDE JEFFERSON—J. C. JEFFERSON
Yorkshire, England

§

Harold Fearnside
(Kingby, England)

(6)G. ALAN FEARNSIDE———— ————
Leeds, England

§

Martin Fearnside Peter Fearnside David Fearnside Elizabeth Fearnside

---

(4)HANNAH HARRISON ROBINS—EDGAR ROBINS
England

§

Emily Robins Thwastes (husband) J. Thwastes

---

(4)JOSEPH HARRISON———— ————
Otley, England

§

Isabelle Harrison (Bradford, England)
William Harrison (Winnepeg, Can.)
John Harrison (Vancouver, B. C.)
Stanley Harrison (Vancouver, B. C.)

---

(4)MICHAEL HARRISON———— ————
Nottingham, England

§

Edwin Harrison (Several Chil.) — Arthur Harrison (Australia) — Winifred Harrison (Married)

Louise Harrison — Stanley Harrison (Australia)

———

(3)RACHEL HARRISON WALKER—JAMES WALKER
——1846
Otley, England

§

John Walker (3 Daughters) — William Walker — James Walker (4 Children) — Thomas Walker

George Walker — Joseph Walker

———

(4)THOMAS WALKER—SOPHIA TREES
(Two boys)

———

(4)JAMES WALKER———— WOODHEAD
(4 Children)

———

(3)MARY HARRISON TREES—JAMES TREES
1789–1863 ——1844
Otley, England

§

William Trees* — Thomas Trees* — John Trees — Mary Trees

Eliza Trees — Elizabeth Trees — Sophia Trees — Sarah Trees

———

(4)JOHN TREES———— TREES
——1899 ——1910
Lawrence, Mass.

§

Fred Trees ——1910 — John Trees — Harry Trees

Sophia Trees Watson (Lawrence, Mass.) — Lilian Trees Agnew (Fall River, Mass.)

———

(4)MARY TREES HEPPER—CHRISTOPHER HEPPER
——1863
Bradford, England
(Children)

———

(4)ELIZA TREES COOPER—EDWARD COOPER
(Two Children)

———

(4)ELIZABETH TREES GRAYSON———— GRAYSON
——1874

§

Miss Lavinia Grayson, Ripon, Yorkshire, Eng.

---

(4)SOPHIA TREES WALKER—THOMAS WALKER
(Two sons)

---

(4)SARAH TREES STEVENSON———— STEVENSON
England

---

(3)SARAH ANN HARRISON REFFITT—JOSEPH REFFITT
——1875
Leeds, England

§

Mary Reffitt
Joseph H. Reffitt
(Unmarried)

Hannah Reffitt
Sarah A. Reffitt
(Unmarried)

John Reffitt
James Reffitt

---

(4)MARY REFFITT OLDFIELD—JAMES OLDFIELD
Leeds, England

§

Louise Oldfield

James Oldfield
(Unmarried)

Kate Oldfield

Florence Oldfield

---

(5)LOUISE OLDFIELD HUMMERSTON—H. HUMMERSTON

§

Nancy Hummerston
(Husband, A. Miller, died in South Africa)

Bessie Hummerston
(Husband, B. Petch)

---

(4)HANNAH REFFITT HAIGH—F. HAIGH

§

Evelyn Haigh

Emily Haigh

---

(5)EVELYN HAIGH ANNING—G. P. ANNING

§

Antony Anning

Joan Anning

Richard Anning

---

(5)EMILY HAIGH HARRIS—THEODORE HARRIS

§

Ann Harris

---

(4)JOHN REFFITT—SARAH HARRISON REFFITT
——1896 ——1919
(Daughter of Benj. Harrison)

§

Sarah Ann Reffitt (Unmarried) | Alice Reffitt | Arthur Reffitt ——1917 | Frank Reffitt (Unmarried)

John H. Reffitt | Harry Reffitt (Resides in France)

---

(5)ALICE REFFITT HAYWARD—JOHN HAYWARD
——1920

§

Dorothy Hayward

---

(5)ARTHUR REFFITT———— REFFITT
——1917

§

Clive Reffitt | Enid Reffitt

---

(6)CLIVE REFFITT———— REFFITT

§

Peter Reffitt

---

(6)ENID REFFITT ADZE————ADZE

§

Enid R. Adze | Kenneth Adze

---

(5)JOHN H. REFFITT———— REFFITT
London, England

§

John Reffitt

Patterson Family Tree

JOHN PATTERSON

A native of Dumfries, Scotland, came first to Western Pennsylvania, and thence to the homestead in Ohio, where he lived and died. He was married to Isabelle McMillen in 1825.

PATTERSON FAMILY TREE

* Deceased.
§ Children.
Figures in parentheses represent generations after John Patterson.

(1)JOHN PATTERSON—ISABELLE McMILLAN PATTERSON
——1859 ——1846

§

James Patterson* | Euphemia Patterson* | William Patterson*
Margaret Patterson* | Isabelle Patterson* | Robena Patterson*
Mary Patterson* | Adam Patterson ——1865 | Martha Patterson*
Alexander Patterson

---

(1)JOHN PATTERSON—CATHERINE PATTERSON
——1859 ——1881

§

Elizabeth Patterson* | Samuel Patterson* | John Patterson

---

(2)JAMES PATTERSON*—JANE SPROUL PATTERSON
Blue Mound, Kansas

§

John Patterson | Nancy Patterson | Charles Patterson
William Patterson | Elizabeth Patterson | Thomas Patterson
Milton Patterson

---

(2)MARGARET PATTERSON NICKLE—MATTHEW NICKLE
Hookstown, Pa.

§

John Nickle | Thomas Nickle | Alex. Murry Nickle | James Nickle
Mary Nickle | Margaret Nickle | William P. Nickle

---

(3)JOHN NICKLE———— NICKLE
Hookstown, Pa.

§

Wallace Nickle | Earl Nickle | Grace Nickle

(3)THOMAS NICKLE———— NICKLE
Hookstown, Pa.

§

Mrs. Gertrude Stewart | Birdella Nickle | Ethel Nickle
Maude & Mabel Nickle (Twins)

(3)MARGARET NICKLE RUNYON—GEORGE RUNYON
Wellsville, Ohio

§

Isabelle Runyon

(3)WILLIAM P. NICKLE—STELLA S. SCOTT
Lamertine, Ohio
(See Scott, adopted)

§

Harry Scott | Mary Francis Scott

(2)EUPHEMIA PATTERSON HARRISON—JOHN HARRISON
(See John Harrison)

(2)ROBENA PATTERSON RUTAN—WILLIAM RUTAN
Ashland, Ohio

§

Mary Rutan | Judson Rutan | Alice Rutan

(3)MARY RUTAN DAVIDSON—WILLIAM DAVIDSON
Ashland, Ohio

§

Miss Cary Davidson | J. Blaine Davidson | Bertha Davidson

(3)ALICE RUTAN CHASE—NELSON CHASE
St. Paul, Minn.
(No children)

(2)ISABELLE PATTERSON HOGUE—WILLIAM HOGUE
Kilgore, Ohio

§

Mary Hogue | Martha Hogue | Grace Hogue

(3)MARY HOGUE THOMPSON—JOHN THOMPSON
Kilgore, Ohio
(Two children, son and daughter)

(3)GRACE HOGUE WOOD—JESSE WOOD
Carrollton, Ohio
(Children—Mabel, daughter)

(2)MARY SCOTT—ALEXANDER SCOTT
——1907 ——1878
Lamertine, Ohio

§

William P. Scott (youngest child of Margaret P. Nickle. See Nickle)
1867–1906

(2)WILLIAM PATTERSON—MARY BOSTON PATTERSON
——1912 ——1926
Jacksonville, Ill.

§

Louise Patterson	Geo. Wallace Patterson	Martha Patterson
Edward Patterson	Irvin Patterson	Ulysses G. Patterson*
Leonard Patterson	Maude Patterson	Henrietta Patterson

(3)HENRIETTA PATTERSON DEWEESE—ERNEST G. DEWEESE
Jacksonville, Ill.

§

Pearl Deweese	Ruby Deweese	Ruth Deweese

(3)EDWARD PATTERSON—MINERVA PATTERSON
Jacksonville, Ill.

§

Everett W. Patterson	Wm. Earl Patterson
Harold L. Patterson	Helen M. Patterson

(3)IRVIN A. PATTERSON—FLORENCE PATTERSON
——1901
Jacksonville, Ill.

§

Ray Patterson

(3)MAUD PATTERSON CRUM—JAMES W. CRUM
Jacksonville, Ill.

§

Clarence K. Crum

(2)MARTHA PATTERSON DOTY—JOSEPH DOTY
Lexington, Ohio

§

John Doty ——1912 | Laura Doty | Belle Doty | Boyd P. Doty

---

(3)LAURA DOTY CAMPBELL—JOHN CAMPBELL
Lexington, Ohio

§

Glen Campbell

---

(3)BELLE DOTY TUCKER—JOHN G. D. TUCKER
Lexington, Ohio

§

Rev. Boyd Tucker (Missionary, India) | Paul Tucker | Ruth Tucker

---

(3)BOYD P. DOTY—BESSIE OREBAUGH DOTY
Westerville, Ohio

§

Boyd P. Doty, Jr. | Donald Doty

---

(2)ALEXANDER PATTERSON—SARAH BRIDGMAN PATTERSON
1845–1922 | 1846–1922
Jacksonville, Ill.

§

Ira Patterson | Walter Patterson | Edith Patterson
Austin Patterson | Cora Patterson

---

(3)CORA PATTERSON JONES—ELMER JONES
Literbury, Ill.

§

Irene Jones | Louise Jones

---

(3)IRA PATTERSON—CLARA PATTERSON
Jacksonville, Ill.
(Children)

---

(2)ELIZABETH PATTERSON COOK—DR. T. H. COOK
——1923 | ——1901
Scio, Ohio

§

James Cook | Charles Cook (St. Louis, Mo.) | Eva Cook (Married) | Catherine Cook (Married)

---

(2)SAMUEL PATTERSON———— MAHOLM PATTERSON
——1911

§

James Patterson (Mandan, North Dakota)
Arthur C. Patterson (Yardley, Washington)

---

(2)JOHN PATTERSON—SOPHIA AMOS PATTERSON
——1916
Lamertine, Ohio

§

Ernest Patterson*
Mrs. Bessie P. Logan
Murray Patterson
Mrs. Sophia Patterson Smeltz
Albert Patterson
Mrs. Anna Patterson Umplebey

Fragments of Trees

(From the Leaves of the Fox Bible)

Thomas Fox 1809–1866
Sarah Hartley Fox 1804–1887

Thomas Fox
Sarah Hartley Fox
Married, 1838

Emily Fox 1842–1923
Mary Fox Waltz 1845–1921

FROM A GRAVE-STONE IN OTLEY CHURCHYARD

"Here lieth the body of Betty, wife of William Waddington of Otley, who died the 28th day of July, 1809, in the 39th year of her age. Also, William, husband of above named Betty Waddington who departed this life January 2nd, 1830, aged 76 years."

Graduates of Scio College

(1868)

*Carrie Sherrod (Mrs. R. Baird)
*George A. Yost (Physician, Warrenton, O.)
W. D. Slease (Minister, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

(1869)

Sidney Drake (Oil City, Pa.)
Sylvester Henderson (Summer, Ill.)
*John R. Keyes (Minister, ——1911, Cambridge, O.)
*George W. McCleary (Wellsburg, W. Va.)
*John W. Otterman (Minister, Ford City, Pa.)
James L. Otterman (Physician, Kansas City, Kansas)
*John W. Toland (Minister, ——1906, Wellsville, O.)
R. A. Watson (Minister)

(1870)

J. B. Carns
*Wilbur L. Davidson (Minister, ——1912, Cleveland, O.)
William L. Dixon (Minister, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
Kate McCullough (Kate M. Johnston, Uhrichsville, O.)
J. R. Slease (Minister, Pinoles, Cal.)
I. T. Wright (Minister, Wattsville, O.)
John C. Givin (Attorney, Charleston, W. Va.)
*Evan S. Kirby (Attorney, ——1910, Cadiz, O.)
*J. Allison Lee (Physician, ——1914, Lisbon, Iowa.)
Blanche Stedman (Mrs. John R. Keyes, Cambridge, O.)
*John Byron Weight (Attorney, Judge, ——1914, Mt. Vernon, O.)
*George Crooks (Minister, Salem, O.)

(1871)

Mary Mathilda Barnes (Mrs. Theodore N. Eaton, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
*George W. Beatty (Minister, ——————, Cal.)
Ella T. Byrne (Mrs. John C. Givin, Charleston, W. Va.)
J. B. Carns (Minister, Ainsworth, Kan.)
*George W. Lyons (Minister, ——1907, Berkeley, Cal.)
*G. H. McCready (Minister)
*George G. Shindler (Attorney, Cleveland, O.)
O. M. Seward (Atorney, Ft. Scott, Kans.)
*Theodore N. Eaton (Minister, ——1912, Dravosburg, Pa.)
Edson F. Edmonds (Minister, Garrettsville, O.)
H. L. Gibson (Harlem Springs, O.)
*A. W. Butts (Minister, ——1915, East Palestine, O.)
R. A. Watson (Minister, Orville, O.)
G. B. Work (Minister, Warren, Ind.)
W. S. Wright (Minister, Palmyra, N. Y.)
*Hattie B. Vertican

(1872)

*Alfred B. Canaga (Lieut. Com. U. S. Navy, ——1906, Boston, Mass.)
Eugene P. Edmonds (Minister, Westerville, O., R. F. D. No. 3)
John O. Garret (Attorney, Massillon, O.)
Jennie Bestow Healea (Thomas D. Healea, Attorney, Steubenville, O.)
*Edgar O. McIntyre (Minister, ——1908, Papaygan Island, Philippine Islands.)
*Ezra E. Tope (Physician, Scio, O.)
John W. Wright (Physician and Surgeon, Columbus, O.)
N. H. Henderson (Minister)
*J. J. Moffitt (Minister, ——1881, Uniontown, Pa.)
Elliott B. McKeever (Insurance, Moline, Ill.)
George W. Miller (Business, Springfield, Mo.)
William H. Rider (Minister, Detroit, Mich.)
*William D. Starkey (Minister, Caldwell, O.)
*John R. Steeves (Broker, ——1927, Oakland, Cal.)
Samuel A. Thompson (Minister, Van Nuys, Cal.)
Cassius M. Westlake (Minister, Boston, Mass.)
H. W. Baker (Minister)
*L. P. Saddler (Minister, ——1882, Cadiz Junction, O.)
*J. D. Vail (Minister, ——1910, Uhrichsville, O.)

(1873)

*Reuben H. Freshwater (Minister, New Philadelphia, O.)
*Frank H. Bailey (Lieut. Com. U. S. Navy, Rear Admiral, Gowanda, N. Y.)
*Frank Beatty
John W. Charlton
John W. Darlington (Physician ——————, Kans.)
G. H. Gordon (Minister, Kansas, Ill.)
Edward F. Layport (Minister, Columbus Grove, O.)
*David H. Lee (Minister, Missionary, Calcutta, India.)
*John A. McConnell (Minister, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
*Leonidas H. Eaton (Minister, ——1886, Millvale, Pa.)
D. T. Stewart (Physician)
*Isaac H. Rader (——1896, Scio, O.)
McKendree Stahl (Minister, Lake Worth, Fla.)
Samuel P. Marsh (Minister, Zanesville, O.)
John A. McCullough (Minister, Chatham, O.)
*Isaac H. Rader (Minister, Scio, O.)
*Samantha J. Tope

(1874)

William J. Black
W. J. Beatty
*Warner G. Blackburn (——1877, Piedmont, O.)
*William O. Dunbar (Attorney, Sewellsville, O.)
*Antoinette I. Eaton (Mrs. S. P. Marsh, ——1876, E. Freedom, O.)
Charles C. Emerson (Minister, Manor, Pa.)
*Martin L. Minnick (Scio, O.)

(1874)

Maggie M. Patton (Mrs. Frank P. Kellom, Winchester, N. H.)
Gerge W. Huddleston (Minister, Harlem Springs, O.)
Ada Jones (Mrs. David H. Lee, Calcutta, India.)
*Daniel N. Stafford (Minister, Springfield, O., ——1922.)
Charles W. Milliken (Johnson, O.)
James A. McMillen (Minister)
J. M. Foster (Minister, New Wilmington, Pa.)
A. Brady Conwell (Minister, East Colorado Springs, Colo.)
*Anna Canaga Brown (Mrs. Samuel Brown, Big Run, Pa.)
*John B. Busby (Attorney, Cadiz, O.)
Elizabeth E. Canaga (McKee's Rocks, Pa.)
Oscar A. Emerson (Minister, Brownsdale, Pa.)
James L. Herron (Minister, Canton, O.)
*Daniel R. Kinsey (Attorney, Kingman, Kans.)
Carrie L. Powell (Mrs. ——— Graham, Winifred, Kans., R. F. D. No. 10)
Marcellus A. Reed (Garrettsville, O.)
Samuel Reno
Clara Malty
Lavina Todd (Grand Detour, Ill.)

(1875)

*Cyrus Brough (Minister, ——1899, St. Louis, Mo.)
J. P. Buxton (Phillipsburgh, N. J.)
Ella S. Custer (Mrs. ——— Fribley, New Philadelphia, O.)
*A. W. Gruber (Minister, East Liverpool, O.)
Joseph T. Harrison (Attorney, Cincinnati, O.)
*David M. Heaston (Minister, Conotton, O.)
Jeremiah W. Hickman (Minister, Sistersville, W. Va., R. F. D. No. 2)
Nettie Hill (Mrs. ——— Rainier, ——— Ia.)
W. S. Shepherd (Minister, Geneva, O.)
Wellington E. Wildman (Farmington, O.)
*William M. Howes
Esther A. Patton (Mrs. Samuel D. Cole, Jewett, O.)
Albert Allen Pittenger (Minister, Milford, Ia.)
Frank K. Robinson (Minister, Winona, Ill.)
John Jacob Wallace (Minister, Editor Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
*James H. Hollingshead (Minister, ——1912, Cleveland, O.)

(1876)

*Pauline Bucher (Mrs. Albert B. Lee.)
J. Harry Burlison (Minister, Nebraska.)
David S. Porter (Minister, Columbus, O.)
Curtis Vance Criss (Minister, Sedalia, Mo.)
Wesley W. Dale (Petrolia, Pa.)

(1877)

*David W. Knight (Minister, Bay Village, O.)
Perry Ross Parrish (Minister, Cincinnati, O.)
Alice M. Toland (Mrs. Curtis V. Criss, Springfield, Mo.)
*J. S. Bracken (Minister, ——1895, Allegheny, Pa.)
James Walls (Minister, Andover, O.)
John C. Walker (Minister, Burr Oak, Kans.)
*Joseph A. Watson
C. J. Feitt (Minister)

(1878)

Bunyan C. Davidson (Kansas City, Mo.)
*Robert H. Evans (Manufacturer, Zanesville, O.)
David M. Gruber (Attorney, Steubenville, O.)
John H. McCune (Minister, Detroit, Mich.)

(1879)

John F. Ekey (Minister, Salina, Kans.)
Levi L. Fisher (Minister, Lodi, O.)
Charles M. Hollett (Minister, Athens, O.)
*M. Laura Moore
*Henry J. Grace (Minister, Scio, O.)
Anthony C. Welch (Minister, Scio, O.)
W. H. Pearson (Minister, Asheville, N. C.)

(1880)

Robert W. Gardiner (Minister, Apple Creek, O.)
*Marion W. Hissey (Minister, Zanesville, O.)
*Elizabeth Hollingshead (Mrs. Rev. W. H. Dickerson)
Joseph P. Kennedy (Minister, Greenfield, Mass.)
J. W. Satterthwaite (Minister, Olympia, Wash.)
*Henry D. Stauffer (Minister, Medina, O.)

(1881)

Elizabeth M. Allison (Mrs. Rev. Joseph P. Kennedy, Greenfield, Mass.)
*Sadie Hogue (Mrs. Andrew E. Scott, Scio, O.)
J. S. Hollingshead (Minister, Farmdale, O.)
Joseph Stotler (No data)
James W. McCoy
*John S. Secrest (Minister, Akron, O.)
John C. Smith (Minister, Warren, O.)

(1882)

*Edgar W. Armstrong (No data)
George T. Norris (Minister, Mogadore, O.)
Luther S. Rader (Minister, Little River, Fla.)
A. M. Stephens (Minister, ——1899, Palatine, Fla.)

(1883)

Myrwood T. Dixon (Physician, Columbus, O.)
Daniel J. Johnston (East Liverpool, O.)
John T. Morton (Minister, Frederickstown, O.)
Robert A. Wallover (Oil Producer, Smith's Ferry, Pa.)

(1884)

J. McKinney Adams (Business, Columbus, O.)
*Wilbur G. Compher (Prof. Scio College.)
William A. Frye (Minister, Chicago, Ill.)
Maris R. Hackman
*James A. Leech (Physician)
Franklin McCallum (Minister, Port Hope, Can.)
John G. Gamble (Minister, Bellaire, O.)
*John W. Hackley (Minister, ——1915, LaSalle, Ill.)
*A. R. Chapman (Minister, ——1907, Massillon, O.)
John F. St. Clair (Banker, Topeka, Kans.)
Luther S. Tipton (Attorney, Boise City, Idaho.)
*E. Hingeley (Minister, ——1894, Washington, D. C.)

(1885)

Frank R. Chapman (Dentist, Columbus, O.)
Addison Roscoe Custer (Minister, Dayton, O.)
Mary Mina Patterson (Mrs. George Cole, Cadiz, O.)
*T. C. Roche (Teacher)
*Thomas H. McCoy (Attorney, Columbus, O.)
Carrie Miller (Mrs. ———— Hurlers, Designer, New York)
Horace W. Dewey (Minister, Youngstown, O.)
Oscar Wittaker (Scio, O.)

(1886)

*Elizabeth A. Anderson (Laceyville, O.)
James Hartley Beal (Pharmacist, Chemist, Professor, Urbana, Ill.)
W. B. Hollingshead (Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.)
L. D. King (Minister, Onarga, Ill.) Ill.)
John D. Kaho (Minister, Jeromesville, O.)

(1887)

C. A. Fellows (Cawker City, Kans.)
J. C. Gorsuch (Denver, Colo.)
W. W. King (Minister, St. Louis, Mo.)
*Charles W. Voorhees (Attorney, ——1898, Columbus, O.)

(1888)

H. M. Conway (Minister, Fredonia, N. Y.)
*J. W. Hawkins,
William A. Sears, (Minister, Assumption, Ill.)
Frank L. Goodspeed (Physician, Oakland, Cal.)
Anna S. Watkins (Mrs. A. B. Lacey, Washington, D. C.)
Robert N. Wright, (Clerk, District Court, Lewiston, Idaho)

(1889)

Thos. P. Fisher (Y. M. C. A. Work, Columbia, S. C.)
J. E. Russel (Minister, Gambier, O.)
E. Carson Rogers, (Teacher's Agency, Columbus, O.)
*J. L. Matchett (Cleveland, O.)
Sheridan F. Wood, (Minister, West Lafayette, O.)
Maris R. Hackman, (Minister, Ford City, Pa.)

(1890)

M. L. Boyd, (Attorney, Columbus, O.)
J. E. Cope, (Minister, Venice, Cal.)
William H. Haverfield (Minister, Tiltonsville, O.)
W. B. Maughiman, (Minister, Cleveland, O.)
Battelle A. McCarty, (Minister, Alliance, O.)
John H. Whartenby, (Attorney, Zanesville, O.)
*S. A. Peregry, (Minister, ——1916, Struthers, O.)
P. H. Phillips, (Minister, Center Junction, Ia.)
H. C. Seran, (Supt. Schools, New Cumberland, O.)
Harry B. Thompson, (Attorney, Chicago, Ill.)
John H. White, (Attorney, Steubenville, O.)

(1891)

Benj. Baldwin, (Dennison, O.)
E. H. Birney, (Business, Massillon, O.)
George O. Canaga, (Merchant, Scio, O.)
George L. Davis, (Minister, Akron, O.)
J. H. Deeds, (Minister, ———, Colorado)
*W. J. Holt,
C. H. Judkins, (Cleveland, O.)
*Worthington W. Kennedy (——— ———, Fenton, Michigan)
C. J. McCracken (Minister, Scio, O.)
A. Christy Dempster, (Physician, Uhrichsville, O.)
Frank A. Domer, (Minister, Mansfield, O.)
Henry R. Fisher, (Merchant, Flushing, O.)
D. Franklin Grier, (Attorney, New York City, N. Y.)
J. H. Holmes, (Aberdeen South Dak.)
A. M. Misel, (Minister, Otego, Kan.)
Robert F. Sears, (Attorney, Woodsfield, O.)
Philip M. Wagoner (Physician, Canal Dover, O.)
A. W. Butts (Minister, ——1915, E. Palestine)

(1892)

Albert M. Billingsley, (Minister, Mt. Vernon, Ia.)
David B. Cope, (Minister, East Liverpool, O.)
E. E. Lashley, (Minister, Galion, O.)
Ross Masters, (Professor, Toledo, Ia.)
Harry H. Crimm, (Minister, Norwalk, O.)
*Arthur H. Freshwater, (Minister, died in Spanish-American War)
P. Mc. Harmon, (East Bloomfield, N. Y.)
Walter E. Hollett (Minister, Danville, O.)
John W. Johnson, (Minister, Saratoga, Ark.)
L. H. Larimer, (Minister, Springfield, O.)
Edward O. Morris, (Minister, Quaker City, O.)
Elmer G. Paxton, (Physician, Pine Valley, O.)
Barger F. Rowland, (Minister, Salem, Ore.)
Emmett C. Ryan, (Aberdeen, South Dak.)
Curtis W. Smith, (Minister, Bucyrus, O.)
Verlinda Spencer, (Mrs. F. A. Domer, Mansfield, O.)
*Alice Walters, (Mrs. Alice Reckard)

(1893)

Thaddeus S. Clark, (Charleston, W. Va.)
*Charles A. Dewitt,
John W. Dixon, (Physician, Wilkinsburg, Pa.)
Parren U. Hawkins, (Minister, Steubenville, O.)
Nannie Johnson, (Mrs. ———— Gorsuch, Denver, Colo.)
Charles M. Kirk, (Minister, Buffalo, O.)
J. Clark Mansfield, (Attorney, Cleveland, O.)
V. D. McConnell, (Salesman, Am. Book Co., Cincinnati, O.)
Sheridan B. Salmon, (Minister, Akron, O.)
Howard H. Scott, (Minister, Uhrichsville, O.)
J. A. Custer Snyder, (Attorney, Lorain, O.)
Charles B. Speer, (Business, Indianapolis, Ind.)
William E. Sykes, (Attorney, Oil Producer, Marietta, O.)
R. Brooks Ward, (Minister, Oakland, Md.)

(1894)

Foster C. Anderson, (Minister, Cleveland, O.)
J. Ellsworth Clark, (Caldwell, O.)
Winifred Johnson, (Mrs. Joseph M. Shepler, Watertown, Mass.)
J. Luther Minney, (Minister, Cardiff-by-the-Sea, Calif.)
Harry F. Patterson, (Minister, Newcomerstown, O.)
Lauress J. Birney, (Dean, School of Theology, Boston, Mass.)
Artie Smith, (Mrs. Archie Foster, Prescott, Ariz.)
W. D. Spiker, (Minister, Blairsburg, Ia.)
Joseph T. Stephan, (Minister, Newton Upper Falls, Mass.)

(1894)

Charles E. Timberlake, (Attorney, Bellaire, O.)
Louisa Pettay, (Mrs. Louisa Powell, Duluth, Minn.)
Daniel W. Shumaker, (Physician, Canal Dover, O.)
Wm. G. Walters, (Minister, Cleveland, O.)
*Frank Wilson

Post Graduate and Honorary Degrees

*Samuel B. McGavran, (Physician, Cadiz, O.)
M. F. Dryden, (Attorney, Wheeling, W. Va.)
Leroy McCurdy, (Physician, Dennison, O.)

(1895)

Lillian May Cairns, (Mrs. Lillian Eby, Coshocton, O.)
Laura Close, (Mrs. L. J. Birney, Boston, Mass.)
J. Bruner Hawk, (Professor, Delaware, O.)
*Clyde E. Kirby
Eliza G. McConnell, (Mrs. John Schlarb, Youngstown, O.)
Everett G. Morris, (Minister, Plainfield, O.)
Ralph W. Wyrick, (Minister, Coldwater, Kan.)
W. Luke Davis, (Minister, Seaman, O.)
George E. Fowler, (Business, Cleveland, O.)
Blanche Potter, (Mrs. Claer Spiker, Atlanta, Ga.)
Calvin H. Reckard, (Minister, Cannonsburg, Pa.)
John Schlarb, (Youngstown, O.)
Sarah M. Thompson, (Jewett, O.)

(1896)

William B. Arbaugh, (Sup't Schools, Ypsilanti, Mich.)
Elmer S. Beacom, (Walworth, New York)
Robert E. Beetham, (Minister, Sewickley, Pa.)
Martin L. Boyd, (Attorney, Columbus, O.)
Matthew S. Evans, (Pharmacist, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
*Jessie M. Freshwater,
*William H. Grace,
Wilfred W. Hamill, (Teacher, Passaic, N. J.)
Clara Mae Mooney, (Detroit, Mich.)
Charles A. Parks, (Minister, Bloomingdale, O.)
Joseph M. Shepler, (Minister, Watertown, Mass.)
Henry M. Shutt, (Teacher, High School, Canton, O.)
S. Vernon Steward, (Woodsfield, O.)
Bertha F. Westhaver, (Massillon, O.)

(1897)

Byrdie Arbaugh, (Mrs. ——— Burke, San Diego, Calif.)
William F. Boetticher, (Minister, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
Louis A. Ensley, (Minister, New London, O.)
Mary Jobe, (Normal Teacher, New York City)

(1897)

William D. Kail, (Conotton, O.)
Jacob Kummer, (Uhrichsville, O.)
Lee W. Le Page, (Minister, Confluence, Pa.)
Charles H. McCombs, (Business, Akron, O.)
*Reno D. McKinney,
Celia Overholtz, (Mrs. Celia Stoneman, Ingram, Pa.)

(1898)

Lola Criss, (Mrs. J. A. Smalley, Beaver Falls, Pa.)
Jennie V. Foster, (Teacher, Scio, O.)
Elmer E. Jennings, (Norwich, O.)
J. Roscoe McFadden, (Minister, Wichita, Kan.)
George E. Rainsberger, (Minister Chrisman, Ill.)
Bert E. Goodman, (Physician, Warren, O.)
Lynn H. Hough, (Prof. Garrett Biblical, Inst., Evanston, Ill.)
Edward H. Roberts, (Minister, Lakewood, O.)
Ernest F. Romig, (Physician & Surgeon, East Cleveland, O.)
William W. Welch, (New Philadelphia, O.)
Alvin E. Yeager, (Minister, Salamanca, N. Y.)

(1899)

Minnie Baldwin, (Mrs. Edin Bell, Dennison, O.)
William N. Beetham, (Sup't Schools, Bucyrus, O.)
Jeremiah Bender, (Minister, Democracy, O.)
Margaret A. Mooney, (Teacher, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
James R. Narragon (Los Angeles, Calif.)
Lora Rader, (Mrs. J. O. Davidson, Akron, O.)
George H. Birney, (Minister, Cleveland, O.)
James O. Davidson, Minister, Akron, O.)
James M. Davis, (Business, Cleveland, O.)
Boyd L. George, (Minister, New Philadelphia, O.)
*Minnie Spiker,
William H. Stewart, (Minister, Smithfield, O.)
Emmet E. Shiltz, (Minister, Cumberland, O.)
*R. D. Wallace,

(1900)

Alfred L. Goess,
H. H. Marshall, (Clarkville, W. Va.)
Grace McLean, (Cadiz, O. R. F. D.)
Anthony L. Nixon, (Minister, Leetonia, O.)
Emma Robinson, (Colliers, W. Va.)
George G. Starr, (Beaver Falls, Pa.)
Alice J. Palmer, (Mrs. Smith, Cleveland, O.)
Clyde M. Porter, (Minister, Cleveland, O.)
Lottie Rainsberger, (Teacher, Fairbury, Ill.)
*Alpha Raney, (Mrs. John C. Moore.)
William D. Voorhees, (Attorney, Scio, O.)
N. J. Taylor, (Farmer, Beverly, O.)

(1901)

*Earl E. McAdoo,
F. R. Sibley, (Minister, Barnesville, O.)
Howard G. Wilkinson, (Minister, Bucyrus, O.)

(1902)

G. B. Canaga, (Civil Engineer, Manila, P. I.)
Rena M. Crawford, (Deaconess, Bridgeport, O.)
Nellie G. Howell, (Mrs. G. C. Starr, Beaver Falls, Pa.)
Mary M. Starkey, (Mrs. L. Z. Robinson, Follansbee, W. Va.)

(1903)

Blanche Hollett, (Mrs. C. L. Wallace, Park River, N. D.)
W. Stephenson Lloyd (Scio, O.)
Elsie Ross, (Mrs. Elsie Sproul, Dover, O.)
Margaret J. Wilson, (Scio, O.)

(1904)

Charles F. Barnes, (Sup't of Schools, Scio, O.)
Emmet H. Corey, (Cleveland, O.)
C. R. Culbertson, (Minister, Clarksburg, Pa.)
Mary E. Ekey, (Missionary, Sitapur, India.)
Clara Palmer, (Mrs. I. E. Miller, East Liverpool, O.)
J. Howard Palmer, (Minister, Geneva, O.)
Elizabeth Smith, (Mrs. A. C. Hines, Onarga, Ill.)

(1905)

Bessie S. Bell, (Mrs. Roy C. Cummings, Dennison, O., R. F. D. No. 1)
John B. Conrad, (Prin. High School, Kenton, O.)
Mary L. Creighton, (Secretary, Urbana, Ill.)
J. Arthur Johnston, (Sup't Schools, Hamilton, Ill.)
Orum H. Stringer, (Pharmacist, Youngstown, O.)
Charles L. Wallace, (Minister, Leicester, Mass.)

(1906)

William E. Bell, (Minister, Rantoul, Ill.)
*I. Dean Canaga,
M. Estella Conway, (Mrs. Estella C. Spring, New Athens, O.)
Frank G. Fowler, (Minister, Cortland, O.)
L. Stanley Groves, (Insurance, Boston, Mass.)
Bertha B. Bethel, (Mrs. J. A. Johnston, Hamilton, Ill.)
I. Eugene Miller, (Minister, East Liverpool, O.)
Henry F. Moninger, (Teacher, High School, Newark, O.)
Charles E. Oliver, (High School Inspector, East Palestine, O.)
William E. Epeaker, (Minister, Kenmare, N. Dak.)

(1907)

M. Ida Amos, (Mrs. A. D. Warde, Tabor, Ia.)
W. S. Bryson, (Physician, New York City)
N. E. Hawkins, (Clerk of Courts, Cadiz, O.)
Lois L. Henthorne, (Teacher, High School, Pittsburgh, Pa.)
Charles B. Hess, (Minister Byesville, O.)
Arlington C. Hines, (Onarga, Ill.)
Muriel M. Paugh, (Teacher, High School, Paola, Kan.)
Calvin R. Poulson, (Minister, Youngstown, Ohio)
Elizabeth N. Scott, (Mrs. John W. Feltner, Teacher, Denver, Colo.)
George W. Strothard, (Minister, Bartlett, N. Y.)
Odysseus L. Williams, (Minister, Klondyke, O.)

(1908)

George D. Beal, (Prof. Chemistry, University, Urbana, Ill.)
George T. N. Bean, (Minister, Des Moines, Ia.)
T. L. Hanson, (Minister, Madison, N. J.)
Wesley J. McCarty, (Minister, New York City.)
William C. Craig, (Minister, Brooklyn, N. Y.)
L. Edith Downs, (Mrs. George D. Beal, Urbana, Ill.)
L. Z. Robinson, (Minister, Follansbee, W. Va.)
David E. Scott, (Minister, Steubenville, O.)
Edith E. Nulton, (Kamms, O.)

(1909)

Ernest D. Bates, (Sup't Schools, Crooksville, O.)
Cora Bell, (Sarahsville, O.)
Joseph B. Buckey, (Minister, Salineville, O.)
Harlan E. Hall, (Lecturer, Cumberland, O.)
Clifford R. Johnson, (Teacher, Beach City, O.)
John W. Swank, (Dist. Sup't of Schools, Sugar Creek, O.)
Cleve L. Warwick, (Minister, Mineral Ridge, O.)

(1910)

Mary F. Carpenter, (Calcutta, Ind., Missionary)
Worthy Dyson, (Attorney, Probate Judge, Cambridge, O.)
John S. Eaton, (Minister, Cleveland, O.)
Earnest K. Giffin, (Pagette, Idaho)
Wilson Hawkins, (Sup't of Schools Newark, O.)
William P. Starkey, (Sup't of Schools, Bowling Green, O.)
Sumner L. Martin, (Minister, Pleasantville, O.)
Thomas E. Moore, (Prof. Chemistry, Waite High School, Toledo, O.)
Carl G. Pemberton, (Sup't Schools, New Lexington, O.)
John C. Spring, (Minister, New Athens, O.)
Elmer E. Tabler, (Sup't of Schools, Macksburg, O.)

(1911)

Clyde B. Aldridge, (Dist. Sup't of Schools, Brecksville, O.)
Ralph E. Benner, (Tuscarawas, O.)
Maude A. Bond, (Teacher, Scio, O.)
J. H. Booth, (Principal, High School, Dennison, O.)
Edwin G. Hibbs, (Instructor, Agriculture, Albert Lea. Minn.)
Harry E. Martin, (University, Madison, Wis.)
Jefferson C. Mayhew, (Minister, East Fairfield, O.)
Norman C. Milliron, (Minister, Johnstown, Pa.)
Howard S. Myers (Physician, Cleveland, O.)
Mark W. Brown, (Missionary, Tainfu, China)
Emmett H. Butterfield, (Teacher, High School, Hamilton, O.)
Ellis S. Carter, (Quaker City, O.)
Herbert A. Guiler, (Minister, Dexter City, O.)
Harry L. Peoples, (Minister, Macksburg, O.)
John H. Rainsberger, (Attorney, Cleveland, O.)
Ocie L. Rentch, (Mrs. M. W. Brown, M. E. Mission, Tainfu, China.)
Howard G. Riggs, (Teacher, Sarahsville, O.)
Howard S. Myers, (Physician, Cleveland, O.)
Loren R. Tope, (Charleroi, Pa.)

Nongraduates of Scio College— 1868-1910 Inclusive

We regret that the lists for the years, 1868, 1871-3-4-6-8-9, 1882-3-4-5-6-7-9, and 1903 are missing.

The following taken mainly from a Catalog of Mt. Union College, (our "Stepmother"), Alliance, Ohio, published in 1915, have been arranged below in alphabetical order and each name is followed with an abbreviation of the year of attendance. All known addresses are given, and where not given they are unknown; and where the present address is given, it is substituted for the original student address where possible.

Acken, A. H. (Pittsburgh, Pa.) '00.
Adams, Albert (Port Washington, O.) '95.
Adams Lura Lee (Galena, O.) '10
Adams Clara (Barnesville, O.) '93
Adrian, Jennie (Fair Play, O.) '88
Albaugh, B. E. '10
Aldridge, C. E. '10
Allison, George A. (New Cumberland, W. Va.) '00
Allermong, H. M. (Benwood, W. Va.) '90
Allen Harvey S. (Dellroy, O.) '96
Amos, H. B. (Scio, O.) '92
Amspoker, Irene (Hamlin, Pa.) '77
Anderson, T. C. (Dyson's, O.) '92
Anderson, John C. (Harrisburg, O.) '69
Anderson, H. H. (Uhrichsville, O.) '88
Anderson, Belle, J. (Scio, O.) '72
Anderson, Joseph M. (Scio, O.) '72
Anderson, Esther (Laceyville, O.) '90
Angel, William H. (Dennison, O.) '94
Ansley, B. C. (Calcutta, O.) '92
Arbaugh, Clara E. (Pittsburgh, Pa.) '04
Arbaugh, L. M. (Scio, O.) '00
Archer, E. W. (McClary, O.) '92
Archer, F. C. (Senecaville, O.) '90
Arter, W. E. (Kennon, O.) '00
Ault, Joseph C. (Barnesville, O.) '72
Ayres, John A. (Newcomerstown, O.) '72
Ayres, Samuel F, (Newcomerstown, O.) '72
Bonar, Orville A. (Round Bottom, O.) '08
Bonbright, George (Allegheny City, Pa.) '69
Bontrager, Elia (Scio, O.) '00
Bottomfield, William T. (Antioch, O.) '75
Bower, A. Ross (Conotton, O.) '10
Bowers, Anna (Reed's Mills, O.) '92
Bowman, May (Massillon, O.) '98
Bowden, Lyman (Norwich, O.) '93
Borland, A. W. (Conotton, O.) '92

Boyd, D. Ross (Coshocton, O.) '72
Boyd, Robert E. (Munsville, O.) '70
Boyd, A. Lincoln (New Cumberland, O.) '77
Boyd, Anna (Tippecanoe City, O.) '88
Brown, B. F. (New Philadelphia, O.) '90
Brown, Irma R. '04
Brown, Laura S. (Chillicothe, O.) '95
Brown, Wm. H. (Millersburg, O.) '92
Browning, Bertha (Wellsburg, W. Va.) '99
Brady, E. Gould (Scio, O.) '80
Brady, M. Hiram (Scio, O.) '81
Branson, Charles F. (Short Creek, O.) '98
Branson, Nellie (North Creek, O.) '99
Breen, J. H. (Freeport, O.) '88
Bryant, George (Washington, D. C.) '90
Brandt, Flora, '10
Briggs, Will H. (Pittsburgh, Pa.) '70
Brenin, Mary (Fairview, O.) '00
Brokan, J. F. (Scio, O.) '95
Bucher, Mayme (East Liverpool, O.) '00
Byrne, George (Charleston, W. Va.) '70
Byrne, Lidie W. (Clay Court House, W. Va.) '70
Burkhardt, Theodore, '05
Burris, J. E. (Mount Pleasant, O.) '90
Burris, Jesse (Short Creek, O.) '97
Burrier, Alice (Harlem Springs, O.) '90
Burnside, W. S. (Good Hope, O.) '90
Butts, Osman L. (Wellsville, O.) '81
Burnes, Jennie (Franklin, Pa.) '72
Burns, Sarah J. (Franklin, Pa.) '70
Burns, Oscar (Franklin, Pa.) '70
Buchanan, Thomas (Fairview, O.) '70
Burt Phillip L. (W. Lafayette, O.) '69
Burnett, Fred (Wellsville, O.) '92
Bundy, Jesse E. (Barnesville, O.) '72
Cable, H. S. (Sandyville, O.) '92
Calderhead, W. A. (Updegraff, O.) '92
Campbell, Esther E. (Holliday's Cove, W. Va.) '75
Campbell, Francs M. (Kilgore, O.) '01
Cale, Edmond A. (Barnesville, O.) '72
Capper, James W. (Lamertine, O.) '69
Capper, Maggie (Lamertine, O.) '70
Canaga, Anna (Scio, O.) '72
Canaga, Barton L. (Scio, O.) '88
Canaga, Elizabeth E. (Scio, O.) '72
Canaga, Heber F. (Scio, O.) '81
Canaga, Emma (Scio, O.) '81
Carter, William W. (Frazeysburg, O.) '75
Carnes, Ethel (Cambridge, O.) '90
Carnes, Zuella (New Cumberland, O.) '90
Carnes, Ada (New Cumberland, O.) '92
Carson, James A. (New Alexandrie, O.) '75
Carroll, Charles C. (Uhrichsville, O.) '72
Carroll, Thomas B. (West Lafayette, O.) '93
Carroll, Floyd B. (Uhrichsville, O.) '75
Card, Minnie D. (Atwater, O.) '69
Carr, Lorin (Leesville, O.) '75
Carr, Elima (Leesville, O.) '69

Carr, Ada V. (Leesville, O.) '75
Cash, Lona (Morristown, O.) '93
Carver, Frank H. (Warren, Pa.) '69
Carver, Erva, '05
Carver, D. B. (Helena, Calif.) '92
Cash, W. D. (Leesville, O.) '93
Carman, E. P. (E. Springfield, O.) '99
Carman, Maude (East Liverpool, O.) '02
Carpenter, Roy R. (Mt. Pleasant, O.) '01
Carpenter, Geo. W. (Deersville, O.) '74
Carnahan, Lee (Cadiz, O.) '01
Castner, J. W. (Adena, O.) '02
Carmichael, John H. (Steubenville, O.) '75
Cavin, A. D. (Cadiz, O.) '88
Chase, Thomas A. (Leesville, O.) '72
Chaney, Jos. (Frazeyburg, O.) '75
Christian, S. W. (Scio, O.) '88
Chase, Ida L. (Leesville, O.) '72
Christy (Deersville, O.) '72
Clark, Isaac M. (Warsaw, O.) '72
Clark, James S. (Deersville, O.) '81
Clark, L. H. (Cumberland, O.) '98
Clark, D. W. (Leesville, O.) '91
Clark, T. S. (Leesville, O.) '91
Clark, Daniel L. (Kimbolton, O.) '72
Clark, W. B. (Leesville, O.) '92
Clark, Emma L. (Scio, O.) '08
Clark, John E. (Scio, O.) '94
Close, Emma (Lafferty, O.) '93
Clements, W. G. (Uhrichsville, O.) '88
Clendenning, W. F. (Freeport, O.) '92
Cline, B. Hattie (New Matamoras, O.) '97
Cline, Beryl (New Matamoras, O.) '99
Collins, A. W. (Holloway, O.) '91
Collins, Blanche (New Cumberland, O.) '88
Collins, W. K. (Fairview, O.) '92
Colvin, F. C. (Freeport, O.) '88
Conoway, Alpha B. (Fairfield, Ia.) '70
Conoway, J. C. (Archer, O.) '88
Corebeer, E. R. (Canal Dover, O.) '00
Copeland, C. M. (Tappan, O.) '91
Cooper, Rhada (Lamertine, O.) '90
Cope, G. H. (Bridgeport, O.) '92
Conrad, C. C. '04
Conkle, E. P. (Jewett, O.) '02
Cox, J. V. (Tiltonville, O.) '95
Cox, Lucy M. (Wellsville, O.) '69
Cox, Lewis V. (New Moscow, O.) '72
Connell, Albert B. (Rush, O.) '72
Cornell, C. E. (Wapakoneta, O.) '91
Corl, A. S. (Moorefield, O.) '91
Conoway, Mattie (Archer, O.) '90
Corson, O. I. (Hopedale, O.) '92
Coil, Mitie (Scio, O.) '95
Cole, George B. (Venita, Pa.)
Cole, George F. (Bloomingdale, O.) '08
Cole, Bessie '10
Coburn, Don C. (Mill Grove, O.) '80
Coburn, Nicholas (Mill Grove, O.) '80
Cohen, Ralph B. '06
Cramblett, W. S. (Deersville, O.) '90
Cranston, Thomas (Fairview, O.) '88
Cranston, T. F. (Fairview, O.) '91
Crassen, Anna (New Athens, O.) '90
Crawford, J. E. (Archer, O.) '95
Crawford, Alice (Scio, O.) '88
Crawford, Inez, '05
Crawford, Emma J. (Mrs. W. D. Slease, Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Crawford, Jas. H. (Richmond, O.) '69
Crawford, Maggie E. (Leesville, O.) '72
Crawford, W. J. (Scio, O.) '92
Crawford, John T. (Richmond, O.) '99
Crawford, T. T. (Richmond, O.) '00
Crawford, Paul M. (Scio, O.) '00
Crone, E. P. (Jewett, O.) '88
Creasap, Clara C. (Uhrichsville, O.) '03
Creal, Anna, (Scio, O.) '69, '72
Creal, Emaline (Mrs. L. H. Davidson, Scio, O.) '72
Crim (Zanesville, O.) '10
Crogan, Mary E. (Scio, O.) '70
Crogan, H. L. (Dennison, O.) '02
Cummings, W. H. (Florence, Kansas) '75
Custer, E. E. (Lamertine, O.) '70
Custer, Jennie S. (Lamertine, O.) '69
Custer, Melivina (Lamertine, O.) '70
Custer, Clarence (Scio, O.) '75
Dagg, Thomas (Washington, Pa.) '69
Danford, Lide (Keiths, O.) '91
Daugherty, Barbara, '05
Darner, C. H. (Adams Mills, O.) '88
Davis, Charles (Minnsville, O.) '70
Davis, Abner T. (Evansburg, O.) '72
Davis E. A. (Elizabeth, W. Va.) '91
Davis, Lorenzo M. (Newcomerstown, O.) '72
Davis, G. A. (Algonquin, O.) '90
Davis, W. R. (Mitchell's Salt Works, O.) '91
Davis, Walter (Dublin, O.) '94
Davis, C. Ralph (Wyatt, W. Va.) '01
Davidson, Samuel P. (East Springfield, O.) '72
Day, George W. (Gustavus, O.) '75
Day, Samuel M. (Vilonia, O.) '81
Decker, A. W. (Zanesville, O.) '77
Denning, Austin W. (Scio, O.) '97
Deetrich, Earl E. (Bolivar, O.) '10
Dennis, Frank (Jewett, O.) '10
Dempster, Alice C. (Leesville, O.) '72
Dickerson, Lillian (Cadiz, O.) '92
Dickerson, Wm. H. (Cadiz, O.) '77
Dickerson, E. H. (Uhrichsville, O.) '01
Dickinson, Robert E. (Newcomerstown, O.) '70
Dixon, Abner (Canal Dover, O.) '69
Doughty, Mary S. (Adamsville, O.) '72
Dougherty, J. A. (Richmond, Pa.) '69
Dodd, David (New Alexandria, O.) '93
Donley, John H. (Coshocton, O.) '10
Domer, Emma M. (Hammondsville, O.) '72
Donaldson, William G. (Harlem Springs, O.) '75
Dorrence, Jennie (Scio, O.) '01
Douglass, Mary C. (Richmond, O.) '72
Drake, Joie B. (Oil City, Pa.) '70
Duffield, C. B. (Germano, O.) '90
*Dunning, John L. (Scio, O.) '70
*Dunbar, William O. (Sewellsville, O.) '72
Dunn, Mildred (Clarksburg, W. Va.) '93
Dutton, J. P. (New Rumley, O.) '88
Dutton, Emory G. (New Rumley, O.) '72

Duvall, Marshall M. (Bloomingdale, O.) '00
Dye, Forrest R. (Renrock, O.) '93
Dye, Rosela (Reno, O.) '93
Dysart, J. E. (Harrisville, O.) '92
Eagleston, J. P. (New Hagerstown, O.) '72
Eagleston, W. F. (New Hagerstown, O.) '72
Eaton, Nettie (Scio, O.) '72
Eaton, Dora I. (East Palestine, O.) '70
Edie, John M. (Archer, O.) '70
Edwards, Jessie (Scio, O.) '90
Elder, J. Sherman (Scio, O.) '75
Elder, Lina M. (Scio, O.) '75
Elliott, W. B. (Keene, O.) '92
Elliott, James B. (Keene, O.) '70
Ellison, William E. (Crooked Tree, O.) '95
Ellison, Emma L. (Scio, O.) '81
Endsley, Jennie L. (Archer, O.) '69
Endsley, Fannie R. (Archer, O.) '72
Endsley, Lizzie E. (Archer, O.) '72
Erskine, Frank (Cambridge, O.) '90
Evans, Matthew (Uhrichsville, O.) '93
Evans, Julia (Bolivar, O.) '00
Evans, Nellie (Massillon, O.) '98
Evans, M. S. (Uhrichsville, O.) '92
Evans, Oscar (North Vernon, Ind.) '81
Evans, Ella E. (Middleport, O.) '72, Mrs. Waddell.
Ewing, H. M. (Chili, O.) '90
Failing, Jay Kay (Clark's, O.) '72
Farmer, Jesse L. (Mingo Junction, O.) '98
Fawcet, Wm. C. (Kilgore, O.) '81
Fawcet, Mary M. (Kilgore, O.) '75
Fellows, Harry (Island Creek) '90
Fetch, Robert (Uhrichsville, O.) '10
Finical, D. G. (Deersville, O.) '91
Finnicum, Minnie (New Rumley, O.) '91
Finley, Stella (Scio, O.) '00
Fisher, J. H. (Wintersville, O.) '88
Fisher, T. P. (Flushing, O.) '88
Fisher, Emma J. (Scio, O.) '75
Fisher, W. J. (Scio, O.) '91
Fisher, Ida L. (Steubenville, O.) '93
Fisher, Emma (Canal Dover, O.) '93
Floyd Merriam C. (Wintersville, O.) '70
Ford, Nellie B., (.....) '05
Ford John S. (Scio, O.) '96
Foreman, Lillie (Scio, O.) '92
Foreman, Martha (Scio, O.) '02
Foster, Emmett (Uhrichsville, O.) '98
Foster, E. R. (Uhrichsville, O.) '99
Fouts, Albert L. (Jewett, O.) '81
Fowler, Jennie E. (Laceyville, O.) '70
Fowler, Sadie A. (Laceyville, O.) '75
Frazier, Hannah (Milnersville, O.) '90
Frazier, Margaret (Bridgeport, O.) '97
Fribley H. Pilcher (New Philadelphia, O.) '69
Fribley, Lizzie (New Philadelphia, O.) '75
Frye, Frank P. (Scio, O.) '96
Galbreath, Charles (Germano, O.) '90
Galbreath, Bertha (Scio, O.) '98
Gallaher, John J. (Scio, O.) '72
Gallaher, Ralph W. (Laceyville, O.) '69
Ganger, William H. (New Philadelphia, O.) '98

Gardiner, Jennie E. (Fairview, O.) '75
Gardiner, Mary M. (Fairview, O.) '75
Garret, John O. (Attorney, Massillon, O.) '75
George, Carrie P. '04
Gibson, James A. (Laceyville, O.) '75
Gibson, Mollie (Laceyville, O.) '75
Gist, C. (Wellsburg, W. Va.) '72
Gist Fred J. (Oakland, W. Va.) '72
Gilkinson (Reed's Mills, O.) '90
Givin, W. Burn (Canton, O.) '97
Givin, R. A. (Scio, O.) '02
*Givin, Lizzie A. (Laceyville, O., Mrs. William Giles) '75
Givin, Wilbur M. (Laceyville, O.) '75
Givin, Robert (Laceyville, O.) '75
Gilmore, W. F. (Conover, O.) '95
Gorsuch, E. S. (Richmond, O.) '90
Gooding, Olive (New Philadelphia, O.) '91
Gordon, Bessie L. (---------) '04
Gordon, Rena, (Powhatan, O.) '91
Graff, Frank (Pittsburgh, Pa.) '70
*Grace, Lizzie D. (Scio, O.) '75
Grace F. S. (Steubenville, O.) '92
Grace, Charles (Scio, O.) '96
Graham, Asbury M. (Clark's O.) '70
Graham, A. M. (New Castle, Pa., Attorney) '93
Graham, W. R. (East Springfield, O.) '92
Graham, Augusta M. (Clark's, O.) '72
Gray, W. W. (.....) '05
Graybill, Mattie (New Rumley, O.) '88
Gregg, Ada (Lamertine, O.) '69
Griffith, Lizzie (Hickory, Pa.) '69
Greer, Frankie (Dennison, O.) '90
Graves, Annie (Barnesville, O.) '72
Graves, Loyal G. (Navarre, O.) '72
Groves, Lois (Adena, O.) '92
Groves, Carrie (Cadiz, O.) '91.
Green, Alice (Freeport, O.) '91
Gross, Harry J. (Lock Seventeen, O.) '72
Gross, Frank B. (Lock Seventeen O.) '72
Grub, Belle (Mount Pleasant, O.) '90
Gutschall, Charles E. (Lee's Summit, Mo.) '75
Gundy, J. E. (Conotton, O.) '90
Guthrie, Alice (Deersville, O.) '90
Harper, A. L. (Cleveland, O.) '90
Hall G. J. (Fairview, O.) '88
Hale, James T. (Germano, O.) '69 '72
*Hales, George W. (Carrollton, O.) '72
Hagey, A. E. (Perrysville, O.) '88 Scio, O.
Halm, George V. (Mills Creek, O.) '94
Haverfield, George T. (———) '04
Haymaker, Nellie (Kent, O.) '10
Hammond, William (Smithfield, O.) '72
Hamilton, James S. (Archer, O.) '69
Hamilton, W. Finley (Oakland, Pa.) '72
Hamilton, Winfield S. (Oakland, Pa.) '72
Hamilton, Sylvester S. (Big Run, Pa.) '75
Hanlin, William W. (Barnesville, O.) '72
Hanlon, M. G. (Wade, O.) '88
Hanson, W. W. (Cambridge, O.) '08
Hanks, G. L. (Adamsville, O.) '75
Harrison, Joseph T. (Scio, O., Attorney, Cincinnati, O.,) '72

Harrison, James M. (Scio, O., Sedro-Woolley, Wash.) '72
Harrison, Mary E. (Scio, O., Mrs. Melvin Liggett, Leesville, O.) '81
Harrison, William W. (Scio, O.) '01
Hartenbower, Hiram W. (Hennepin, Ill.) '72
Hastings, Abner J. (Adena, O.) '72
Hastings, W. B. (Adena, O.) '75
Hastings, Juliet (Cadwallader, O.) '88
Hasket, Mary (Burr's Mills, O.) '72
Hawk, Mrs. Mary (Sulphur Lake, Ky.) '96
Hay, George A. (Coshocton, O.) '72
Hargrove, O. C. (Cadiz, O.)
Heberling, Noble (Adena, O.) '69
Herron, Rezin (New Philadelphia, O.) '80
Herron, Asbury W. (Sherrodsville, O.) '72
*Herron, Mary Alice (Lamertine, O.) '70
Herron, Robert W. (Scio, O.) '92
Henning, John H. (————) '05
Heller, Betty (Bowerston, O.) '00
Hess, J. P. (Glencoe, O.) '00
Hendricks, Gertrude (————) '05
Heckler, Ida, (Scio, O.) '99
Henderson, J. R. (West Lafayette, O.) '98
Henderson, Barbara (Scio, O.) '75
Henderson, L. L. (Mitchell's Salt Works, O.) '75
Henderson, Isabelle (Cleveland, O.) '92
Henderson, L. C. (Mitchell's Salt Works, O.) '88
Hedges, Anna M. (Cadiz, O.) '72
Hensel, Alvin D. (New Philadelphia, O.) '72
Hefling, Jennie (Tippecanoe, O.) '90
Henry, Charles A. (Glencoe, O.) '96
Hilton, Mary (Uhrichsville, O.) '70
Hilton, Carrie M. (Uhrichsville, O.) '94
Hines, Lucy (Uhrichsville, O.) '98
Hines, Phil O. (Moraville, O.) '99
Hines, Oscar R. (Scio, O.) '88
Hill, James H. (Steubenville, O.) '72
Highland, V. L. (West Milford, W. Va.) '90
Hilbery, Ella (Buffalo, N. Y.) '01
Holland, George (Jewett, O.) '92
Holland, A. B. (Jewett, O.) '90
Holland, L. A. (Scio, O.) '01
Holmes, Laura (Conotton, O.) '70
Hoopengarner, James (Bann, O.) '00
Hoopengarner, P. J. (Winfield, O.) '91
Hoopengarner, George D. (Winfield, O.) '72
Hoopengarner, Elias (Winfield, O.) '75
Hoopengarner, Charles B. (Winfield, O.) '75
Hoover, George M. (Archer, O.) '70
Hollingshead, George G. (Wintersville, O.) '96
Hootman, V. M. (Salineville, O.) '70
Hoffman, James (Bann, O.) '00
Hout, J. E. (————————) '05
Howard, Elizabeth (————) '05
Hobson, Maud (————————) '04
Hogue, Robert (Scio, O.) '88
Hogue, Thomas T. (Scio, O.) '81
Hogue, Mattie G. (Burr's Mills, O.) '72
Hoge, Ernest
Howes, Marion M. (Tippecanoe, O.) '77

Hough, Eunice R. G. (Scio, O.) '91
Houk, J. L. (Stillwater, O.) '92
Howell, C. W. (Bridgeport, O.) '92
Hubbard, C. W. (Antioch, O.) '90
Huddleston, J. M. (Mingo Junction, O.) '92
Huffman, L. C. (Piedmont, O.) '07
Humble, George T. (Richmond Center, O.) '88
Hughes S. G. (————————) '04
Hurford, Belle (Brownsville, Pa.) '70
Hunt, Lillian E. (Leesville, O.) '72
Hunt, J. D. (Gilmore, O.) '91
Hurd, John M. (————————) '02
Hunter, W. J. (Irwin, Pa.) '93
Hunter, Joseph W. (Sewellsville, O.) '72
Husted, John C. (Jeanette, O.) '93
Hutcheson, J. E. (Creighton, O.) '91
Ihrig, L. H. (Coshocton, O.) '91
Inhoff, John W. (Oaks, O.) '98
Ingram, Cora (Hammondsville, O.) '92
Ingram, Flora, (Scio, O.) '81
Ingram, Gussie (Hammondsville, O.) '92
Irwin, E. C. (Eaglesport, O.) '00
Jackman, Winfield S. (New Somerset, O.) '69
Jackman, John W. (Richmond, O.) '69
Jackman, John T. (Scio, O.) '72
Jackson, Thomas B. (Demos, O.) '72
Jackson, Albert B. (Jewett, O.) '77
Jackson, H. W. (Adamsville, O.) '90
Jamison, Ella (Short Creek, O.) '93
Jordan, James (Mt. Pleasant, O.) '69
Johns, P. M. (Kensington, O.) '92
Johnson, Lizzie (Laceyville, O.) '69
Johnson, Dora (Newcomerstown, O.) '91
Johnson, Minnie (Germano, O.) '91
Johnson, H. S. (Washington, D. C.) '00
Johnston, Paul D. (East Palestine, O.) '00
Johnston, Myra (Conotton, O.) '90
Johnston, Jennie M. (Laceyville, O.) '70
Johnston, Thomas (Laceyville, O.) '72
Johnston, Samuel R. (Conotton, O.) '70
Johnston, Hattie (Steubenville, O.) '90
Jolley, Mary (Jewett, O.) '69, '75
Jolley, Morris A. (Jewett, O.) '72
Jolley, Ruth Ella (Scio, O.) '81
Jolley, Lizzie (Scio, O.) '81
Jobe, Cora (Tappan, O.) '90
Jones, William G. (Bethany, W. Va.) '72
Jones, W. R. (Bloomingdale, O.) '90
Jones, Charles H. (West Lafayette, O.) '83
Jones, M. H. (Richmond, O.) '00
Justus, Martin (Sherrodsville, O.) '72
Kail, Dalaneen D. (Means, O.) '77
Kane, Etta (Cadiz, O.) '96
Karr, F. E. (Clarks, O.) '98
Kelly, Ernest E. (Claysville, O.) '69
Keepers, Henry (Scio, O.) '94
Keepers, Gertrude (Scio, O.) '90
Keiths, M. I. (Smithfield, O.) '91
Kennedy, Edna (Scio, O.) '02
Kennedy, Otto (Moorefield, O.) '91
Kennedy, Mino (Scio, O.) '90

Kennedy, H. W. (Deersville, O.) '90
Kennedy, James W. (Moorefield, O.) '72
Kennedy, J. O. (Scio, O.) '88
Kerr, Margaret (West Salem, O.) '99
Kerr, Lena M. (West Salem, O.) '96
Kerr, E. C. (Hammondsville, O.) '90
Kerr, E. H. (Deersville, O.) '88
Ketchum, Abner (W. Lafayette, O.) '72
Kinsey, William S. (Wakatonia, O.) '72
*Kinsey, Daniel R. (Lock 17, O., Attorney, Kingman, Kan.)
Kirkpatrick, William R. (Moorefield, O.) '77
Kimball, Emma L. (Tippecanoe, O.) 93
Kirk, Lulu (Newark, O.) '77
Kirk, Benjamin (Hendrysburg, O.) '69
Kirk, Oliver C. (Hendrysburg, O.) '69
King, Jennie C. (Lamertine, O.) '69
Kindig, Reuben C. (Crab Tree, Pa.) '75
Kilgore, Marshall D. (Port Washington, O.) '69
Kline, John B. (Bolivar, O.) '94
Knight, Paul S. (Cuyahoga Falls, O.) '02
Knagi, Deane (Toronto, O.) '93
Knisely, Joan H. (New Philadelphia, O.) '72
Knox, Wesley L. (Freeport, O.) '70
Kuppfer, F. A. (Scio, O.) '10
Lafferty, J. D. (Uhrichsville, O.) '70
Lemasters, W. O. (Scio, O.) '96
Lambora, Mary, '05
Latham, Dolora (Freeport, O.) '94
Latham, Olive M. (Freeport, O.) '88
Lawson, Sallie (Toronto, O.) '93
Lacey, A. B. (Laceyville, O.) '91
Longhead, Tuie (Toronto, O.) '92
Law, W. R. (Conotton, O.) '91
Law, William C. (Washington, O.) '81
Law, H. Moffitt (Station 15, O.) '80
Lawfried, Carrie (Bellaire, O.) '91
Lanning, D. Price (Leesville, O.)
Leighinger, Etta (West Lafayette, O.) '92
Leonard, R. J. '10
Lewis, M. I. (Smithfield, O.) '92
Lewis, William F. (Smithfield, O.) '75
Lewton, Mary C. (Archer, O.) '77
Leech, Hattie '05
Lee, Cora (Steubenville, O.) '92
Lee, J. Ross (Jewett, O.) '77
Lee, Jarrie E. (Scio, O.) '75
Lee, Albert B. (Scio, O.) '75
Lear, Clara (Coshocton, O.) '92
Lear, J. W. (Coshocton, O.) '92
Lehr, L. V. (Sandyville, O.) '92
Liggett, Ola (Leesville, O.) '08
Leggett, Mary (Uhrichsville, O.) '91
*Leggett, William B. (Scio, O.) '72
Leggett, Sarah M. (Scio, O.) '72
Little, M. (Newcomerstown, O.) '72
Lilly, James M. (Bridgeport, O.) '69
Lindsey, Hiram E. (Sewellsville, O.) '72
Loomis, Charles O. (Steubenville, O.) '72
Lollar, Thos. H. (Uhrichsville, O.) '81
Lovelass, Clyde J. (Perriton, O.) '94
Lowes, Laura W. (————) '06
Loway, J. H. (Wintersville, O.) '90
Long, E. W. (Bowerston, O.) '91
Long, H. A. (Leavittsville, O.) '90

Long, R. T. (White Eye Plains, O.) '88
Love, Nora J. (Coshocton, O.) '72
Lyne, G. Leslie (Hooksburg, O.) '93
Lynn, H. R. (Morristown, O.) '93
Lybarger, Samuel W. (Newcomerstown, O.) '72
Lyle, Mary (Dennison, O.) '92
Lyle, Ella S. (New Rumley, O.) '72
Lyons, W. C. (Unionport, O.) '92
Lyons, N. (Cadiz, O.) '91
Mastin, Anna (Means, O.) '91
Matthews, William A. (Round Bottom, O.) '93
Martin, A. M. (Cadiz, O.) '72
Martin, Lola (Cadiz, O.) '91
Mahor, Herman B. (Steubenville, O.) '75
Mason, C. E. '05
Masters, Bessie (Scio, O.) '92
Masters, Geo. W. (Conotton, O.) '69
Matson, W. Y. (Harrisville, O.) '92
Matson, Chester W. (Harrisville, O.) '01
Mathers, W. H. (Round Bottom, O.) '91
Malsumato, T. (Tokio, Japan) '91
May, W. H. (Scio. O.) '88
Mayes, Mary E. '04
Mayes, H. W. '05
Mayers, Iva C. (Rennersville, O.) '91
Marshall, J. A. (Scio, O.) '96
Mallburt, H. '10
Maxwell, A. T. (Reeds Mills, O.) '88
Maxwell, W. S. (Jewett, O.) '88
Maxwell, Cora (Hanoverton, O.) '88
Maxwell, Ella V. (Evansburg, O.) '75
McAdoo, Earl W. (Scio, O.) '98
McAdoo, Ford (Scio, O.) '02
McAdoo, Wm. C. '04
McBeth, Waldo D. (Bowerston, O.) '02
McCartney, W. C. (Sherrodsville, O.) '88
McCartney, Belle (Hendrysburg, O.) '72
McCarty, Andrew M. (Leavittsville, O., Canton, O., Attorney) '77
McCarty, Lizzie (Conotton, O.) '91
McCarty, W. J. (New York, N. Y.) '08
McDivitt, Mattie (Scio, O.) '88
McDivitt, Jennie (Scio, O.) '92
McClare, Minnie (East Springfield, O.) '91
McConnell, I. H. (Dresden, O.) '72
McConnell, Clyde (Brady, O.) '93
McCord, Samuel M. (Wellsburg, W. Va.) '77
McCord, Geo. W. (Wellsburg, W. Va.) '72
McCullough, Homer D. (Uhrichsville, O.) '72
McCullough, Joseph (Uhrichsville, O.) '72, Attorney, New Philadelphia, O.
McFadden, A. M. (Laceyville, O.) '69
McFadden, Wm. (Laceyville, O.) '69
McFadden, James (Laceyville, O.) '72
McKee, Archibald (Dennison, O.) '75
McKee, Thomas F. (Dennison, O.) '75
McIlvaine, Floyd W. (New Philadelphia, O.) '81
*McGavran, Samuel B. (Conotton, O., Cadiz, O.) '69, physician
*McGavran, Mattie (Scio, O.) '72 Mrs. Clendenning
McKinney, Nannie G. (Hendrysburg, O.) '72
McKinney, V. D. (Scio, O.) '92

McKeever, Mary V. (Hendrysburg, O.) '72
McQueen, S. R. (Lamertine, O.) '70
McLean, J. F. (Richmond, O.) '88
McLean, Mina (Richmond, O.) '88
McLean, Emma (Jewett, O.) '72
McLean, Jennie (Jewett, O.) '72
McLean, T. W. (Mitchell's Salt Works, O.) '91
McCleary, Lizzie (Conotton, O.) '88
McCleary, J. Ross (Attorney, Steubenville, O.) '77
McCue, Hester B. (Rush, O.) '77
McDonnell, W. C. (Florence, Pa.) '88
McLandsborough, Andrew (Scio, O.) '72
McCoy, Elizabeth '04
McClain, W. S. (Archer, O.)
McClain, Abbie (Archer, O.) '98
McGonigal, Fred M. (Cleveland, O.) '93
McCauley, Manda (Station 15, O.) '92
McGhie, Annie (Empire, O.) '01
McMillan, J. V. (Germano, O.) '90
McGrew, Anna (Fernwood, O.) '91
McGrew, E. S. (Fernwood, O.) '91
McGrew, J. O. (Fernwood, O.) '91
McGee, J. B. (Salineville, O.) '10
McMannis, Ruth (Mt. Pleasant, O.) '92
Mellor, Fannie (Uhrichsville, O.) '94
Merrywan, J. F. (Means, O.) '96
Meredich, John W. (New Philadelphia, O.) '72
Mehaffey, S. M. (Scio, O.) '91
Mehollin, W. B. (Smithfield, O.) '91
Mease, Ida G. (Steubenville, O.) '75
Messick, U. S. (Rix Mills, O.) '92
Miser, Lide (Anapolis, O.) '93
Miener, Fred S. (Morristown, O.) '93
Miller, J. E. (Jewett, O.) '88
Miller, Lucy (Peoli, O.) '88
Miller, Ida (New Concord, O.) '90
Miller, A. C. (Newcomerstown, O.) '92
Miller, David W. (Scio, O.) '95
Miller, John E. (West Bedford, O.) '97
Miller, J. M. (Fairview, W. Va.) '00
Miller, W. C. (Oldham, O.) '00
Minney, J. L. (Tippecanoe, O.) '96
Minney, Sadie (Tippecanoe, O.) '96
Minerd, Amos B. (Scio, O.) '72
Mincks, I. E. (Scio, O.) '91
Minnick, Susie (Scio, O.) '75
Minnick, Anna R. (Scio, O.) '77
Mitchell, Ada M. (New Philadelphia, O.) '77
Miracle, Jennie (Stafford, O.) '01
Morrison, Joseph D. (Steubenville, O.) '69
Minor, Lizzie (Irondale, O.) '92
Montgomery, Minnie (Conotton, O.) '92
Maughiman, W. M. (New Cumberland, O.) '69
Monroe, Eva (Claysville, O.) '91
Morris, Leola (Harrisville, O.) '00
Mooney, Frank M. (Steubenville, O., Washington, D. C.) '70
Morgan, Mary A. '04
Morgan, Lulu, '05
Moore, Walter D. (Wellsville, O.) '93
Moore, Clara W. (Harrisville, O.) '94
Moore, Minnie (Hopedale, O.) '93
Moore, Della (Lorain, O.) '94
Moore, Arabel J. (Mohawk Valley, O.) '70
Moore, Anna, '10
Moore, James W. (Albany, O.) '77

Moore, C. E. (Harlem Springs, O.) '91
Moore, F. E. (Port Washington, O.) '92
Mozena, Olive (Uhrichsville, O.) '90
Moninger, Margaret '05
Mossman, Geo. T. (Dresden, O.) '72
Moyer, Harry W. (Cadiz, O.) '93
Morledge, Walker (Scio, O.) '10
Morledge, Helen M. (Scio, O.) '10
Mulvane, Sallie, (Newcomerstown, O.) 72
Muehleman, Bertard B. (Hannibal, O.) '94
Naylor, Charles A. (Bloomingdale, O.) '72
Neff, J. H. (Rogersville, O.) '01
Neff, H. A. (Bellaire, O.) '98
Neighbors, Jennie (Newcomerstown, O.) '92
Neville, Herman L. (Phoenix, O.) '72
Newton, B. A. (Dexter City, O.) '90
Newell, Isaac N. (Leesville, O.) '77
Niblock, Oresco (Piedmont, O.) '94
Niblock, H. B. (Uhrichsville, O.) '90
Nicholson, W. H. '10
Nichols, John (Archer, O.) '93
Nixon, A. C. (Bolivar, O.) '10
Nixon, Anna (Pierce, O.) '06
Norman, J. L. (Evansburgh, O.) '91
Norris, Mary (Coshocton, O.) '91
Nultor, Percy M. (Adamsville, O., Alliance, O.) '08
O'Brien, William (Fairplay, O.) '90
O'Donnell, J. Alvin (Dennison, O.) '08
Ogden, James, '05
Oliver, Nellie Ruth (Dennison, O.) '08
Osborn M. Beattie (Cadiz, O.) '70
Outland, Joel S. (Barnesville, O.) '72
Oyler, C. G. (Minor Dale, Pa.) '91
Palmer, Adam J. (Scio, O.) '69
Palmer, Thomas A. (Archer, O.) '70
Park, Charles A. (Bloomingdale, O') '94
Park, John E. (Bloomington, Ill.) '72
Parkinson, James L. (Updegraff, O.) '72
Pascoe, Richard (Evans City, Pa.) '02
Patterson, V. M. S. (Archer, O.) '92
Patterson, Ida M. (Barnesville, O.) '93
Patterson, Louis R. '05
Patton, Mattie (Scio, O.) '77
Patton, Ida (Jewett, O.) '91
Patrick, Frank (New Philadelphia, O.) '72
Payor, Zepha (Hendrysburg, O.) '72
Pearch, Della, '05
Peirsol, I. N. (Searights, Pa.) '70
Pettay, P. H. (Cadiz, O.) '02
Pershing, O. B. (North Madison, O.) '92
Pershing, Fred R. (Bellvernon, Pa.) '93
Penn, Harry W. (Bowerston, O.) '98
Perry, Charles H. (Cadiz, O.) '10
Perkins, J. L. (New Moscow, O.) '90
Pickens, Samuel A. (Mt. Pleasant, O.) '69
Pierpont, Jeremiah S. (Middlebourne, W. Va.) '72
Pittenger, John W. (New Rumley, O.) '69
Plowman, J. C. (Bowerston, O.) '90
Price, O. H. (Leesville, O.) '75

Price, Daisy M. (Scio, O.) '97
Preston, Robert L. (Ada, O.) '72
Pratt, Clara, '04
Pocock, Earl H. (Jewett, O.) '97
Pollock, I. B. (Prohibition, O.) '91
Portz, Milton F. (Bakewell, O.) '02
Post, Georgia A. (Mendon, Conn.) '72
Potter, H. H. (Valant, Pa.) '95
Pottorf, Della (Kensington, O.) '92
Poulson, O. O. '05
Powell, John T. (Evansburg, O.) '75
Powell, F. H. (Bakersville, O.) '92
Purviance, F. H. (Smithfield, O.) '91
Putt, H. E. (Rogersville, O.) '00
Pyott, Emma (Union Port, O.) '88 '88
Quinn, D. P. (Dennison, O.) '90
Rader, Christopher (Uhrichsville, O.) '72
Rader, Jacob R. (Scio, O.) '81
Ralston, Lizzie (Means, O.) '90
Ramsey, Frances M. (Freeport, O.) '72
Ramsey, A. Osborn (Scio, O.) '81
Ramsey, Cora L. (Jacobsburg, O.) '94
Ranne, Clara M. (Coshocton, O.) '72
Reynolds, Alice E. (Deersville, O.) '72
Rea, F. C. (Newport, O.) '91
Rice, Squire (Ada, O.) '72
Richardson, Mattie (Uhrichsville, O.) '94
Richeson, Kate (Powhattan, O.) '92
Richy, Leonard F. (Independence, Pa.) '10
Ridgely, Thomas R. (Coshocton, O.) '72
Riker, H. Niles (New Philadelphia, O.) '69
Rife, Callie (Tappan, O.) '92
Riggs, H. G. '04
Riley, Helen E. (Algonquin, O.) '69
Riley, John T. (Algonquin, O.) '69
Riley, Maggie (Algonquin, O.) '69
Ring, F. E. (Mt. Pleasant, O.) '10
Rippeth, Mercia (Scio, O.) '95
Rittenhouse, C. G. (Deersville, O.) '02
Roberts, Bertha, '05
Roberts, John B. (Hammondlon, N. J.) '94
Robinson, H. S. (Collier's, W. Va.) '88
Robinson, E. Henry (Collier's W. Va.) '90
Robinson, Allie (Scio, O.) '95
Roche, F. S. (Harrisville, O.) '88
Roche, George E. (Harrisville, O.) '95
Rogers, J. B. (Cadiz, O.) '91
Roller, E. H. (Wells Creek, O.) '90
Roley, John (Tarentum, O.) '69
Romig, Mary (Uhrichsville, O.) '81
Romans, H. Rice (Freeport, O.) '91
Roof, Minnie (Dellroy, O.) '92
Ross, S. F. (Adamsville, O.) '88
Ross, Mary (Scio, O.) '91
Rouse, Mabel, '05
Rowley, LaFayette (Baconsburg, O.) '70
Rowley, Benton (Wittens, O.) '88
Rowland, B. W. (Freeport, O.) '92
Rowland, Blanche (Cadiz, O.) '93
Rowland, Nora (Freeport, O.) '00
Rufner, Emma (Lindville, O.) '91
Rugh, George S. (Black Lick, Pa.) '75
Rugh, Jacob R. (Black Lick, Pa.) '75
Russell, James B. (Moorefield, O.) '72

Russell, James M. (Cannonsburg, O.) '72
Russell, I. H. (Hammondsville, O.) '90
Rush, A. E. (Fairpoint, O.) '91
Rush, J. W. (Duffy, O.) '99
Rush, J. W. (Scio, O.) '00
Rutledge, William C. (Uhrichsville, O.) '69
Rutledge, John M. (Uhrichsville, O.) '72
Rutledge, Clarence (Rural Dale, O.) '93
Rutledge, Walter (East Springfield, O.) '93
Rutledge, W. S. (Duncan, Falls, O.) '99
Rutledge, W. C. (Duncan Falls, O.) '80
Rutan, Hattie (Lamertine, O.) '70
Rutan, Jennie (Lamertine, O.) '70
Rutan, John (Lamertine, O.) '80
Ryans, H. E. (New Cumberland, O.) '88
Ryder, C. M. (Means, O.) '90
Ryhs, T. (Sherrodsville, O.) '92
Salmon, Leah H. (Carrollton, O.) '92
Sallady, C. Preston (Harmony, O.) '00
Samuel, W. P. (Newcastle, Pa.) '08
Sampson, A. W. (Tappan, O.) '91
Sargent, Robert S. (Scio, O.) '10
Schamel, M. (Gnaddenhutten, O.) '70
Scott, Susanna, '05
Scott, William P. (Scio, O.) '92
Scott, W. W. (Wintersville, O.) '91
Scott, W. J. (Scio, O.) '88
Scott, Jefferson E. (Wintersville, O.) '70
Scott, Oliver H. (Coshocton, O.) '70
Scott, Amanda (Germano, O.) '69
Schermerhorn, J. E. (Rush Run, O.) '91
Sears, Cora, '05
Secrest, Clyde O. (Senecaville, O.) '94
Sellers, E. W. (Middlebourne, O.) '88
Senft, Antoinette L. (Leesville, O.) '72
Shaffer, John (Antrim, O.) '70
Shawver, Charles E. (Lee's Summit, Mo.) '77
Shambaugh, Annie (Leavittsville, O.) '88
Shambaugh, John (New Rumley, O.) '69
Shaw, Osborn B. (Peoli, O.) '81
Shanwecher, Nettie (Coshocton, O.) '94
Shepler, Martha (Blue Bell, O.) '93
Shipley, Samuel D. (Hollidays Cove, W. Va.) '77
Shipman, Lillian (Homewood, Pa., Alliance, O.) '92
Shires, Edwin L. (Adamsville, O.) '77
Shepfer, William H. (Scio, O.) '99
Shepperd, James M. (Newcomerstown, O.) '72
Simeral, Charles D. (Bloomingdale, O.) '00
Simkins, Anna (Conotton, O.) '88
Siegrist, C. H. (Mills Creek, O.) '91
Singer, C. H. (Unionvale, O.) '91
Singer, Mary (Unionvale, O.) '91
Skeels, Cassius M. (New Cumberland, O.) '69
Skeels, Arthur G. '04
Skeels, Marion D. (New Cumberland, O.) '72
Skelton, J. W. (Augusta, O.) '92
Smith, Grace (Scio, O.) '99
Smith, Helen E. (Massillon, O.) '97
Smith, E. W. (Crooked Tree, O.) '95

Smith, M. L. (Smyrna, O.) '90
Smith, James M. (New Cumberland, and New Philadelphia, O.) '81
Smith, Allen V. (New Cumberland, O.) '77
Smith, John W. (Laceyville, O.) '77
Smith, Gertrude A. (Scio, O.) '75
Smith, Louis A. (Scio, O.) '72
Smith, L. J. (Scio, O.) '88
Somerville, Mary (Scio, O.) '70
Sparling, John B. (Gasville, O.) '93
Spiker, James Madison (Scio, O.) '94
Spiker, W. Clare (Cadiz, O.) '97
Spiker, James W. (Scio, O.) '96
Spiker, Richard (Deersville, O.) '75
Sproul, J. F. (Conotton, O.) '88
Spray, M. G. (Tappan, O.) '98
Starr, Jessie (Updegraff, O.) '98
Starkey, Wm. P. (Akron, O.) '08
Starkey, Lezetta (Conneaut, O.) '07
Starkey, Flora (Kent, O.) '01
Stahl, P. E. (Jewett, O.) '00
Stauch, O. E. (Switzer, O.) '00
Staples, Ella (Scio, O.) '72
Statts, Violet (Summerfield, O.) '95
Stewart, Lida, Kay (Flushing, O.) '94
Stewart, M. Alta (Cambridge, O.) '07
Stewart, Jesse P. (Jewett, O.) '98
Stewart, J. R. (McCleary, O.) '92
Stewart, Benj. F. (Beaver Falls, Pa.) '72
Stewart, A. H. (Freeport, O.) '88
Stedman, A. J. (Scio, O.) '72
Stephenson, Lord W. (Scio, O.) '02
Steeves, Mary (Harlem Springs, O.) '75
Storer, Enos K. (Scio, O.) '77
Storer, Lizzie K. (Scio, O.) '77
Strawn, J. Irwin (New Cumberland, O.) '72
Stansberg, C. Frank (Renrock, O.) '93
Stansberg, Lillie (Renrock, O.) '93
Stansberger, Marie (Strasburg, O.) '92
Stephan, Lizzie (Gracey, O.) '92
Stringer, H. Bell (Unionvale, O.) '92
Suter, Clare (Hannibal, O.) '08
Sumkins, George (Conotton, O.) '96
Swartz, Emma (Beaver Falls, Pa.) '72
Swan, Lizzie J. (Richmond, O.) '92
Swank, R. F. (Adamsville, O.) '88
Sweeney, J. R. (Steubenville, O.) '92
Swinger, Carrie (Brush Creek, O.) '92
Talbott, H. O. (Updegraff, O.) '00
Talbott, Annie (Barnesville, O.) '72
Talbott, William (Warren, Pa.) '69
Tannehill, Mary (Warren, Pa.) '72
Taylor, C. S. (Scio, O.) '00
Taylor, Orlando (Dyson, O.) '81
Taylor, Mellville (Coshocton, O.) '72
Temple, J. C. (Brown, O.) '92
Tennant, Bessie, '05
Thompson, Clara (Bowerston, O.) '91
Thompson, Clara, (Germano, O.) '91
Thompson, Arthur S. (Cadwallader, O.) '77
Thompson, Nannie (Scio, O.) '88
Thompson, Harvey L. (New Rumley, O.) '69
Thompson, Bessie L. '10
Thompson, C. J. '10
Thompson, J. Paul (Jewett, O., Cleveland, O., Attorney) '00

Thompson, Mary N. (New Rumley, O.) '99
Thompson, Nelson (Scio, O.) '99
Thompson, R. Burke (Boston, Mass,) '98
Thompson, Elind (Antioch, O.) '93
Thomas, Edgar B. (Cadiz, O.) '94
Thomas, Anna R. (Cadiz, O.) '98
Thornborrough, Mattie F. (Warnock, O.) '80
Tilden, Laura (New Cumberland, O.) '92
Todd, C. S. (New Brighton, Pa.) '75
Toland, Olive B. (Harrisville, O.) '88
Tope, Mollie, M. (New Philadelphia, O.) '75, Mrs. Heaston
Torbet, Mary (Dillonvale, O.) '08
Townsend, Virgie, '05
Townsend, Belle (Harrisonville, O.) '08
Truax, Emerson B. (Uhrichsville, O.) '94 ,
Trough, Flo (Salem, W. Va.) '91
Turner, Alice (Rush, O.) '75
Turner, Mollie E. (Rush, O.) '75
Turner, Joseph (Cannonsburg, Pa.) '69
Umplebey, Maude (Scio, O.) '91
Van Fossen, R. B. (Compher, O.) '88
Van Kannell, B. F. (Scio, O.) '95
Vail, Kennon (Scio, O.) '99
Van Tilberg, Elizie, '05
Vertican, Frederick J. S. (Somerton, O.) '70
*Voorhees, Daniel D. (Millersburg, O.) '69
*Waddington, Charles E. (Scio, O., New Philadelphia, O.) '75
Wadsworth, Minor (Wood Grove, O.) '75
Wagner, J. A. (Canal Dover, O.) '91
Wagner, William, '91
Wagner, J. E. (Sandyville, O.) '00
Wallace, R. D. (Richmond, O.) '91
Walker, Sallie (Germano, O.) '88
Walker, Columbus (New Philadelphia, O.) '72
Walker, Joel P. (Flushing, O.) '77
Walker, James W. (Deersville, O.) '98
Waltz, Alvin (New Philadelphia, O.) '69
Walls, Ora A. (Rennock, O.) '92
Walls, Linnie (Rennock, O.) '94
Walcott, Grace (Massillon, O.) '98
Warren, J. B. (Harrisburg, O.) '91
Watts, Albert A. (Sidney, Ill.) '75
Watt, Lorena (Freeport, O.) '94
Watson, Allen M. (Scio, O.) '72
Watson, Oliver C. (New Athens, O.) '77
Watson, Doctor W. (New Athens, O.) '77
Waterfield, Arch P. (Felicity, O.) '96
Wayman, Jennie (Procter, W. Va.) '88
Weaver, L. L. (Kensington, O.) '91
Weaver, Mintie (Scio, O.) '93
Webster, S. B. (Scio, O.) '07
Welch, Mary L. (Archer, O.) '88
Welch, Marie (Tippecanoe, O.) '96
Weight, Ida (Scio, O.) Mrs. Rev. John S. Secrest
Welday, J. E. (Reed's Mills, O.) '92
Welday, S. O. '05
Wheeler, Roena A. (Adamsville, O.) '00
White, Jasper W. (Uhrichsville, O.) '72
White, Julia E. (La Wira, O.) '00
*Whittaker, James (Scio, O.) '72
Whittaker, George (Scio, O.) '75
Whittaker, Moffit (Scio, O.) '77
Whittaker, Thomas A. (Scio, O.) '77

Whitchair, W. M. (New Philadelphia, O.) '92
Whitcomb, Frank (Columbus, O.) '70
Wilcoxen, J. M. (Uhrichsville, O.) '69
Wilken, Nannie D. (Coshocton, O.) '72
Wilken, Mazie J. (Coshocton, O.) '72
Wilken, Charle (Coshocton, O.) '72
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